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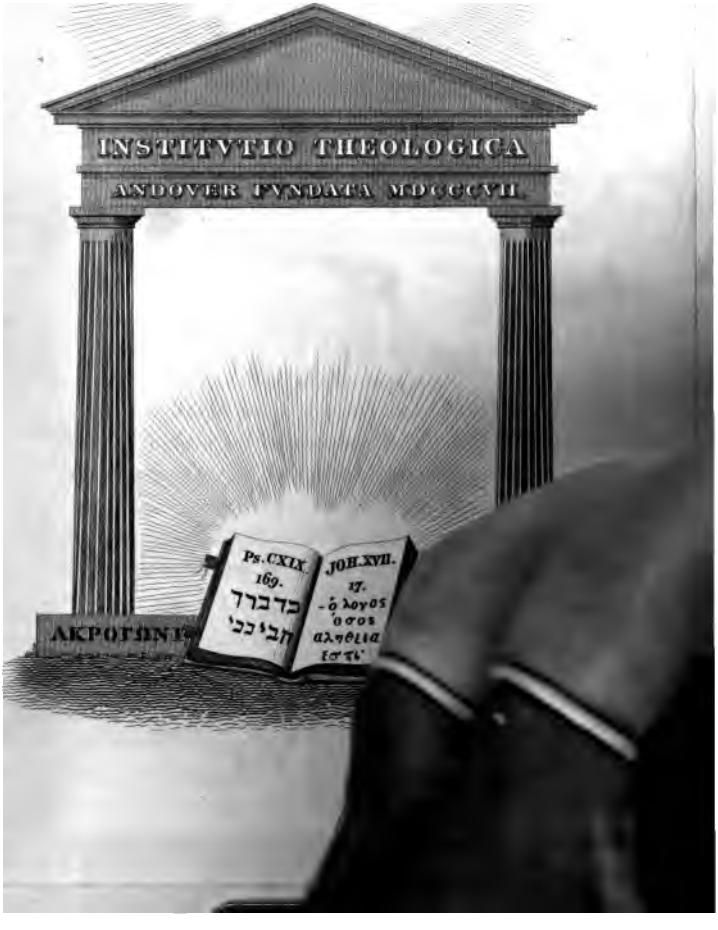
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THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

Dr. Olin once said that after he was gone some of his friends might desire a memoir of his life, which he did not wish written, for it would do no good. At another time he expressed his wonder that any one could make arrangements for the preparation of his own memoirs, or imagine his deeds worthy of record. But he loved to read the biographies of the great and good, and considered them well adapted to lead us to be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises;" and his friends have thought the lessons taught by a life like his—the singleness of aim—the brave struggle with infirmity—the child-like submission to the will of his heavenly Father—his deep humility, unwavering faith, and large charity—lessons too valuable to be lost. The Church rejoices in such examples of the power of the truth to transform the bond-slaves of earth into the likeness of the dwellers in heavenly places, and, as they pass within the vail, she would, by adding the legacy of their words and deeds to her treasury of holy influences, enable them still to aid in the work they loved on earth.

In the letters furnished by the kindness of Dr. Olin's friends, it was found that he had unconsciously been writing an autobiography. "They are," to use his own words, "leaves from his own book—fresh impressions of his feelings, and certainly true to the life—a

true report from his mind and heart." Written in all the freedom of confiding friendship, they reveal his ample and deep-toned nature. The sculptured forms of the vase are thrown into bolder relief by the light within, than by a "clear shining" without.

There were, however, periods of his life in which he was deprived, by ill health, of that free and unreserved intercourse with his friends which seemed a necessity of his nature, and for the illustration of these silent periods we are indebted to the recollections of those who were then familiarly associated with him. Many thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Bates, and to the Rev. Messrs. Jackson and Mallory, for their valuable sketches of his college life.

On Dr. Olin's departure for Europe in 1837, "in a state of health that forbade the hope of return, as well as the labor of assorting a large mass of letters not in a condition to be promiscuously exposed to the eyes of those in whose hands they were liable to fall," he consigned to the flames a valuable correspondence, the loss of which he afterward greatly regretted. A series of letters, also, extending through a number of years, written to Josiah Flournoy, Esq., was accidentally destroyed after that gentleman's death. His son remembered reading them when a boy with great interest, and was very sorry that these memorials of the past had perished. These circumstances, together with the fact that the friends of his latter years were not familiar with his early history, would have rendered the period of his early manhood almost a blank, but for the letters kindly supplied by Bishop Andrew, and the graceful, glowing narrative of the Rev. Dr. Wightman,

who, in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of this volume, has given vivid pictures of his life in Carolina and Virginia. Added touches have been given to the portraiture of Dr. Olin at Randolph Macon by the Rev. Dr. Lee, of Richmond, and Professors Garland and Hardy, of Alabama. His public life in connection with the Wesleyan University is from the pen of his valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Holdich, to whose careful criticism these volumes are greatly indebted.

"I am much interested," writes a gentleman of high character and standing, "in having a *suitable* and *just* memoir of Dr. Olin, and yet I think it will be somewhat difficult to prepare one that will be *just* and *true*, and will not, at the same time, appear to the world like the delineation of an over-partial friendship." The manner in which this memoir has been prepared may obviate this difficulty, exhibiting, as it does, his character from many different points of view. "Most men, I suspect," says Southey, "have different characters, even among their friends—appearing in different circles in different lights, or, rather, showing only parts of themselves. One's character, being *teres atque rotundus*, is not to be seen all at once. You must know a man *all round* —in all moods and all weathers—to know him well." From the testimonies of the president, who marked Dr. Olin's college course—the class-mates who shared his hours of study and relaxation—the friends who listened to his first public teachings—his co-laborers in his professional career—the students, who are keen, watchful observers of their instructors—brethren of his own and of other religious denominations—friends separated by time and distance, and those who daily and familiarly

associated with him, knew him in the discharge of responsible duties, and in the *abandon* of private life, it would seem probable that a correct judgment might be formed of a man who touched society at so many points—that he might be known "*all round.*"

It only remained for the editor of this work to arrange and link together these significant memorials of a life which was not spent in vain on the earth. And now, with many thanks to all who have aided in its preparation—the friends who have furnished letters, as well as those who, in recalling memories of the past, have sketched, each in his own peculiar way, the lineaments of a character which, many-sided as it was, had still a pervading and commanding unity—this memoir is sent forth with the prayer that it may do good service in that cause to which the life and labors of its subject were consecrated.

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY LIFE.

STEPHEN OLIN was born in Leicester, Vermont, on the 2d of March, 1797, two days before General Washington's administration expired, and on the anniversary of the day on which, six years before, John Wesley was born into the heavenly world. Justin Olin, the grandfather of the subject of this memoir, had removed to Leicester from Shaftsbury, Vermont. John Olin, the earliest ancestor of their name in this country, settled at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, in 1678; and his son Henry died on the farm on which Judge Anthony Olin now resides. John Olin's grandsons—Justin Olin, and Gideon Olin, who was afterward member of Congress during Jefferson's administration, and is mentioned in Graham's History of Vermont as "a star of the first political magnitude," removed to Shaftsbury, Vermont, in 1776. The Olins are spoken of by neighbors in Rhode Island, well qualified to form an opinion, as "men remarkable for native strength of mind and sound judgment." Justin Olin was married in Shaftsbury to Sarah Dwinnell, one of a family noted for their humor; and from them was probably derived the sprightliness and vivacity which gave a never-failing

charm to Dr. Olin's conversation. In the Revolutionary war, Justin Olin was among the volunteers under General Stark at Bennington; and his wife, who was a woman of great force of character, was left alone at home with her three children, in daily expectation of the appearance of the British. General Burgoyne was then on his way from Montreal to Albany, and Henry Olin, who was about seven or eight years of age, was continually on the watch for the enemy. The mother and children sometimes sought concealment in the woods; and, when in the house, she barred the doors and windows, took up the floor near the door, that any invader might fall into the cellar, and kept boiling water constantly ready to make good her defense. At length she set out for Bennington, holding a sick child on a pillow on horseback, while her elder boys walked by her side.

Henry Olin, the father of Dr. Olin, was noted for his shrewdness, his clear, deliberate reasoning before coming to a conclusion, his sterling good sense, and the strength and integrity which made the staple of his character. "He was," writes one who knew him well,* "a man of strong good sense, a clear perception of right, a masculine love of justice, and a singularly retentive memory. With a limited early education, and entirely without a professional one, he had improved himself wonderfully by reading and observation; and, after occupying a seat in the Legislature for many years, was placed on the Supreme Bench. He occupied this position for a long time with credit during the early history of the state. Modest enough in

* A. F. Perry, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio.

his pretensions, his strong judgment and fertile humor always made him an oracle for the people, and drew around him a ready crowd, as well educated as uneducated, for the benefit of his advice and the pleasure of his conversation. He was to the politics of Vermont what Burns was to the literature of Scotland. As a judge, his good sense was seldom questioned, his purity never.

"He had filled, in turn, nearly every grade of office, from justice of the peace to member of Congress and lieutenant governor. He was well acquainted with public men and public affairs, and was withal a man of excellent heart, who accomplished a great deal of public and private good in his day. I have known a great many distinguished men, of almost every grade of celebrity, but none who left a stronger impression on my mind for originality and benevolence, strong sense, and good humor. I see him now, in my mind's eye, as I used to see him daily, riding in his substantial one-horse wagon, the seat of which he appeared entirely to fill, unless when some one squeezed in like a wedge beside him. When passing a neighbor's house of a summer's day, he would stop in the street, or under some convenient shade, his wagon, which would at once be surrounded by the family, men, women, and children, and, without alighting, he would tell them a few favorite stories and pass on. Many a man has thus been beguiled of his day's work—many a woman has suffered her nearly-cooked dinner to spoil, and many a child forgotten its playthings. While his hearers were bursting with roars of laughter, the judge would remain composed, and apparently asleep; but as the laughter

began to subside in others, it began to operate in himself. There would be an opening of the eyes, broad, beaming with fun; then an internal shaking of the body by two or three long-suppressed convulsions, which did not move the muscles of his face, and the matter ended. His mind, like that of Burns, was one of those original mines of rich ore which refinement and polish might have spoiled, but could have scarcely improved."

In 1788, Henry Olin married Lois Richardson, one of a family of twelve children, who all lived to mature age, and were all members of a Baptist church in the east part of Cheshire, Massachusetts. On a Thanksgiving day, memorable in the family history, the sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, twenty-three in number, went to church in company, and listened to a sermon preached by their pastor in reference to this family gathering. Mrs. Olin was a tall, slender woman, of a delicate constitution, and a meek and quiet spirit. Though a Baptist, she frequently attended Methodist class-meetings, and, hearing a Christian friend explain the doctrine of sanctification as held by the Methodist Church, she said that he described her own feelings. Her unobtrusive piety and the daily beauty of her life exerted a genial and powerful influence over her large family, to whose interests she entirely devoted herself, though she abstained from the direct inculcation of heavenly truth or the cultivation of religious habits. In this she was "principled to do wrong;" she offered fervent prayers for her children, and taught them to read the Bible; but she was so afraid of encouraging a merely formal religion, that she never taught them to pray, not even to say "Our

Father," lest they should "draw near unto God with their lips, while their hearts were far from him."

It was the fault not of her piety, but of the high Calvinism of her Baptist creed, and of the age when children were not cared for in the Sabbath-school, and were left by pious parents in the far-off land, till the converting grace of God should find them out. A strange philosophy this—to allow the pliant season of childhood to be fashioned without the moulding influences of devotional habits—to leave the virgin soil to be overrun by its own natural growth, or to be sown by every wandering wind that blows, instead of preoccupying it with a careful culture—to let childhood and youth be prayerless till the strong man is forced to bow the knee by a mighty and subduing power. But, as Dr. Olin remarked, in a sermon on the Religious Training of Children, which embodied his matured views on this subject: "Doubtless there is a power for good to the whole household in the parent's faith," and Mrs. Olin's faith, her holy example, and fervent prayers, were blessed to her children, every one of whom became a disciple of Christ.

The house in which Judge Olin lived when Stephen was born has been pulled down; but its site is pointed out from the commodious dwelling now situated on the place. It commanded a noble view. From the front of the house one looks to the east upon a landscape, shut in at no great distance by two mountains, through a gap formed by a forest on the one side, and on the other by a hill, upon whose sunny slope is perched, midway, a home-like-looking place, with its garden and orchard, while a beautiful wood, the scene of many of

Stephen's boyish rambles, crowns the summit. To the west one overlooks the lovely valley of the Otter Creek, beyond which rise terraces of woods and hills, crowned by the Kaatskills, which strongly resemble the kindred range on the Hudson, while at fifty miles distant the lofty mountain top nearest the clouds overlooks Lake Champlain.

When Stephen was three or four years old, his father purchased the farm adjoining this on the north, and on the other side of the straight road, which led, by a gentle ascent of a quarter of a mile, to their new dwelling. A group of brown farm buildings obstructs the view to the east; but there it is—first, conical hills—then the Bald Mountains, "rising green and grand to heaven," while their parent range, the Green Mountains, is seen here and there between their wooded heights. About six miles distant lies Lake Dunmore—not visible, but suggested to those whose eyes were familiar with its tranquil beauty, by the protecting mountain in whose shadow it reposes. The same lovely view to the west, over the alluvial meadows, through which winds the Otter Creek—the same variegated landscape, with its fringes of woods and distant mountain border, "gives one pause" on the grassy sod in front of the house or on the threshold of its door. On entering the hall, the parlor was on the right, Judge Olin's sitting-room on the left, and back of these, extending nearly across the width of the house, was the dining-room. Judge Olin always sat in an ample arm-chair, uniformly placed in a favorite corner of his room, between the fire-place and the window. Books were not at that time very plentiful in Vermont; but he had such as he could obtain

with the newspapers of the day on the table by his side. After Stephen learned to read, he found in this room a safe refuge from all family demands upon his time, and here he spent all his in-door moments absorbed in reading, from which it was almost impossible to divert him. There was then no children's literature adapted to every stage of intellectual progress, and the boy, in gratifying his newly-awakened thirst for knowledge, was at once introduced to books with which children would scarcely grapple in these days. He read and re-read Bigland's View of the World, Rollin's Ancient History, and an old Geography and History of the World, a huge book of a thousand pages, which Henry Olin, when a boy of sixteen, had bought in New York, whither he had been sent by his father on business. Judge Olin had two shares in a circulating library of about five hundred volumes in the neighboring town of Brandon, and Stephen carefully read most of these books.

Judge Olin directed his son's reading, and took great interest in the cultivation of his expanding powers. The influences playing upon the boy were not unfavorable to his physical and mental development. Constant companionship with his father, whose practical good sense, keen perceptions, and ready wit made his conversation stimulating and instructive—as he grew older, the alternations of diligent study with the hardy labors of the farm, which gave him muscular vigor—and the ever-varying aspects of nature throughout the rolling year, as rising and setting suns shone upon the near and distant mountains — all formed a part of his education as much as the humble teachings of the

district school whither he went to recite his daily task. The variegated and extensive landscape that lay around him may have trained his eye to that delicate appreciation of the beautiful and grand in nature which was so valuable to him in his wanderings—his practical knowledge of agricultural operations gave him an intelligent interest in the soils and modes of tillage in other lands; and the knowledge derived from his father of public life made him ever a watchful observer of the political aspects of his own as well as foreign countries.

Thus was a good foundation laid for the large experience of life he was to obtain as a traveler. Whether that huge History or Geography of the World and Rollin's Ancient History contributed to this preparation, can not with certainty be affirmed. The Rev. Dr. Vaughan,* of England, bought a History of the World, in two folio volumes, with his first guinea, at auction, went home with these huge books on his shoulder, and sate up till midnight turning over their pages. He carefully read them through and through, and to the possession of these books he attributed, in a great measure, any honors in connection with literature that have been added to his name. When Dr. Olin stood on the field of Marathon, he found himself looking on the whole scene as one with which he had formerly been familiar, so true had been the picture drawn by his boyish imagination of this battle-field, its semicircle of mountains, from which the brave Greeks rushed on their foes, and the sea upon which the discomfited Persians found a refuge.

* Editor of the British Quarterly Review, and principal of the Lancashire Independent College.

Stephen Olin's boyhood was spent in a secluded Vermont home. No iron road then ran through that remote valley—no shrill whistle, echoing through the mountains, gave to those dwellers in rural homes intimations of the stir, the gatherings, the quick life, the accelerated movements of the population of cities. They were far away from great centres, which did not, as they now do, report themselves daily—transmit daguerreotypes of their busy, bustling scenes to the quiet village and the lonely farm-house. Did that tall, unformed boy ever long to pass that mountain barrier, and play his part in the battle of life? There are but few records of his boyhood to which we can look for answers to this and kindred questions.

He was the fifth child among nine children who attained the age of maturity. His parents having lost two sons before his birth, he was the first boy who survived the period of infancy, and he was consequently a great darling. With his ardent temperament and strong points of character, he was not an easy child for a mother in feeble health to control, and he soon became master of the house whenever his father was called away from home by official duties. The will of the father, however, whose discipline in his large family was perfect, was always law to the boy; and as soon as he began to reason, he became amiable, obedient to both his parents, and a great comfort to his family. He was never known to be unemployed. Ardent and persevering, he yielded to no discouragement in any undertaking while exertion was possible. When but eight years old, his father sent him on business, alone and on horseback, to Pawlett, Vermont, a dis-

tance of forty miles. An old gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood, in analyzing the points of difference between him and his brother Richardson, who was three years younger, said, "Richardson did right because he did not wish to do otherwise, but Stephen did right because he thought it best." These few brief hints are significant. Perfect filial obedience, intense love of study, ardor, industry, perseverance, and a determination to do right from principle, are valuable elements of character, and will shape no ignoble destiny.

The winter he was seventeen he took charge of a school in a village two miles distant; and his departure from home for this first humble essay of those educational labors which were to be the great business of his life was an event of great interest in the family. His sisters say that he early manifested a great respect for religion and its institutions, and that he regularly attended the Methodist prayer-meetings and the circuit preaching in his father's neighborhood. The entire rejection of Calvinism from his creed was one result of his attendance on the ministrations of these zealous itinerants, whom he afterward designates as "men running to and fro in the wilderness, setting the woods of New Hampshire and Vermont on fire." The Rev. Thomas Maclin was his favorite preacher; and during this winter he walked four miles once a fortnight to hear him preach in the school-house near his father's. But he was summoned home at the bidding of a more impressive and powerful preacher. The angel of death was pausing at the threshold of his father's house, and the faithful wife, the gentle, devoted mother was soon to be called away from the scene of her earthly cares

and labors. She had been attacked a year before by an illness from which she never recovered, and during this period she seemed to her family more like an inhabitant of heaven than earth—so strong was her faith, and so calm, peaceful, and rejoicing her spirit while abiding her appointed time. The youngest daughter of the family says that her earliest recollections of her brother Stephen are connected with her mother's illness and death—his carefulness to please—his reading the Bible to her, and his deep excitement when, on returning from some errand of love for the invalid, he found her dying.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

With a full appreciation of his son's abilities, and with the highest anticipations of his ultimate success in achieving greatness, Judge Olin did not adequately estimate the importance of securing for him the best mental training. Burdened with the cares of a family of nine children, and unable with perfect convenience to defray the expenses of a liberal education for his son, whom he intended for the bar, he placed him in the law office of the Hon. Horatio Seymour, at Middlebury. Here the daily sight of the college, and an intimacy with some of the students, awakened young Olin's literary ambition, and led him to determine not to enter upon a profession for which he had not the *best* qualifications. The judicious counsels of Mr. Seymour strengthened his purpose. After reading law for some months, he took his law books, returned to Leicester, and quietly but decidedly told his father that he was ready and willing to go to work on the farm, but that he had made up his mind not to be half a lawyer, and without a liberal education he never could expect to be a whole one.

This action determined his future course, and he at once began to prepare for college, "which he did," says Mr. Lawrence, "in half the time required, so unusually rapid was his progress in study." While in the academy at Middlebury, he occupied a room in Mr.

Seymour's office. The Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertown, Massachusetts, who roomed with him the first year in college, says, "In every department of study he was first, or among the first, in his class. His favorite studies were those which called into requisition the highest powers of the mind. The exact sciences, Locke's Essay, Butler's Analogy, and similar classics, were his especial delight. Authors that taxed common minds to their utmost capacity were mere pastime for him. After he had completely mastered the lesson, he gave his attention to history and belles-lettres. He used to apply himself, day after day, sixteen hours—leaning over a table, or sitting in the window-sill, his limbs bent up—where he read till the twilight was gone, and then fell asleep exposed to the evening air and dew. The young student can not be too frequently or too sternly admonished of the necessity of exercise and relaxation. The firmest constitution under such discipline will fail."

The same graceful pen has given more extended reminiscences of his academical and collegiate career; and these, with the valuable testimonial to his character and talents from one whom he loved and honored, the Rev. Dr. Bates, former president of Middlebury College, and the recollections of his friends and fellow-students, the Rev. Charles Mallory, of La Grange, Georgia, and the Rev. Samuel C. Jackson, leave nothing to be desired for the illustration of this period. The harmony and precision of their statements, after a lapse of thirty years, prove how commanding must have been those traits of character which could stamp such vivid and enduring impressions.

"My acquaintance with the Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., late president of the Wesleyan University, commenced at Middlebury, Vermont, in the spring of the year 1816. We were at that time fellow-students at the academy in that town, preparing for admission into college. As he came into the chapel the first day of his attendance, I was engaged at recitation, and did not see him enter. I soon perceived, however, that something unusual had occurred, from the appearance of the scholars. Some looked awe-struck, some were inclined to smile, but all looked intently in the same direction. I soon discovered the cause of this universal attraction to be the presence of Mr. Olin. There he sat —his great head, and ample chest, and massive form, towering above those around him like the oak of a thousand years above the lesser trees of the forest. From our relative standing, our classical attainments being about equal, we became members of the same class. An ardent and enduring friendship grew up between us, which lasted, without interruption, until severed by his death.

"We occupied rooms out of the academic buildings, and were together most of the time, mutually assisting each other in the attainment of our lessons. Our prescribed tasks were easily accomplished, and we obtained leave to go on without reference to the class. The consequence was, we soon took leave of a very good class, and embarked on the broad sea of experiment by ourselves. This close intimacy introduced me, of course, to his habits of study and modes of thought, and made me familiar with his methods of intellectual culture and discipline—the means of expanding his own impe-

rial mind, and of controlling and directing the minds of others.

"At the time spoken of, Dr. Olin was nineteen years old, and of truly colossal mould. His frame was very large, more than six feet high, broad shoulders, with ample well-proportioned limbs—his head was magnificent, and the activity of his brains proportioned to their immense volume—his hands and feet were much larger than those of ordinary men. His face was of the oval form, large, sallow, rather inexpressive, and surmounted with a broad and ample forehead. His voice was sonorous, and deeply toned, and of great power and compass when exerted. His great size, when young, was a frequent source of embarrassment and mortification, which he never wholly overcame. He often made it the topic of facetious remark. His gesticulation, when ever so animated, seemed forced and constrained. He never declaimed, in his turn, before the class or in the college chapel without suffering more or less from this cause. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Olin, and of hearing him speak, his gestures exhibited their early characteristics, and there was apparently the same constraint as when young. He always, from his personal appearance, commanded attention and respect.

"Dr. Olin was frank, cordial, and eminently sociable with his friends—entertained a high sense of honor and veracity—never condescended to a mean thing—was remarkably civil to every body, and very slow to anger. He was moral in his conduct, exemplary in his language, and punctiliously exact in the performance of every duty. His religious sentiments, if indeed he had any, were gathered from infidel views, and had spread

a web of doubt over his mind of the darkest shade. When we were graduated, his aspirations were of the loftiest character, and his ambition bounded only by the highest offices. The Chief Justiceship of the United States was an express object of desire and hope. The thought of being a minister of the Gospel at this time would have been abhorrent to his feelings. His subsequent change of views and apparent destination are well known to the public.

"He declined all invitations to village parties during term-time, mingled with no society except students—rarely joined in any diversion or game. His room was his sanctum, and there he might always be found, unless when he was out on duty. While others walked, or played, or gossipped, he might be found on his window-sill, until darkest twilight, with his book in hand. I have known him surprised by sleep in this position, and awakened by the morning prayer-bell. Notwithstanding this negligence of health, he remained well until his senior year. I think he did not lose a recitation from ill health until his last year. He taught school three months in the winter, and enjoyed the frolics of his country friends. He yielded himself kindly to the business of relaxing his mind and of invigorating his body. This probably was one efficient means of counteracting his evil habits in college, and of enabling him to hold out so long.

"In consequence of a division in the Faculty, our Commencement appointments were delayed beyond the usual time. It being understood that the division was as to the first appointment, the competitors were exceedingly anxious to know the result. Olin and my-

self conversed freely on the subject, and pledged ourselves to each other that we would remain friends, whatever might be the decision. At length the announcement was made that the Valedictory was assigned to Olin, and an Intellectual, Philosophical Oration to Lawrence. We shook hands on the occasion. He went immediately to Leicester, and took to his bed. In a few days I had a note from him, saying that he should be unable to attend Commencement, and the Faculty assigned the duty to me.

"Dr. Olin was decidedly popular with the class, and the students generally esteemed him. His frank and dignified deportment commanded respect. The people of the school district where he was employed as a teacher remember him now with especial gratitude, and speak of him with marked reverence and respect. He carefully avoided personal differences and collisions by respecting the rights of others and maintaining his own. He was respectful and dutiful to the Faculty, but despised sycophancy and double dealing. His sympathies were not easily excited. Like drawing waters from deep wells, time was necessary to reach and rouse his deep-seated feelings. When aroused, they were like waters impatient of restraint, irrepressible by ordinary means, gushing forth from their fountains through every seam and crevice.

"Dr. Olin's mind was remarkably well balanced, all the attributes acting in entire harmony. His perceptive faculties were ready, acute, and far-seeing; his reflective powers were strong, sound, and severe. His most wonderful faculty was his power of discrimination and analysis. He would take a chapter in Locke—on

innate ideas, for example—state his topic, and give, in his own words, every prominent idea of the author without reference to his book, or without assistance from the instructor. His memory was exceedingly tenacious, but not very ready. His imagination was chaste and lofty, rather than brilliant and discursive. His great mental distinction was his power of reasoning, and had he been blessed with health, few men would have been his superior. His name would have added new lustre to the splendid catalogue of Edwards, Marshall, Dwight, Calhoun, and Webster, and would have obtained a high place in the scroll of Fame.

"MYRON LAWRENCE.

"Belchertown, August 27th, 1852."

"When I became connected with Middlebury College, in 1818," says Dr. Bates, "I found the name of Stephen Olin on the catalogue of students as a member of the sophomore class; and I soon discovered that he was a prominent member, a young man of distinguished talents, studious habits, and exemplary deportment. As such he was esteemed by the college officers; and he continued to maintain the same high character as a scholar through his whole college course. Indeed, there was but one other member of the distinguished class with which he was connected, and with which he was graduated in 1820, whose talents and acquisitions could bear a favorable comparison with his; and of that gentleman, as he is still living, I must not now speak;* but of Dr. Olin I may speak freely,

* The Hon. Myron Lawrence, who died before these pages went to press. He was formerly president of the State Senate, and he has for many years occupied a distinguished position in Massachusetts.

without any temptation to violate the well-known Latin maxim, *De mortuis.*

"My earliest observations on his punctuality in attending the various college exercises, his promptness and accuracy at the stated examinations of his class, and his general deportment and manly bearing on all occasions, confirmed the weekly reports of the several instructors of the institution concerning him, and raised in my mind high expectations of his future eminence and ultimate distinction in the world of letters. But the peculiar characteristics of his mind I did not discover—indeed, they were not fully developed—till he entered on the studies of his senior year. Then his analytical, discriminating, and comprehensive powers were called into exercise, and daily exhibited under my personal observation; for at that period a very large portion of the instruction of the senior class in Middlebury College devolved on the presiding officer. Accordingly, during his senior year, young Olin generally came before me as a pupil twice each day; and I can say, no one ever came more thoroughly prepared to recite the lessons prescribed, and give account of the subjects studied, and the instructions imparted by comment and lecture.

"If asked in what department of literature or science he excelled, I could give no discriminating answer. He was at home in all branches taught in that institution, and he was always ready to meet and answer every appropriate question. Indeed, the several faculties of his giant mind seemed to be developed together, and cultivated with great equality, so as to produce a complete and harmonious combination of mental powers,

and exhibit a beautiful symmetry of intellectual character. His memory was ready and retentive. His reason was clear in its consecutive movements, and conclusive in its deductions. His judgment was, of course, discriminating and sound; and his taste, both in observing and applying the analogies of nature and art, was at once delicate and correct. He possessed in a high degree the powers of rapid analysis, easy comparison, entire abstraction, and extended combination; and these powers were so united and balanced in his mind as to secure him from all extravagance in theory and ultraism of opinion, and to exercise over him a happy conservative influence in all his scientific inquiries and literary pursuits.

"Were I to attempt to designate any peculiar power of mind by which he was characterized as a scholar, and in the exercise of which he appeared most to excel, I should say it was a certain iron grasp of mind and comprehensiveness of thought by which he could seize upon a whole subject at once, see it in all its parts and bearings at a single glance, and present it to the view of others in the fewest words and clearest manner possible.

"The manner in which the senior studies were then pursued in Middlebury College furnished a favorable opportunity both for the manifestation and culture of this high mental power. A text-book lesson in some branch of study was recited at least twice every day of the week, except the Sabbath. Immediately after each recitation, a course of explanatory and illustrative remarks, or, rather, a familiar lecture on the subject, was given by the instructor; then every member of the

class was required to review the subject-matter of the lesson recited, in connection with the remarks and comments of the instructor; and at the commencement of the next recitation, some one of the class was called upon to give an abstract of the whole, as it had become connected with his own reflections and habits of association.

"This exercise, calculated as it was to discipline and improve all minds, was peculiarly adapted to such a mind as young Olin possessed, and to such habits of study as he had formed. His grasping and comprehensive mind seemed readily and easily to seize the strong points of the lesson, compress the subject into the smallest compass, and exhibit it in the clearest and strongest light. Invidious as such comparisons often are, I feel at liberty to say, and I think I can say without injustice or danger of giving offense, that no one of the *five hundred* pupils who came under my instruction in Middlebury College could perform this task better, if so well, as he uniformly did. The substance of a chapter in such authors as Dugald Stewart and Bishop Butler, of an hour's length, was often exhibited by him in the short space of ten or fifteen minutes without the loss of an idea, or the neglect of a single important comment.

"Mr. Olin's eminence as a scholar, however, was not the result merely of his distinguished talents. He was an ardent, close, and diligent student. While a member of college, he employed as many hours in study as was safe, and perhaps more than was prudent for any man. His health, however, continued unimpaired till near the close of his college life, when it began to fail;

and his strength was so prostrated at the time of Commencement, that he was unable to deliver the valedictory oration which had been assigned to him by the Faculty. This indisposition and prostration of strength, as well as his feeble state of health, and 'often infirmities' in subsequent life, were unquestionably superinduced by his too close application to study in college, or rather, I should say, by his disregard of the first maxim of physical education in neglecting stated bodily exercise. Like many other ardent students, he neglected almost entirely that vigorous exercise and careful regimen which are indispensable to the preservation of health, and the security of a firm constitution. Too late he became sensible of his mistake, as he once confessed to me that he fully agreed at the time with the remarks often made to his class on the subject; 'but,' he added, 'under the influence of a strange infatuation, I continued to feel and act as if my iron constitution furnished an exception to all general rules.' The wonder to me is that he so far recovered his health and strength as he did, and that by prudent management he was enabled to labor so long and accomplish so much for the cause of literature and religion.

"He was truly an ardent, an aspiring student in college. Whether his high aspirations were produced by a love of learning, or by the stimulating power of emulation, or by that higher and nobler ambition which looks to future eminence and usefulness; or whether all these exerted a combined influence upon him, I will not attempt to decide. But as he was not, at that period of his life, a religious man, his promptings to ardent and untiring study probably took their

rise from some of those personal considerations which leave out of view the great end for which men should live—the high and holy purpose to which all his talents and acquisitions were finally consecrated.

"Though quite exemplary in his deportment as a member of college, so as to secure the confidence of the college officers and the esteem of his fellow-students, he continued, through the whole course of his pupilage, to neglect the duties of piety, and to live, as he acknowledged, 'without hope, and without God in the world.' Toward the close of his college life, when urged to express his views and feelings on the subject of religion, he said to me, with great frankness and apparent sincerity, 'Sir, I will tell you all. When I came to college, I came doubting the truth of Christianity and the reality of experimental religion. Most of my reading in college, during the early part of my course, had no tendency to remove my doubts. Indeed, many of the works on English literature which fell into my hands, especially those of the most popular historians, which I read with eagerness, tended only to confirm me in infidelity. But,' continued he, 'the senior studies, which led me to analyze the intellectual and moral powers of man, and hence to view his relation to God, with his consequent accountability—especially the study of Butler's Analogy and Paley's View of the Evidences of Christianity—cured my infidelity, and convinced me, intellectually, and beyond a doubt, of the truth of Christianity and the reality of experimental religion. But, sir,' he added (and his looks and tones indicated deep feeling), 'I am convinced, likewise, that I have no part nor lot in the matter. Religion, it seems

to me, is something beyond my reach—far from me—in the clouds!'

"This conversation between us occurred a few weeks only before he received his bachelor's degree, and went to the South for the purpose of entering on the business of teaching. During the time of his connection with Middlebury College, there had been no season of 'spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord' within the walls of the institution. And it was said at the time that his was the only class which had then passed through that highly favored college without seeing a revival of religion. I can not doubt, however, that a revival had even then commenced, and that the Holy Spirit was moving powerfully on his heart, 'leading him by a way that he knew not of,' and preparing him for that change which soon came over him, and qualified him for the high and holy work for which God had raised him up. For, shortly after this time, a powerful revival made its appearance in the college; and among the prayers offered for absent friends, there were many presented for those who had gone forth from the institution unsanctified, and among the answers to these prayers, as those who corresponded with him believed, was the conversion of Stephen Olin—a conversion strongly marked and speedily communicated to his Vermont friends, and causing joy in the college as well as 'in the presence of the angels of God.'

"More I might write concerning this beloved pupil—this interesting man. But the rest may be learned from others, who had better opportunity than fell to my lot to observe his brilliant course in life. Dr. Olin was every where accounted a great man—a good man—a

finished scholar—a devoted servant of Christ—an able and faithful minister of the New Testament; and thus a blessing to the world, to his country, and especially to the Church with which he was connected, and the literary institution over which he was called to preside."

"My acquaintance with Stephen Olin," writes the Rev. Charles Mallory, "commenced in 1817, at Middlebury College. He was then in the sophomore class, one year in advance of me, so that we were together in that institution three years. Mr. Olin was noted for his orderly and respectful compliance with the rules of the institution, and for great diligence in study. As an original and profound thinker, he was regarded by his fellow-students as without a rival. His investigations were not confined to the prescribed course of scholastic study, though he deemed it important to be complete and thorough in all his college recitations. His acquaintance with general history was extensive. To this was added a considerable intimacy with standard works of taste; and few young men of his age were so profoundly acquainted with the political affairs of our country. As a writer, he stood in the very front rank; as a debater, in the literary society to which he belonged in the institution, he sometimes exhibited surprising strength. As a declaimer—a mere rehearser of other men's words and thoughts, he was regarded as among the most uninteresting in the college; his manner was dull, heavy, and awkward; but when thrown upon the resources of his own mind, and warmed up by the heat of discussion, he was peculiarly engaging and impressive. We then began to see, what multitudes more fully perceived in his subsequent career, how his mighty

mind could drive from the thoughts of his auditors his defects in voice and manner, and rise to the sublime heights of genuine and overpowering eloquence.

"Olin, when a student, was remarkably ambitious to excel. His aspiring soul could not brook a subordinate position. His ambition, according to the estimate of the man of the world, was not dishonorable and groveling, yet it was evidently intense and soul-absorbing. In a letter which I received from him subsequent to his conversion, he remarked, that once he 'would have been willing to have bartered a seat in heaven for a seat in Congress.' One thing I often noticed, he was ever ready to bestow all due praise upon his literary competitors. This resulted mainly, no doubt, from the noble impulses of his nature; and he considered it, moreover, the true policy of one who would strike for an elevated reputation. 'It is a poor expedient,' he used to say, 'to degrade an antagonist, and then claim superiority; raise him as high as you can, and then, if you can soar above him in the estimation of others, you have gained for yourself something that is creditable.'"

When the appointments were given to the class at the close of their senior year, Stephen Olin returned at once to Leicester, which is thirteen miles south of Middlebury. By the side of his brother, who always drove him to and from college, he traveled, for the last time as a student, that well-known road, following the windings of the Otter Creek, which, in its tranquil beauty and its fringes of trees, is not unlike the Thames near Richmond. Some of these trees lean half way over the stream, as if seeking to lave their branches in its wa-

ters; and it had been one of his boyish pastimes to climb along their recumbent trunks, to plunge from them into the clear depths below. On leaving the margin of the stream, the road passes through an expansive plain, while on every side the quiet mountain outline bounds and ennobles the view. The object for which the brothers had so frequently taken this beautiful drive was now accomplished. The student had valued his intellectual privileges, and had "made his profiting appear unto all;" he had secured a preparation for high duties and responsibilities; he had merited the approval of his instructors, one of whom pronounced him "the ripest scholar who ever came before him to be examined for a degree;" and with the seal upon his scholarship of the highest honor of the institution, he was returning to his father, whose proud hopes respecting him had been justified by his brilliant college course. But the good and evil, the success and disappointment, which were so intimately blended in his subsequent history, met him on the threshold of his active life. Even now did his heavenly Father begin to discipline the ambitious spirit panting only for the honors of earth, and give the first lesson in that course of expensive education by which he was enabled to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord." Commencement day found him not amid the excitement of the college festival, but at home on a sick-bed; and the recollections of his friend, Mr. Jackson, as well as his own words, tell us how it was with him there.

"My acquaintance with Dr. Olin," writes the Rev. S. C. Jackson, "commenced in college, and soon be-

came intimate. Though a year in advance of me, there was no one of my own class with whom I held more constant and friendly intercourse. When he unbended from study and took an hour for recreation, he was just the companion for a student. His everflowing ideas, social glee, lively wit, and jovial *hits* made him such a friend as one coming from diagrams, and lessons, and themes likes to meet. He talked and laughed just as he studied—with all his might. Had he exercised more, relaxed oftener and longer from his severe mental toils, and given more of his midnight hours to repose, his noble frame might have withstood the effect of his assiduity, and of the change from an active to a sedentary life.

"We all regarded Mr. Olin as the master-spirit—the strong man of the college. Not one in any of the classes, in the general estimation, could compare with him. He towered above us all as much in mind as he did in his gigantic stature. That he was destined to pre-eminent distinction in some sphere, if his life was spared, probably not one of us doubted. This presentiment respecting him was altogether peculiar. Yet probably no one had a thought that he was to attain eminence as a Christian minister and a Methodist. Had this been an impossibility, it could not have been further from our predictions. His strength and grasp of intellect, his readiness and skill in debate, his diligent study of the great writers on political science—of Bacon and Burke, his known predilections and intentions, his lofty ambition, and his apparent utter destitution of religious emotions, marked him as one who was to be distinguished in some other calling than that

of a preacher of Christ. His success in the legal profession and in political life was deemed certain—inevitable. Not merely his intellectual culture and discipline, and his accumulating stores of knowledge, but his prudence, sagacity, common sense, and ability to win favor and be popular, often led to the remark, 'Olin will soon be in Congress—he will yet have fame in the state and the nation.'

"God's thoughts were above ours. A constitution that seemed to us invulnerable broke down, and was utterly ruined at the close of his senior year. His change of life, neglect of exercise, late studies, with the unremitting and intense working of his mental energies, shattered the noble structure that seemed fitted, as by a special adaptation, for a noble mind.

"The first honor of his class—the Valedictory Oration—had been assigned him. It had been a minor, yet a distinct object of his ambition. His aims had been too high and broad to allow a mere college honor to operate as a primary motive. It was expected that his performance of this part would signalize his graduation, and be to his native region the harbinger and earnest of his future fame. Not so. The aspiring graduate, whom so many friends were ready to congratulate on Commencement day, was several miles from college, at home, sick, lonely, disappointed, his future prospects all in darkness, his life threatened by slow disease. My thoughts went forth to him on that day. It must have passed sadly with him. It was a time for the manifestation of sympathy and friendship. I resolved to see him before the sun of that Commencement day went down. I visited his father's house,

found him in his sick-room, confined to his bed, feverish, feeble, still declining. He spoke of himself rather in terms of discouragement, and there was a tinge of sadness on his pale countenance. Occasionally he allowed the play of his familiar smiles, and spoke cheerful things. He was obviously, by an effort, summoning his courage and philosophy to the endurance of his disappointment and calamity. He seemed to me to have—what he did not care to express—an anticipation of a short life, and of the speedy extinction of his earthly hopes. Neither of us said a word about death or about religion—far from it. I aimed to be cheerful and cheer him—to be social, natural, and make a green spot in the desert of his now desolate experience. I gave him his first account of the Commencement; showed him the first schedule he had seen of the public exercises, his own name with a *star*, as excused; and, after attempting for a little time, in the tenderness of friendship, to diversify the monotony of his weary hours, I left him, thinking it quite probable that I should see his face no more."

His own words are as follows:

I. TO THE REV. J. MERRIAM.

Leicester, October 20th, 1820.

Your letter, bearing date the 16th of September, came to hand on the 26th. It was entitled to an earlier answer, but I waited long for strength to write, and lately for the inclosed, which probably accounts for the delay. I was greatly affected by your friendly concern at my declining health. I can not better requite your kindness than by hastening to relieve your benevolent anxiety, and assuring you that I am now out of danger. All my unfavorable symptoms are gone,

my strength is rapidly returning, and I am daily advancing toward confirmed and perfect health.

Your inquiry after the state of my mind was a very natural one. It is to be expected that a person, however disinclined to serious meditation, will become thoughtful at a near prospect of eternity; that he will cease to sport when his eyes are looking into the grave; that, in the agony of disease and the decay of nature, if he is not pious, he will at least be sober. Truth, however, compels me to acknowledge that I was little affected by my situation. You will be less surprised at this when I tell you that I never gave up the expectation of living, though my friends and physicians for a time despaired of my recovery. Had I been fully aware of my danger, I believe that the concerns of futurity would have assumed in my mind that pre-eminence over others to which they are at all times entitled. Not that I think myself very liable to be moved by terror. The mere dread of dying, I think, would never give me much trouble. My principles and my philosophy are equally opposed to that species of cowardice which would shrink from an inevitable destiny, and murmur against the Lord for abridging the life which he has himself created and crowned with felicity. I flatter myself that I have felt some degree of resignation under my afflictions, from the consideration that they were sent by Him who has a right to do as He pleases, and that I am not now a stranger to gratitude for my returning health and flattering prospects.

Permit me, while upon this subject, to animadvert upon certain passages in your letter, and to assure you that my feelings were deeply wounded by your uncharitable censure upon what you obliquely attribute to me as my religious principles. Your disavowal of such an intention at the close of your letter conveyed to my mind less the evidence that you acquitted me of the charge of infidelity than of your solicitude to spare me the pain of thinking that I had sunk so low in the estimation of my friends. Whether I construe right or

wrong, suffer me to tell you that for once you are mistaken —pointedly and totally mistaken. However foolishly I may have acted, I have not yet learned to think like a fool. If, by my conduct, I have said 'there is no God,' my reason has given the lie to the assertion. If my conscience is seared, my eyes are open. If my heart is hard, my understanding is not blind. What has led you to a conclusion which does me so flagrant an injustice, I am quite unable to conjecture. I, indeed, make no pretensions to piety, nor did I ever assume the disguise of a hypocrite. I am naturally of a merry temperament, and my actions commonly partake of the levity of my feelings; still, I can not recollect any act or word in my whole life which ought thus to disgrace and stigmatize my principles. You have long been acquainted with me, and know that I have lived in a religious neighborhood, and been educated in a religious family. Your opinions, therefore, with regard to me, ought not to be founded on conjecture or report. At any rate, I now disclaim such heterodoxy, and I promise, upon my honor, that when I shall become an atheist or deist, if I know that you are alive and where you live, I will send you an account of my conversion, signed with my own hand; and this, and nothing else, would I have you take for evidence of my defection.

With regard to my plans for future life, in which you are so kind as to take an interest, I know almost as little as yourself. I had enough for a score of youngsters like myself, but my illness has deranged them all. I shall start in a little more than three weeks for Charleston, South Carolina, thence to Georgia, there to spend the winter, probably a year, perhaps two years. My father raises both hands against my going; but I have neither health, money, nor employment in Vermont, and I shall go South in pursuit of all. When I shall return, where I shall settle, or in what profession, the Lord only knows. I shall take it as a great favor to hear from you in Georgia. I will notify you of my residence, or perhaps you will hear *viâ* Vermont.

CHAPTER III.

THREE YEARS IN CAROLINA—CONVERSION.

For the next three years Dr. Olin will be his own biographer. It is a subject of thankfulness to his friends that the records of his conversion, that great and controlling event of his life, which infused a new element of vitality and power into his being, and transformed the ambitious student, in ill health, into the humble, loving, and faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus, are to be found in his own words, written at the time, and not colored by his subsequent religious experience. Upon his recovery from the illness by which he was prostrated at the time of his graduation, he repaired to the South, where he obtained the appointment of teacher, at seven hundred dollars a year, in a newly-projected seminary, in Abbeville District, South Carolina. "I made my way up the river," he says, "to the location of the academy, which I found, to my astonishment, to be almost bare of houses. I saw a man at work, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, whom I found to be a trustee of the institution. On inquiring where it was, I was pointed to a log-cabin. I began in it. The door was hung on a couple of sticks, and the windows were miserable; I drew my table to the wall, where I was supplied with light that came in between the logs." This was, however, only a temporary provision, and a new building was already preparing for Olin and his pupils. The school over whose infant

destinies he presided became a most prosperous institution. It was removed two miles from its original site to Cokesbury, at that time called Mount Ariel, and was subsequently adopted by the South Carolina Conference as its school. It is now in successful operation. A number of Southern ministers have received their education there.

Mr. Olin boarded in the family of a Methodist local preacher. One day, while sitting in his own room reading, after the toils of the day were over, he overheard the mother of the family, in an adjoining room, ask her son whether the new teacher opened the school with prayer. On receiving a negative answer, she expressed her surprise and regret that one born and brought up in New England should fail to comply with a custom which she thought was universal there. Mr. Olin carefully thought over the subject thus brought before him, and the result of his deliberation was a determination to comply with what he found to be the wishes of the people. But he knew not how to pray. This strange want of familiarity with even the outward forms of devotion may be accounted for by the history of his childhood. His mother, acting under the belief that the language of prayer should only be uttered by those whose hearts had been touched by the Spirit of God, had never taught him to pray—her *theory* condemned him to a prayerless youth—to years of distance from that Savior who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He retired to a neighboring grove, and there composed and rehearsed the prayer with which he intended to open the school the next day; and day after day did he, in the presence of

his pupils, offer prayers which did not even come from the surface of his careless, indifferent heart.

He began the religious exercises of the morning by reading a chapter in the Bible, and that he might do this intelligently, and sometimes comment upon it, he read it in private, with the aid of Clarke's Commentary. The pointed appeals and forcible truths contained in this "help to a better understanding of the Sacred writings" made a lodgment in his mind. One evening, at a prayer-meeting in the house where he lived, he was asked to pray, but he declined, feeling that his formal prayers were out of place there. This incident increased the disquiet he already felt. On one occasion, while repeating his prayer in his seclusion, he became deeply affected. He had *verbally* recognized the divine goodness, the reality of which now struck his mind with great force. A train of new and deep emotions was at once excited within him. He wept, and could not help weeping. A sense of wretchedness stole over him, which daily gathered strength. He spent his leisure hours in reading the Bible and other religious books, and his nights in prayers and tears. One day, after praying, as he had done for weeks beneath the spreading branches of a large tree, still known among his friends as the memorable spot in his religious history, he had risen from his knees with a heart pressed down by insupportable agony. When the answer came from above, the darkness passed away, and a new and heavenly light shone around. "The change was sudden and powerful, even producing no slight physical effect. It was as a shock of electricity startling his whole frame, and thrilling his soul with divine emotion.

The effect of his new convictions was profound—they imbued his entire character. A sanctity like that of Fenelon, and Fletcher of Madeley, ever after pervaded his whole being, and habitually revealed itself in his life by the deepest humility and the purest charity.

"Hitherto he had designed to make the law his profession. He was at this time under engagements with a lawyer in a neighboring town, with whom he was about to commence legal studies. Without definitely deciding upon what should be his future employment, he passed from under the shade of the tree which had witnessed his prayer with the conviction that, as he was now determined to live only for eternity, the bar was not his appropriate place. He started the same day, I think,* to make known his new determination to his legal friend, but tarried on the route one night. When he awoke in the morning, a terrible conflict of soul almost overwhelmed him. Doubts of the genuineness of the preceding day's experience were suggested; his purpose to change the professional plan of his life appeared absurd. What honors and emoluments might he not thus be sacrificing! Might not his supposed change of heart be a delusion! It was a fearful, and yet a sublime crisis in the history of his young and struggling spirit. But the grace of God prevailed. The overwhelming motives of eternity bore down upon the struggle. If he was mistaken in this matter, what was the other course, what was all of life but a mistake—a farce! He fell again upon his knees, another agony of prayer ensued, and again the divine answer overpowered his spirit, and swept away all his misgivings,

* Several days after.

determining his destiny for all time and all eternity. He rose up, pursued his course, broke off his contract with his friend the lawyer, and became—*a Methodist preacher.*"*

The following brief memorial was found written on a scrap of paper among his manuscripts:

"Abbeville, South Carolina, Sept. 21st, 1821.

"Yesterday, after a long season of darkness and sorrow, it pleased God to manifest his pardoning grace to my soul. O Lord! the riches of thy goodness are unsearchable. Accept me as one of thy hired servants. Lead me in the way of life everlasting, and keep my feet from falling. Oh bring me to see thy face in peace!

"STEPHEN OLIN."

After announcing to his father the entire change that had taken place in all his views and feelings, he says, "And you, my honored father, though perhaps you may give way to the feelings which would naturally arise in the heart of a father, who, solicitous for the welfare of his son, may have conceived favorable hopes of his success in public life, must rejoice in the happy prospect opened before me, convinced as I know you are of the truth of the Christian revelation, and, of consequence, that the principal concern of this life is to prepare for the next.

"You already know that I am a Methodist preacher. My life has taken an unlooked-for direction. With it,

* Recollections of the Rev. Abel Stevens, to whom "Dr. Olin related the circumstances of his conversion, while walking one beautiful Sabbath morning on the veranda of the presidential mansion of the Wesleyan University."

however, I am more than content, and only regret that my weak lungs are likely to keep me out of the itineracy—a field of action in which I have a great desire to be engaged. Shall I violate the filial reverence due to one to whom, under God, I owe every thing, by inviting you, my honored father, to embrace religion? It will be the solace of your declining years, ease all the burdens of life, and smooth your way down to the vale of death, whither we are all hastening. Pardon me for the liberty I have taken. I could not say less. I can only pray to Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands."

A new and higher life had dawned upon him. The old ambition had lost its power, and henceforth the motto of his life was to be, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" the cry of his soul, "Thy will be done." He soon found work to do. His careless college days imposed the first burden on his Christian life. His enlightened conscience at once brought before him the images of two of his dearest friends strengthened in habits of worldliness and sin by his example, and he desired at once to pour into their hearts a tide of counteracting influences. Two days after his conversion he wrote to one of these friends with all the fervor of his new-born zeal. This letter has not been obtained; but his subsequent correspondence with this gentleman, now an Episcopal clergyman occupying a post of honor and influence, shows how earnestly he longed to see those truths which had spoken with such Divine authority to his own soul working out their benignant mission in the heart and life of his friend, and how he rejoiced when the desire of his heart was granted.

To the other, Mr. S. C. Jackson, he wrote, as soon as he had ascertained his address, a letter, of which Mr. Jackson, now a Congregationalist minister, says, "It is a most faithful letter—a model of Christian fidelity and friendship, and truly characteristic of the nobleness of his spirit. It is worth vastly more than any thing I can write respecting him. That it had a great influence in producing the subject—a change in myself, is certain."

In after years, Dr. Olin spoke of these letters and of the blessed results, which ever called forth his deepest thanksgiving, as a ground of encouragement to one who was rejoicing in the newly-obtained *consciousness* of the pardon of sin to write to unconverted friends. He thought arrowy words sent by such new and powerful impulses might pierce the heart invulnerable to calmer appeals. In his own words, "the glow and outbursting joyous gratitude of the new-born soul—the fervors of his first love—the fresh lustre of his 'beautiful garments' become potent agencies for good, and no more pleasant incense than his ever rises up to heaven."

It is rather remarkable that four young men most intimately associated in college, without the sanctions or the restraints of religion, should all have become ministers of different Christian denominations: Mr. ——, an Episcopalian; Mr. Jackson, a Congregationalist; Mr. Mallory, a Baptist; and Dr. Olin, a Methodist.

In the summer of 1822, he spent part of his semi-annual vacation of two weeks in preparing an oration for the Fourth of July—an undertaking which he said the state of his health rendered sufficiently burdensome; but as it gave him an opportunity of lashing one or

two of the political sins of that climate, he did not resist the solicitations of his friends.

"Among his Abbeville friends," says Dr. Wightman, "there was one—the Rev. James E. Glenn—who possessed a keen discrimination of character, and was a preacher of no mean note. He very soon encouraged the young teacher to accompany him to his preaching appointments on Sunday, and close the exercises for him. It was not long before Glenn's preaching paled in the presence of Olin's glowing exhortations; and, as soon as the disciplinary order of the Church allowed, Glenn exchanged places with his friend. Never, in the memory of the oldest Methodists, had so powerful a preacher burst with so sudden a splendor and tremendous an effect upon the Church."

The Rev. Mr. De Yampert gives a glimpse of him on the eve of his first sermon.

"Dr. Olin came to my house, while he was teaching at Mount Ariel, now Cokesbury, with the Rev. James E. Glenn, and spent the night before he was licensed to preach. A few weeks afterward, I met him at Flagreed meeting-house, at a quarterly meeting, where Joseph Travis was the presiding elder. I was in the woods with him a few minutes before he was to preach his first sermon. He seemed imbued with the Spirit, and when asked if he felt no trepidation, he replied, with a brightened countenance, that he could but do his best. And truly, when he preached, the great humble and noble man was seen and felt."

In the spring of 1823, he was asked by some of his Northern correspondents whether he would accept the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in

Middlebury College if he were elected by the Board. He writes, in answer to this inquiry, "Such a situation would have many charms for me. I am attached to Vermont—to Middlebury. I love the college to enthusiasm, nor is there a man whom I more respect than Dr. Bates. Were such a situation offered me now, I should accept it. There are, however, some contingencies in my prospects in this country which may make a material change in my opinion, both of interest and duty. The truth is, the labor of teaching an academy is too great for my health, and leaves me too little time for study. My constitution will not admit of my entering the itinerant ministry, which I would prefer to a diadem. The duties of a professor would allow me to preach on the Sabbath, and would give me leisure for study and for health. My school is prosperous. All goes on with unexampled peace and harmony. I reside among an excellent people, whom I love, and from whom I receive every friendly attention. I am much reconciled to Southern life. The little invectives in which my Northern friends sometimes indulge wound me almost as much as if I had been born in Carolina."

He writes, in May, "With regard to the professorship, I have thought of it often in length, and breadth, and all its bearings, and have finally concluded to accept the appointment, if I can get it, with hearty thanks, for the following reasons: It will give me opportunity to preach as often, probably, as my health will admit under any circumstances; it will secure me a comfortable support, a useful and respectable station in society, and it will restore me to friends whom I love,

and habits which I reverence. My expectations are not high, nor will a disappointment give me much pain. I have learned to see the hand of God in these things, and am quite ready, I humbly hope, to follow its guidance to Middlebury, or to the ends of the earth."

On the 30th of September, 1823, he writes again to his Uncle Walker: "Your last communication of the 23d of August came to hand a few days since, in company with a number more bearing testimony to the fact of my having been appointed professor at Middlebury College. I will state at once that I have written to Dr. Bates a week since declining the professorship. Hear me out before you accuse me of either falsehood or folly. In my answer to your first letter upon the subject of the professorship, written early last spring, you will recollect that I stated my apprehensions that my religion would be an insuperable obstacle to my success. Soon after that, I got a letter from my much-esteemed friend—son of Rev. Mr. ——, one of the nominating committee—inquiring what were my religious sentiments, and informing me that, if I would become a Congregationalist, I should probably be appointed professor. This letter was certainly written at the instance of some member or members of the committee, and I considered it official. My answer said that I should be glad of the professorship, but could not leave the Methodists. I likewise requested immediate information whether such a change would be indispensable to my success, as in that case I should have other arrangements to make here. From this quarter I have heard nothing since, till a few days ago I was informed of my election. The truth is, I thought the thing

quite at an end, and that they had abandoned me on discovering the obstinacy of my Methodism. I should hardly have been more confident in this belief had I been informed of the election of another person. During these negotiations my health improved very much, and I began to hope for what had long been an object of ardent desire, that I should be able to devote myself wholly to the Gospel ministry. Between the time when I ceased to have any expectations of success at Middlebury and the receipt of your letter of July, it became necessary for me to take the steps preparatory to becoming a member of the South Carolina Conference, unless I would keep out of the ministry another whole year. I took such measures as amount to a pledge that I will join that body next winter; and, in anticipation of that event, some important duties have been assigned me to perform at the beginning of next year. This is the engagement that keeps me from Middlebury. I look upon the whole affair with infinite mortification. Not that I complain of my disappointment. I see the hand of God in it. The ministry, not a college, is my place, and I rejoice to sacrifice all earthly prospects for the sake of Christ. But it pains me to the heart to think of the anxiety and disappointment which I have brought upon you and my other friends. However, the thing is quite without a remedy. It is a simple question between my duty to God and my inclinations to gratify my friends, and myself no less than them. There is no room for hesitation; you would not wish me to hesitate."

Again he writes, on the 15th of November: "One moral duty can not clash with another, and I should

determine at once that any notion of duty which should lead me to violate a previous obligation was groundless and false. There is no such clashing in the present case. I had ceased to expect—I had no ground to expect the appointment. The promised and the requested information, which was to be to me the sign of my being a candidate, was not communicated. Here I concluded that the matter had ended, just as any man in his senses would have done. Under this persuasion, and guided by a sense of duty, I pledged myself to another course. This course I believe it to be the will of God that I should pursue. This, my dear sir, is the ruling argument. This must answer your letter received to-day. I read it with indescribable emotion. It was designed to reach my feelings, and it certainly did so. I am not ashamed to say it, it drew tears from my eyes. But what am I to do? On one hand, my friends—whom surely I love as much as ever friends were loved—my inclination, my interest, my ambition, call me to the North. On the other are poverty, toil, and contempt, in forbidding array; but the voice of duty calls me to embrace them. I dare not refuse. I owe much to my friends, I owe more to my Redeemer. They have high claims upon me. He has higher. You will not think my reasonings very creditable to my head. You will discern a spice of fanaticism in them. But you can not distrust my motives; the nature of the employment I am about to embrace speaks for my honesty. Your letter certainly speaks, though covertly, the language of reproach. I do not complain of it. Perhaps I deserve it. Indeed, I now distinctly perceive what from the first I apprehended, that I am

going to do what I believe to be the will of God, at the expense of grieving and displeasing my friends, and of sacrificing my character not only for common sense, which I do not much care for, but for integrity among the most respected of my Vermont acquaintances. Some can not, some will not enter into the feelings and motives by which I am swayed. Many will never hear the circumstances. They will only learn that I promised to accept an appointment which, after it was conferred, I most ungratefully and dishonestly rejected. These are circumstances deeply painful to me. But I know of no remedy. To gratify my friends, I would make any sacrifice compatible with my duty; but I can not violate the sacred claims of religion."

"During the year 1823," writes his friend, the Rev. Charles Mallory, "as I resided in the same district, I had occasional opportunities of exchanging visits with him, and of hearing him preach. The first sermon which I heard from him was, I think, on 2 Kings, v., 12, or a passage in immediate connection. He took occasion, from the contempt with which the haughty Naaman first received the message of Elisha, to dwell upon some of the reasons which induce men, at the present day, to contemn the commands of God, to treat with contempt the offers of mercy and salvation. It was a noble discourse. Though preached in a backwoods' meeting-house, and to a plain country congregation, its arrangement and matter would have gained for it attention from thinking minds in New York or London. Not long after, I heard him on The Conversion of Paul. In this discourse, the peculiarities of his great mind and the fervor of his pious affections were

wonderfully displayed. Had Chalmers preached this discourse to the most enlightened audience in Scotland, I think that most of his hearers would have retired from the spiritual and intellectual entertainment with the impression that the speaker was Chalmers still. It must be remembered that at this time Mr. Olin had been but about two years in Christ, and a less time in the ministry—indeed, up to this time his pulpit efforts had been but occasional, as his time and attention were much engrossed in his school at the Tabernacle. The world has witnessed but few beginnings in the ministry so strong and hopeful. His piety I ever regarded as of a decided and elevated character; and in intellectual power he was unquestionably one of the great men of our country—of the age; indeed, in any country or any age he would have been known and felt."

The Rev. Dr. Manly, president of the University of Alabama, gives the following slight but striking reminiscences of Dr. Olin:

"University of Alabama, March 19th, 1852.

"The privilege of an occasional meeting with Stephen Olin was limited to a few years—those of his early residence at the South, between 1822 and 1826. Our first interview was at a meeting-house in Abbeville District, South Carolina, near his own residence. I had but just entered the ministry, and this was a week-day appointment of my own, while passing through that part of the country; but, as we had no acquaintance till after worship, he took no part in the services. I remember my own text on that occasion only by having heard afterward of his intelligent and friendly comments on the discourse (2 Cor., v., 11).

"Soon after this event, his character was developed to me in a very interesting light by the following circumstance: The Rev. C. D. Mallory, now of La Grange, Georgia, had come to Cambridge, South Carolina (the 'Old *Ninety-six*' of the Revolution), and many of his Baptist friends wished to engage him as the head of a public school there. Its location was sufficiently near that which was then under the management of Mr. Olin to induce some persons to regard it as a rival institution; and suggestions were thrown out to the discredit of Mr. Mallory, doubting his competency and eligibility as an instructor of a high-school. On hearing of this, Brother Olin promptly and vigorously interposed the weight of his reputation and influence—already considerable—to dispel every doubt in regard to Mr. Mallory, whom he had known at Middlebury, and to set his character and qualifications before the public in a fair and honorable light.

"Shortly after this, I went to see and hear him at a place near Edgefield, South Carolina, called 'Moore's Camp Ground'—a camp-meeting being then in progress—and my own regular appointment in the village of Edgefield had been suspended for the purpose of attending it. His subject was the train of incidents narrated in Mark, vi., 16–29—the dancing of the daughter of Herodias, and its connection with the death of John the Baptist. (The particular text is not recollected.) This eminently suggestive passage was thoroughly analyzed, and various *principles* were deduced from the facts, furnishing topics for a discourse of more than an hour, which held a large and promiscuous assembly in rapt attention throughout. One topic, and

his strain of fervid remarks upon it will be long remembered by the gay circle which in part constituted his audience on that occasion, viz., the antagonism to truth and piety in which the votaries of fashionable amusements (dancing was particularly named) have ever chosen to involve themselves. In the spirit of enlightened devotion, he showed the irreligious tendencies of those indulgences with a felicity of expression which delighted the more refined portion of his hearers, a seriousness and force which precluded dissent; and, while he dealt out unsparing censure, such was the considerateness and delicacy of his reproofs, that no offense was taken. The whole assembly was borne away by the spirit and power with which he spoke.

"After that I am not aware that I ever had the opportunity of hearing him preach. The period of my residence in Charleston was from March, 1826, to November, 1837. He did not serve the churches there during that period. My correspondence with him was elicited by a wish on my part, and of the trustees of the University of Alabama, to engage his services as professor of English literature in this institution.

"During the last summer, my esteemed colleague, Professor L. C. Garland, and myself, induced in great part by a desire to see and confer with him and a few others on our mutual pursuits, and some contemplated changes in collegiate organization, undertook a very extended journey. While we were at Cleveland, Ohio, attending the sessions of an educational convention, we were informed by our mutual friend, Professor E. A. Andrews, of New Britain, Connecticut, that the pure and bright spirit whose matured views we were anx-

ious to consult had taken its departure from the scene of its earthly toils. God had done what he pleased with his own.

"These meagre hints may perform the not unacceptable service of showing the fragrance which attends his name and memory, arising from connections so transient and remote. B. MANLY."

Letters written from Dec., 1820, *to Nov.*, 1823.

II. TO JAMES OTIS WALKER, ESQ.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 19th, 1820.

I embarked in the brig Levant the next Sabbath after I left your house. We set sail on Monday morning, and passed Sandy Hook about two o'clock in the afternoon. I was sea-sick, after the second day, to the end of the voyage, and thus entirely disqualified from enjoying the smooth sea and fine weather with which we were favored. To make our voyage poetical, and our story worth telling, we had a storm off Cape Hatteras, which put the worst villains on board to their holiday thoughts. We passed the bar Saturday afternoon, and came to anchor off the Tybee light-house, in the mouth of the Savannah River. The next day was wholly occupied in getting up to the town through the narrow and difficult channel, which winds along from one side of the river to the other among sand-banks and oyster-beds.

After a short stay at Savannah, we passed on to Augusta in the steam-boat. The distance is 350 miles by water. Our passage occupied seven days, and was tedious and gloomy beyond all example. For three hundred miles not a house is to be seen. An impervious swamp, nearly on a level with the water, continues unbroken on both sides of the river, and completely shuts out of the prospect all vestiges of improvement. At Augusta, I found a letter from ——, informing me that my place was engaged to another, on account of the unfavor-

able report the trustees had heard of my health. Upon this, guided by a newspaper advertisement, I crossed into South Carolina, and came to this place, where I am settled on terms as favorable as I expected in Georgia. The country this side of Savannah River is barren and wretched beyond the power of imagination to conceive. It is a part of the great pine barrens that occupy the middle country of the two Carolinas and Virginia. The soil is formed of yellow sands and small white stones, which have the appearance of burned limestone. The timber is pitch-pine and stunted oaks. This region is but thinly inhabited, and the few human beings who are to be seen exhibit every appearance of want and wretchedness.

We rode from Augusta to Edgefield, twenty-eight miles, to breakfast, and, though my appetite may be supposed to be in high order, I could not in conscience eat my fill, for fear the loss of a hearty meal might bring a famine upon the neighborhood. Thence to Cambridge is about thirty miles. Here the soil becomes very fertile; and here, too, we found the first tavern in our whole journey from Augusta. In traveling above sixty miles, I did not pass over a single bridge. Horses ford the streams, and foot travelers go up or down to where the wind, more provident than man, has laid a tree across the river. The road, though it is the one chiefly traveled from Charleston to Tennessee, is nowhere wrought. If a tree falls into it, or it becomes impassable by any other means, the Carolinians seek a shun-pike through the woods, rather than be at the trouble to remove the obstruction. I am located twelve or fourteen miles northwest of Cambridge, and four from Saluda River. The soil is fertile, the water good, and the inhabitants carry in their faces the blessed image of health. I believe this to be as healthy a place as any in the Southern States. The institution is wholly Methodist, and is called the Tabernacle Academy. The trustees are Methodist, according to the straitest of the sect. I board in a rich fam-

ily; live better than at Savannah or Augusta; have coffee and tea in New England style; good wheat bread and butter, and a plentiful table. Every man, woman, and child is Methodist. I am to commence teaching on the 1st of January. The academy is new and unorganized, and I have been invited to draw up a code of laws for its good government.

I am not a week in the country, and, of course, am not prepared to say much of the inhabitants. I can only give it as my opinion that the negroes are well fed and contented; the country fertile and healthy; the people rich and religious.

III. TO JAMES OTIS WALKER, ESQ.

Abbeville, S. C., April 6th, 1821.

. . . . . Lest I should incur your displeasure by repeating the offense of which you made such unreasonable complaints, I will begin with myself. The effect of this climate upon my health has been even more favorable than I anticipated. I am become black and brawny even beyond the habits of my kindred. Besides teaching, which, of course, takes up most of my time, I have become an adept at angling, horsemanship, leaping, and shooting with a rifle. I wander through the woods for many a furlong with a gun upon my shoulder, and a pack of dogs at my heels; and can wind a huntsman's horn—the great delight of "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree." From this you will perceive that I am not only in perfect health, but am also in a way to rise in the good graces of the people; for these diversions are not resorted to merely for pastime, but as an employment. I would not have you suppose, however, that I devote all my leisure to sporting. On the contrary, I read much, and obtain a plentiful supply of books from a library, which fortune seems to have collected on my sole account, for nobody else presumes to meddle with it. Besides

this, I have commenced studying French, so that I am in no danger of being out of business.

IV. TO JAMES OTIS WALKER, ESQ.

Stony Point, S. C., Dec. 8th, 1821.

. . . . . I am highly obliged to you for your details of electioneering, and the et cæteras of interesting items in which you abound above my correspondents. I wish you to enlarge still more upon these topics. I am still a Vermonter in all my feelings and attachments, and am likely to remain such. I have been expecting to hear through you from Montpelier. I have learned from the National Intelligencer that the terms of the Supreme Court have been restored to the old order; also, that the Legislature have recommended the abolition of the Council of Censors. From these facts, I can not be much at a loss as to the complexion of the present representation of Vermont. The *people* are up, and the lawyers down. The free bill is shaved to the quick. The new system of Circuit Courts has not been adopted. . . . . .

I am engaged here for another season. My health has not been so good in two years as it is now. Fevers, agues, &c., are fast disappearing throughout the country; and the cool, frosty nights are rapidly restoring health and color to our sallow, moonlight visages. The hot season has been on all accounts sufficiently disagreeable, though I much question whether the hottest days have exceeded yours. On the 28th of June, the hottest day here, the mercury stood at 93° Fahrenheit. It was 98° last year at Middlebury, if I am not mistaken. But the long continuance of heat, from April to November, is truly appalling, and few constitutions of even the native inhabitants are of a temperature to bear it without one or more fits of sickness. South Carolina, and the Southern States generally, are the paradise of physicians. In many parts of the country they acquire fortunes in a few

years, and every where the practice is highly lucrative. The profession is highly respectable in character and acquirements. A considerable portion of the practitioners take their degrees in the medical colleges of Philadelphia and Baltimore. If doctors obtain wealth, honors and offices are wholly engrossed by lawyers. The elections are made by a general ticket in each district, some of which are sixty and even eighty miles square. Lawyers, by their profession, are most extensively known, and this greatly facilitates their election. But what most favors them is a state pride, which is the distinguishing characteristic of all classes of people in this state. Of this every one must be sensible who reads the papers, or who is at all acquainted with the state of public feeling. Even a New Yorker, in his most sonorous eulogies upon Clinton, King, Kent, and the grand canal, would blush at the things that are said and sung of the Calhouns, the Pinckneys, and the Lowndes' of Carolina. A South Carolinian would deem it a disgrace to be represented by a man who could not make a speech. Public expectation now is fixed upon M'Duffie, member of the next Congress from Abbeville. I do not know him, but he is deemed a prodigy, and the people tremble lest he should be torn from them for some of the departments or a foreign embassy.

I have been prolix upon politics, lawyers, &c., wishing to answer your inquiries, and to send you something of more worth than my own poor affairs in return for your interesting communications. But I must not conceal from you that I am more disengaged in affections from these noisy matters than formerly. You have possibly seen my last letter to my father. If so, it may not be necessary to inform you of the revolution in my sentiments which has taken place since I last wrote to you. From a deep conviction of the truth, the importance, and the absolute necessity of religion, I have become an unworthy, but sincere and joyful disciple of Jesus. I have become convinced that happiness, which I have hith-

erto looked for in ambitious hopes and exertions after fame, can only be found in humility. I have found it there, and only there will I seek it for the future. I believe it to be my duty to employ my poor faculties in promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer of men. In consequence of this conviction, I intend, at the end of next year, to return to the North and enter upon theological studies. Pray write your sentiments freely on this subject. Do you approve? Are you reconciled to my choice?

V. TO MR. CHARLES D. MALLORY.

Stony Point, S. C., Dec. 14th, 1821.

Yesterday closed the last term of my school for the present season, and to-day completes a year of my pilgrimage in this land of strangers. I celebrate this anniversary in a way most congenial to my feelings, by writing to an old and tried friend, and thus recalling to my mind scenes which will long occupy a place there. Upon reviewing the time I have spent in this country, and the events connected with it, I can not refrain from congratulating myself. I look back upon these with singular satisfaction, and the most lively gratitude. I left Vermont with a broken constitution. I had just been brought to the borders of the grave without the least alarm, or any purposes of amendment, and restored to life and hope without a single emotion of thankfulness. I have recovered my health in a pestilential climate, and preserved it in the midst of almost universal sickness. In a country where impiety and dissipation are singularly prevalent, my lot is cast in almost the only spot where these vices are strangers. And, above all, I have, as I trust, been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, under circumstances seemingly most unpropitious—such, indeed, as, in my view, were only calculated to bring swift punishment upon me. I used to begin each day with prayer in my school, and, as this was an exercise to which I was pretty much unaccustomed, I oft-

en practiced in the woods to acquire a propriety of tone and expression! After a little time, I came to believe myself as sincere as any body else, and even professed myself a Christian. During two or three months of this sort of life, every day increased my stupidity and my guilt. All at once, without any visible means, my callous heart was smitten with such compunction and agony as I can not describe. I felt the hand of God upon me. Sometimes in despair, and always wretched, my nights were passed in tears and prayers. I dared not discontinue my religious exercises in school, and in them my feelings often rose too high to be concealed. Yet my pride, and the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed by my false pretensions to piety, would not permit me to disclose the state of my feelings. I groaned, and wept, and prayed alone. It was on the 20th of September that the blessed Jesus poured the oil and the wine into my wounded spirit. It was a glorious moment—a happy moment! I passed from hell to paradise! I was filled with speechless exultation, and a considerable time elapsed before I could believe that I was in my right mind. Blessed be God! I still feel the sacred flame glowing within me. Cherish it, O thou Source of every thing good and perfect, till the sin of my heart be consumed, and, a brand plucked from the burning, my voice shall join with those who cease not to ascribe glory and dominion to the Lamb that was slain!

I have been interrupted. I find, upon looking over what I have written, that I have gone very wide of the object I had in view when I took up my pen. But you will pardon my digression. I was led into it irresistibly by the subject I had begun upon. I only intended to mention that the events of the past year had fully convinced me of the truth of the doctrine of a particular Providence, which I did not formerly believe. I am now fully persuaded that philosophy, as well as piety, must embrace this opinion. It is as foolish as it is wicked to suppose that God, who made us and all with which

we have to do, should leave the events of our lives to chance; and it gives me infinite satisfaction to consider myself under the care of Divine wisdom and power. Others, though strangers to piety, may have embraced the truth in this respect, but it has but lately become an article of my creed.

I felt deeply interested in your plans of future life, and was glad to hear of the good part you have chosen. Perhaps you may feel a similar concern for my affairs. After much consideration and self-examination, I have determined to study divinity. I have been led to this determination by a strong sense of duty. I found no peace in contemplating any other course.

VI. TO MR. SAMUEL C. JACKSON.

Stony Point, Abbeville District, S. C.,
Nov. 25th, 1821.

It is now more than a year since, with my farewell embrace, I gave a promise to write you a letter after I became settled in my Southern home. I have delayed so long to redeem my pledge, not because I undervalued your correspondence. From my first arrival here to the end of the hot season my health was continually bad, and, though I had often leisure and strength, I had seldom spirits to write. Since the senior vacation, I have been ignorant of your place of residence, and it was not till this morning that, in answer to my inquiries, I learned from my Vermont friends that a letter directed to Dorset would reach you. I hasten to improve the opportunity which for some time I have anxiously coveted. I will not apologize for the unwonted style of my present communication. To adopt another would be at once to violate my conscience and to distrust your friendship. Since the interruption of our acquaintance, I have experienced a most happy change in my feelings, prospects, and, as I trust, in my moral nature. It has pleased God, after I have spent so many years in sin, and in opposition to his glorious cause, to

bring me to see my lost condition while out of Christ. Yes, it has pleased Him to lead me to a hearty repentance for my past transgressions, and to a joyous participation in the happiness of his children. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous. Indeed, I shall never cease to wonder at this unparalleled stoop of the Divine mercy. I was every way unworthy, desperately wicked, not an ordinary transgressor, but sold under sin, an opposer, a despiser of the blessed Jesus, his cause, and his people. Oh, the unfathomable depth of the goodness of God! My life, my soul and body shall be a living sacrifice to his service. I thank God I am effectually cured of that overweening, damning ambition which has blinded my eyes and brought me to the brink of ruin. I have taken for my motto, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This, by the grace of God, shall be the guide of my conduct. What, my dear Jackson, do you think of this? Am I all at once become an enthusiast? You know the manner of my past life. You have been the friend and confidant of my bosom, and you can be no stranger to my former enmity and opposition to religion. Indeed, I am ashamed to appeal to these as evidence of my sincerity, but such they must be to you, that I have not given heed to an idle tale. I was never an infidel; but it is only of late that I have fully examined and appreciated the overwhelming evidences by which Christianity is supported. Have you sufficiently examined these? You do not reject them, I am persuaded, and yet a more careful attention to the subject could not fail of impressing more deeply upon your mind the danger, the folly, the glaring absurdity of neglecting what reason, conscience, and education conspire in recommending to you as the chief concern of your existence. I entreat you, in the name of friendship and in the name of Jesus, to consider and reconsider this momentous subject, to dwell renewedly upon the tremendous motives which religion presents; to meditate, to pray, to agonize, till the grace of God

shall implant deep in your heart those truths which, in the levity of youth, and hurry of ambition and amusement, you have passed unheeded. It is too late for trifling. The consolation of having uttered a happy jest or a pungent repartee will be a worthless compensation for the loss of the soul.

I have written with earnestness and plainness. The importance of the subject justifies the one, the closeness of our friendship the other. I have now relieved my conscience of a burden which bore heavy upon it. My influence, while in college, whatever it was, was all on the side of impiety. I was some years older than you, we were always together, and I have been apprehensive that my example might have contributed to keep you from resorting to some of the means of grace, to which, in the former part of your collegiate life, you gave some attention. I pray God that this may not prove a final injury to your soul nor to mine.

Your friend forever,

STEPHEN OLIN.

VII. TO MR. JONATHAN MERRIAM.

Stony Point, S. C., 31st March, 1822.

For several months past I have been anxious to hear from you, and my ignorance of your address is the only thing that prevented my writing. You have heard by way of Vermont of the very happy change which I trust has taken place in my sentiments and prospects during the past year.

The severe visitation of Providence, which brought me to the verge of the grave in the summer of 1820, had no other effect upon my mind than to increase its blindness and depravity. I believe I should have viewed the approach of death without much emotion, and have gone unconcerned to hell. During the first six months after my arrival in this country, I felt a degree of indifference, I may say contempt, for religion, to which, in my whole life, I had been a stranger. The mockery of attempting to pray in my school seem-

ed to increase my hardness of heart every day, till at length I came to disregard experimental religion altogether, and, as my judgment assented to the veracity of the Scriptures and the truth of revelation, I thought myself as good a Christian as any body. It was some time in July that I began to feel a sense of horror and wretchedness stealing upon me, which, though I was ignorant of the cause, destroyed my peace, and daily gathered strength. The information which I often received of the revivals in Vermont smote upon my heart like peals of thunder, and reproached me with many misspent opportunities which had borne the record of my guilt before me to judgment. I spent all my leisure hours in reading the Bible and other religious books. These tended to deepen my convictions and to augment my sorrows. My nights were many of them spent in prayers and tears. A cloud of darkness was gathering over my mind. Doubts and fears tortured my soul, and temptations, in a thousand forms, assailed me on every side. For about six weeks, I continued in a state of wretchedness not easily to be described. It was on the 20th of September that, as I trust, the sun of righteousness rose upon my soul, and healed my wounded spirit. I was alone in the woods. I had just risen from my knees, with a heart pressed down with insupportable agony. I was overwhelmed, and melted with a sense of guilt and unworthiness, when, "in the twinkling of an eye," I was filled with joy unspeakable. Blessed be God! I was then made happy in his redeeming love, and am happy still. I am afraid I expose myself to the imputation of enthusiasm. I never gave much credit to sudden operations and ecstasies in religious things. It is the comfortable evidence I still enjoy of my acceptance with God that gives me hope and happiness.

On this and another matter of which I am about to speak, I will be much obliged to you for a free communication of your sentiments. Soon after I came to this place,

and before I had any serious concern about my soul, I made pretty extensive inquiries for an eligible place to study and practice law, and I opened a correspondence with several lawyers in Alabama and Georgia on the subject. During the whole of this business I felt a continual chiding of conscience, and a conviction that I was to preach the Gospel. Before and after my conversion, the same impression continued, and, though I was still determined to study law, I always made myself unhappy by the anticipation. After long hesitation, I resolved to devote myself to the ministry. In coming to this resolution, I regained a peaceful mind. Still, however, I often feel in doubt what to make of all this; whether to consider it as the leading of duty, or otherwise. I communicate my sentiments with freedom; if they betray a lack of religious knowledge and experience, I plead guilty, and ask your opinion and your indulgence.

I expect to be at liberty here next Christmas. I have been invited to a tutorship in Middlebury next August, with which, of course, I can not comply. I intend returning to the North next January. If I go by land, I may have the pleasure of seeing you in Washington. I do not know where I shall study divinity; probably at some New England seminary; perhaps at Princeton, New Jersey. Of this you will hear more hereafter.

VIII. TO MR. SAMUEL C. JACKSON.

Stony Point, March 16th, 1822.

Your long and interesting letter of the 17th of February came to hand last Saturday. I congratulate myself on this renewal of our long-interrupted acquaintance and correspondence. My wish is that they may not be again suspended. You speak of our being "in every respect separated." I see no necessity for this, nor do I much relish the thought. Certainly I was never more your friend in my life; and if I was ever worthy of your confidence, I hope I am so still. You do

me injustice in supposing that I have become a cynic and a bigot. Such are not the fruits of religion. That tends to multiply and strengthen the social affections. If I become base enough to forget or neglect the claims of friendship, charge it upon a spirit opposite to the one by which I profess to be actuated. Were you displeased with the plainness and freedom of my remarks in my last communication? It was, indeed, rather a sermon than a letter; but it was of a piece with my feelings, from which my letters always take their coloring, and will do so as long as I write any.

I am greatly obliged to you for the unreserved manner in which you have disclosed your views and sentiments with regard to religion. I can not doubt your candor, as your letter carries with it the most painful evidences of honesty and sincerity. Do I understand you? Have you come to the dreadful resolution of embarking in a career of ambition and sin without an interest in Christ? You are now at a most important period of your life—a sort of middle ground—from which you may review the past, and look forward to the future with peculiar advantage. You have just closed your collegiate course, and it may be profitable to recollect what were the facilities and what the hinderances which that season has afforded to your becoming a Christian. You have lived in a society as pious, perhaps, as any in the world, where the means of grace abounded—where the Spirit of God has been gloriously poured out upon the people—where authority, example, numbers, and even popularity, were on the side of religion; but you had some companions whose ridicule you feared—some passions you wished to gratify—some amusements and projects of ambition with which you thought religion might interfere—and these obstacles, slight as they were, have kept you from God.

You are now about entering upon a different scene—of the influence of which upon your religious destiny, experience of the past will afford you the means of forming a pretty correct

estimate. The hinderances to piety which you will meet with in active life will differ from those in college in this particular, that they will be permanent. The intimacies, professional or political, which you form will probably end only with your life. You must take sides with men and parties; your sentiments and interests will become identified with theirs; and the difficulties of turning from a course of sin will be found to augment in proportion to the length of the way you have gone, to the number of your companions, and to the standing you may obtain. Add to this, that the objects of ambition operate more powerfully upon men as they advance in years. Now do you believe in Christianity? That heaven and hell depend upon it? That, as you become a Christian or otherwise, you will be eternally happy or miserable? And with these sentiments, can you resolve, *as you now are*, to enter upon a scene where the temptations to continue in irreligion are ten-fold greater than those which you have hitherto been unable to resist, and where, judging from the experience of others, there is no probability that you will embrace religion? Surely you will pause! If the Bible is true, and if Christianity is not a fable, they demand, and must have your attention. You ask what I would have you do. Must you rust in inactivity, and, because you are not a Christian, be guilty also of neglecting the duties of life? No, no such thing. Do the most important work first. Come to the Father of mercies with a contrite spirit. He will hear you; he will not cast you off. He will prepare you for usefulness and happiness. He will clothe you with the impenetrable armor of righteousness, by which you will be able to meet the dangers and temptations of life without injury. My dear friend, will you turn to the Lord? I fear you will not! I thought that my testimony in favor of religion—so wicked, so incredulous, so hardened as I have been—might have some weight with my unconverted friends; but I despair. Several of my correspondents have stopped writing at once. One

says he believes in religion, but is ambitious, and expects to live as he is and go to hell! And you! do you not come to the same conclusion in your letter?

I expect, at the close of this year, to return to some of the Northern seminaries and study theology. You ask whether my talents are not better adapted to the bar? They may be so; and I agree with you that it is desirable that men of piety engage in the legal profession. The profits and honors of the law, however, will command talents; and the control which the people have over the laws, and indirectly over the practice of the bar, will prevent any gross abuses. It is the interest of a villain to be honest, if he depends upon public patronage for support. A sense of duty will give to my pursuits a different direction. I believe I may be more useful as a preacher. As to popularity, I hope it is lower than a secondary motive.

Let me hear from you soon. Your health, studies, and prospects will all be topics of deep interest to me. The winter here has been cold, though without snow. Fruit-trees are now in bloom, and farmers are about planting corn.

IX. TO MR. J. MERRIAM.

Tabernacle Academy, Sept. 19th, 1822.

I received your letter of the 10th of July, as also your communication from Norfolk, in their proper season. They found me in my bed, sick of a fever, which held me three weeks. I am now, by the mercy of God, once more in tolerable health, and engaged in my usual employment. Since I wrote you last, we have been favored with a time of refreshing from above. About thirty persons of this vicinity have professed conversion, and among them fifteen of my scholars. This is the second outpouring of the Spirit which this institution has enjoyed within less than a year. The work has been powerful, and, I believe, genuine. One day, in particular, I shall long remember. At morning prayers in the academy, two

or three of the students who had been singular for their inattention to religion, were humbled under the mighty hand of God, and left the house in tears. In about an hour they sent for me. I found them prostrate on the earth in a neighboring grove, and in the deepest agony of soul, imploring the mercy of Heaven. The whole school, with a few of the neighbors, were soon assembled at the spot. The day was spent in prayer and exhortation, and six persons, we had reason to hope, left the place rejoicing in newness of life. Much seriousness still prevails, and I hope to see still more fruit of this reformation.

You will not be surprised to hear that I receive this as a token of the Divine pleasure that I remain where my services have probably been in some degree conducive to so glorious a work. I do so receive it, and expect to remain at present, perhaps for a long time, where I now am. I trust that a field of extensive usefulness is opening before me. I wrote you, if I am not mistaken, that the South Carolina Conference, embracing the Methodist Church in South Carolina, Georgia, and part of North Carolina, had agreed to patronize this academy. The most able clergymen of the denomination have become awake to the interests of education. Prejudices are vanishing away, and the time is not remote when a literary institution upon a large and permanent foundation will be called into life. The Methodists here are numerous and wealthy, and altogether equal to the undertaking. The obvious utility of such an establishment *you*, at least, will see. It is the expectation of being able to promote a design so laudable and so holy that induces me to continue in an employment as distasteful to my feelings as it is pernicious to my health. I shall continue my theological studies as I am able, labor as I may have opportunity, and should my expectations with regard to a permanent seminary be disappointed, or should I feel it my duty to be more actively engaged in the ministry, I intend to exchange my

present vocation for one to which my best feelings are devoted.

I must inform you that I have become a Methodist in good earnest, and shall never quit them for the Episcopalians. My prejudices have gradually melted away, and, though I still see some things that I deem extravagant, I believe that, in this section of the country at least, there is more of the power of godliness among them than any other people. Thus, my dear friend, if your partiality for me should still continue, you are likely to have both a Methodist and a Methodist minister for a correspondent. This matter, I confess, has given me much uneasiness. In deciding upon it, God and my conscience have been the tribunal. Honor and wealth are but a light sacrifice, and these I have offered up long since to my Redeemer. Have you heard that C. D. Mallory, late of Middlebury College, has become a Baptist? He is a most valuable acquisition, and ought by all means to be engaged in the Columbian College.

X. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Stony Point, S. C., February 18th, 1822.

Your letter came to hand the 28th of January, pregnant with things novel and important. So you stalk the world over "from Lapland to the line;" go to Congress, to Maryland, and, I suppose, do a thousand other things of equal gravity, without so much as giving notice to me, though you still style me "brother" and "friend" at the beginning and end of your letter. . . . . .

My last letter to you, directed to Montpelier, was written September 23d, and probably arrived there about the time you set out for the South. From that time to the receipt of yours I waited with no small anxiety for an answer. I very much regret that you have not received that letter, as it contained a pretty full expression of my sentiments upon a most important subject, which, though I have hitherto treated

it with much indifference, has lately commanded much of my attention. I have become a disciple of Christianity, not merely by embracing its speculative principles—in which sense I have long been one—but, as I trust, by experiencing its moral influence upon the heart. My hopes, my desires, and my prospects have undergone a material happy revolution, and I look upon the past and the future with reflections and anticipations altogether the reverse of those which I formerly cherished. Among the subjects of regret, which must occur but too frequently in reviewing a life like mine, there are some circumstances connected with my collegiate course that give me the most poignant sorrow. My fortune there was the not uncommon one of having both enemies and friends. The former were so, somewhat I hope, without a cause. To the latter I am under a thousand obligations for the strength and steadiness of their attachment. But the pleasure which I should otherwise derive from reflecting on these connections is embittered by an apprehension of the injury I have probably done to you and my other friends. The opinion, false but current, of my infidelity, gave a direction to my little influence most unfavorable to the cause of religion; and my conscience used frequently to reproach me with hindering the good purposes which you sometimes formed by the levity with which I treated serious subjects. I have often implored the Father of mercies to avert the consequences of my misconduct both from you and from myself. Happy, indeed, should I esteem myself could I atone for my past guilt by exhorting you to repentance, and by joining to a thousand others my testimony in favor of religion. I have sometimes thought that if I could see you, and tell you of the heartfelt joys and heavenly prospects of piety, I should not fail of persuading you to embrace it. Our past friendship would secure me access to your heart, and my past impiety would be an argument to convince you of the infinite goodness of God, who could pardon guilt so aggravated as mine.

I expect to remain at this place through the present year. Afterward I contemplate returning to the North. How far, I don't know—probably to New York or New Haven. I have renounced all thoughts of the law. I shall probably study theology at an Episcopal seminary established, or to be established, at one of the above-named places. Possibly I may go to Andover, to Princeton, or, improbably, to Middlebury, from which place I have just received an invitation to a tutorship. These matters are still in the dark, and of them you will hear in due time. I should be glad to know your sentiments upon my proposed course. I am actuated by a sense of duty. Mercenary views and worldly prospects certainly would impel me in a different direction.

XI. TO THE SAME.

Stony Point, May 5th, 1822.

. . . . Your letters are always received with satisfaction; but I never felt so much joy at the sight of your superscription. I was in company when I read it; but my emotions were too strong to be restrained. I said to myself, he is surely incapable of dissimulation—he professes to be concerned about the salvation of his soul—he asks me to pray for him, and he prays for himself. God will hear him. My best earthly friend will be a Christian. I am not of a very sanguine temperament, nor, I hope, superstitious, and yet I will not conceal it, that I have felt for some time, and still feel a very strong presentiment that you will ere long become a disciple of the blessed Jesus. I often dwell with delight on the pleasing expectation, and my bosom dilates with joy at the thought of once more receiving your friendly embrace, when we shall have become brothers in Christ, and can unite in pouring out our gratitude to the God of our salvation. Such a meeting, I hope, I believe we shall have.

You ask my advice, and I give it with the simplicity of a Christian and the freedom of a friend, though I am fully sens-

ible how poorly I am qualified for a spiritual adviser. Have you ever any doubts as to the truth of the Bible and Divine revelation? If you have (and I have often had them without being an infidel), let your first business be to get them removed. Read Paley's Evidences, and other writers upon the subject, where you will find proofs amounting to nothing short of demonstration. You will then be prepared to search the Bible for an answer to the all-important question, What does God require of me? What is religion? Is it morality? Is it a mere routine of forms and ceremonies? or does it require that I should be "born again," that I should "walk in newness of life," should believe in the Lord Jesus, with the heart unto righteousness? Such inquiries, pursued with any degree of honesty and care, can not fail, I apprehend, to result in a clear conviction that a change, which evangelical Christians call conversion, the regeneration of the soul by the power of God and the energy of the Holy Spirit, is necessary to salvation. This point settled, the next consideration is the necessary end to be attained. It is clearly my opinion, and it is uniformly the language of Scripture, that it depends upon ourselves whether we will be religious or not, whether we will be damned or saved. God has provided the feast. He "has done all things well." We may receive or reject the invitations of mercy. St. Paul says, that "God wills all men every where to repent." God himself says, "Come unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved;" and again, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Put these passages together, and what do they amount to? To this, most clearly, that God wills all men—of course *you*—to repent; that He commands you to repent, and of course has given you power to do so. He says that "He delights not in the death of a sinner, but that he should return and live." You are a sinner; you may die to-morrow; and of course you can repent to-night, or what becomes of the above declaration? When you read such passages as

these, impress it most deeply upon your mind that they are the words of God himself, and that you are not at liberty to doubt or disbelieve them, or to give them a gloss of your own. Do not expect a certain degree of heaviness of heart and compunction for your sins. Only be persuaded that you are a sinner, and must be a Christian; be resolved to make the requisite sacrifices, then come to the throne of grace. Pray fervently and incessantly to the Father of mercies. He will hear you. He has given his only Son to die for you; and, after such a sacrifice, surely He "will not withhold any good thing." You may be in sorrow for a season, but joy will come in the morning.

I have prayed God to direct my pen, and to inspire your heart. I write to you as to one who is in earnest about salvation. What news will your next letter bring me? That you are careless and hard? Oh! at least tell me that you are resolved NOW to begin the work of repentance; that you resolve, in the fear of God, to pray for Divine grace, fervently, perseveringly, and at least daily. Oh! promise me, by our sacred friendship, by the agony of a dying Jesus, "to strive to enter into the strait gate." You will not repent of being a Christian. God will hear your prayers. Jesus will open his arms to receive you, and the consolations of the Spirit will be poured in upon your wounded soul.

XII. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Stony Point, Sept. 26th, 1822.

. . . . Soon after my conversion I joined the Methodist Church. This I did because I believed their doctrines were those of the Bible, their practice truly Christian, and because I ardently wished to enjoy the ordinances of God's house. I, however, carried with me strong prejudices against some of their peculiarities, and determined, as soon as I could have access to an Episcopal church, to become a member of it, as, on the whole, more congenial in principle and practice

with my feelings and opinions. After I began to look to the ministry, my partialities had still the same direction. I was led, however, to examine the matter seriously and conscientiously, and this examination has resulted at last in a full determination of remaining in the Methodist Church. I believe them to be a more humble and a more holy people. They want plainer and more pointed preaching than Episcopalians will hear, so that as a preacher I am sure I could be more useful among them, and an instrument, I hope, of getting more souls to heaven. This, with me, decides the matter. The humiliations, the labors, the poverty, the reproaches, do not terrify me. If it please God that I remain in my present frame of mind, they will never be burdensome to me. . . . . .

XIII. TO THE SAME.

Abbeville, Nov. 10th, 1823.

. . . . I have been in fine health since I saw you at camp-meeting, and have preached twice in this place. Our prospects brighten. We have solemn and weeping congregations. Much of the Divine presence was with us to-day, and I hope the fruit of its labors will be seen hereafter. . . .

XIV. TO J. O. WALKER, ESQ.

Tabernacle Academy, Nov. 22d, 1822.

I received your favor of the 15th of September on the 19th ultimo. It was emphatically a word in season, and came just in time to save me from the uncomfortable conclusion that my name had quite faded from the memory of all my Northern friends. I was lucky, indeed, in being remembered at all amid the noisy scenes that usually precede and follow an election, and which, it seems, rung with a louder din this fall than ever. Well, what things were said and done by the men of the mountain? How fared the secretary, W—— S——, Jun.?—a most excellent, I fear, a persecuted

man. Remote as I am from the scene of action, and partial as are my means of information, you must still permit me to speak freely. I look upon Mr. S—— as one among the first men in Vermont for talents and moral worth, and shall hear that he is put down with the extremest regret. Vermont has, I believe, nearly matured the policy upon which she has for years looked with growing favor, the policy of raising the hue and cry against every thing elevated by acquirements and faithful services. The finest talents no sooner attain to such standing and experience as might render them useful, than they are marked for the ostracism. The multitudinous host that makes all *blue* at Montpelier annually follow the counsels of a tyrant to his son, whose inquiry, how he should best establish his power over a subjugated state, he answered by silently beating down the highest ears of corn as he walked in the field. You are on the spot and know how these matters are. Pray, am I right or wrong in my opinions? Of all subjects that are agitated in this Southern country, whether political or any other, none makes so much noise as the next presidential election. Every paper teems with maledictions or benedictions upon Calhoun and Crawford, and no other candidates are spoken of as having any chance for success. It is stated, too, in the Southern newspapers—and I read none north of Washington—that in the Northern States these two gentlemen will be supported to the exclusion of Mr. Adams. Is it so? Whose interest will prevail in Vermont? New England? New York? Was any attempt made to sound the Legislature? The continual buzz of this subject about my ears has, somehow or other, awakened a very strong interest in me, remote as is a pedagogue's from a president's chair. . . . . .

What will you say to my knack at taking advice, when I tell you that I have engaged to stay here another year? It is even so; nor have I in view any time for returning to Vermont. I know of no prospect of being equally useful in any

other place or calling, and to be useful has, I hope, become my principle of action. The religious changes which have recently taken place in my school have chiefly determined me to this course. About twenty of my pupils have of late been hopefully converted. This I receive as an evidence of my duty to remain where my labors have been instrumental of so much good. I am afraid you smile, and think me superstitious. Will it confirm or weaken your suspicions, when I tell you I have commenced preaching as a Methodist minister? I have, and that, I expect, will be the chief business of my life. I need not be told that I have missed the road to ease, to wealth, to fame. I believe it to be the road to heaven, and here my solicitude ends. How long I may continue to teach is uncertain. The South Carolina Conference, embracing the Methodist connection in this state, Georgia, and part of North Carolina, has lately taken this academy under its patronage. The most influential members of the Church are becoming awake to the importance of education, and a general disposition prevails to make this institution a permanent and respectable establishment. As long as there is a prospect of its becoming such, I do not intend to withdraw my exertions. When such a prospect ceases, I expect (with all proper drawbacks for ill health and other casualties) to engage more actively in the ministry.

I was affected at the account you gave of the death of your brothers. I sincerely hope this bereavement may be sanctified to the good of their numerous families. And, my dear Uncle Otis, pardon me, if, in the fullness of my heart, I inquire of you whether you are prepared to follow your brothers into eternity? This is the only point of view in which our long and, I hope, strong friendship gives me pain. Shall we meet in heaven? Will you ever set yourself seriously to think on religion? Or will you continue to cleave to an unexplored and baseless faith till it is too late to retrieve your error? My feelings are sensibly alive to this sub-

ject. There are a few individuals linked to my heart by the sacred ties of blood and friendship, for whose salvation I most devoutly wish, and of which I almost despair.

The sickness, which has been unexampled this season, has almost disappeared. We had white frost a fortnight since, and the weather is now the finest imaginable. My health is as good as I have enjoyed for two years. I have purchased a horse, and find great benefit from riding on horseback. What has become of all my old acquaintances? Pray tell me something about them. My heart is an old-fashioned one, and is wonderfully retentive of childish attachments. How fares it with my cousins Olin and Marsh, and my little friend Julia? Do not let Aunt Eunice forget me. I want her love fresh every letter. Do not put it in without her leave.

XV. TO THE REV. J. MERRIAM.

Tabernacle Academy, March 28th, 1823.

. . . . I hope it is quite unnecessary to assure you that I set a very high value upon your correspondence, and that I regard your friendship, so early begun, so uninterrupted, so strong, and of late so cemented by the love of a common Savior, among the most happy circumstances of my life. It is my devoutest wish that it may never be interrupted by time, nor distance, nor creeds. I must say that I am able to discover no symptoms of coldness in myself. I hope I have a heart capable of steady friendship, and incapable of bigotry. Do tell me, could you accord to me a more hearty greeting for having been washed in the waters of your own manner of baptism? for having subscribed myself a disciple of Calvin and Gill? Do the pillars of your regard stagger at the recollection of my Methodism? These questions are of some importance to my feelings. I am sometimes pained at the thought that some of my friends may be pitying me as a misguided enthusiast, and even in the pleasing anticipations which I sometimes indulge, of visiting once more my native

state, and of mingling in those religious circles which I once so cautiously avoided, but which I now regard with unmingled affection, I am sometimes chilled with apprehension of meeting with averted eyes and feelings, where, if I had chanced to be christened in some other creed, nothing but cordiality and love would have existed toward me. I trust I should not be reluctant to bear reproach for Christ's sake; but to bear it for the sake of Methodism, Baptism, or any other name, seems to be a thing somewhat different, though we are commonly disposed to consider them the same.

Did I inform you in my last that I had commenced preaching? I did so in November. Since that time, I have usually labored on the Sabbath in different churches in this vicinity. I love the work to which God has called me, nor would I exchange the opportunities I enjoy of warning my fellow-men to flee from the wrath to come for any prospects of earthly good. I feel a strong and growing desire to be wholly devoted to the ministry, but my broken constitution will not, I am afraid, allow me to enter the itineracy. I have many exercises on the subject, and at present my inclination preponderates toward that pursuit.

My school is still prosperous, and is still blessed of God. Several of the students manifest great concern about their souls; three have, within a few days, obtained a joyful hope in Christ. Nearly forty of my scholars have embraced religion during the two years in which I have been teaching in the academy—a circumstance altogether without example in this country. I often look upon this as an evidence that I should continue here, though my employment is irksome to my feelings and injurious to my health.

I want your counsel upon a certain matter, which you will be pleased not to mention to any of your Northern correspondents. I have been inquired of from Middlebury whether I would accept a professorship there. What answer ought I to give? I should have more health, more time to study,

and as much opportunity to preach there; besides, I should gratify my family and friends. In opposition to all this, is the fact that the academy where I am has been, and still is, abundantly signalized by the Divine blessing; and, besides, it would probably fall to naught should I leave it. What ought I to do in case the professorship is offered? Do write me immediately. Speak freely upon this subject.

I have purchased a small library of theological books, which I am reading as much as I can in the midst of my manifold engagements. Charles D. Mallory is teaching within about a dozen miles of me. I see him often, and we are most cordial, notwithstanding the split between Gill and Wesley. He is about to commence preaching, and is, in my estimation, a devoted, excellent Christian. Pray, how do you come on in Washington? In the midst of your black-letter and metaphysics, does love wax hot or cold? Is zeal for the labors of the ministry increased or diminished by your society and studies? Does liberality of sentiment abound in the theological seminaries, or is the tendency toward straitness of sect?

XVI. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Abbeville, S. C., April 11th, 1823.

. . . . . I was glad to see your letter; I rejoiced, I exulted, I thanked God. I have before been encouraged to hope that you would be brought to Christ. When I wrote you last, I was nearly in despair. I am again full of hope. Yea, I even trust that you are already born of the Spirit. Of all the persons in the world, you have been most the subject of my prayers since I embraced religion. For your salvation, next to my own, I am most anxious. I have ever regarded you with the steadiest and warmest affection. "Tecum vivere amem tecum obeam libens." Above all would I rejoice to spend an eternity with you in heaven. I hope, I expect to do so. The Spirit of the Most High is surely performing

its office upon your soul. If you are not strangely wanting to yourself, it will infallibly guide you to salvation. Many a momentary impression has been effaced; but few, very few, I believe, of those who are honestly and perseveringly inquiring after the Lord, as I trust you are, stop short of the prize. Indeed, if you persevere, success is absolutely certain. Seek, and ye shall find, is the promise of Christ; and, after all the darkness which metaphysical divines have thrown over the subject, he who wants religion, and asks it of God, and determines to make the sacrifices it calls for, is seeking rightly.

This is all he can do. His unworthiness, the imperfection of his prayers, &c., were things taken into consideration when the promise was made. They will remain till after conversion. But to be converted we must seek; that is, seek as well as we can with those impediments, and we shall certainly find. This is the plain state of the case. Every other notion is plainly against experience, the Bible, and common sense. Do not be discouraged by returning seasons of coldness, or at the lessening of your sorrow for sin. Persevere in the use of the means of grace. Pray, pray, pray frequently, regularly, fervently, without ceasing, and you shall succeed. The Bible says so. Do not doubt it.

You ask for a particular account of my exercises before and at my conversion. I do not think it likely to be of use to you. I will, however, say a few words upon the subject. I became impressed with the importance of religion in June, 1821, by what means I do not know; perhaps my hypocritical prayers in school were overruled by God to this end. From that time I attended to prayer and religious reading—frequently with much concern, often very coldly. The sense of my sinfulness grew stronger, though I often feared my convictions were quite gone. For some days previous to my conversion, I felt less anguish of spirit than I had done before. I was in the woods on the 20th of September; I had just risen from prayer, in which I felt uncommon engagedness, when I felt

a sudden and powerful influence which electrified every part of my body, and filled me with exultation. This glow of feeling lasted for several days. It frequently cost me a great effort to keep from loud exclamations of joy.

Now I have reason to think that my exercises were rather uncommon. I have paid much attention to the subject, and in a variety of instances, when I doubt not the work was equally genuine, a great diversity of exercises were clearly realized. Sometimes only the sense of guilt is removed, and the communication of light and joy is subsequent and gradual. Sometimes only peace is imparted, without any ecstatic emotions. Sometimes we may infer our gracious state from a growing satisfaction in devotional exercises. Do we shudder at the thought of relapsing into carelessness and sin? Do we feel that it is a shocking thing to offend God? Do we love His people? These things augur well of our state. But stop at none of these. Be importunate in prayer to God to convert your soul, and give you evidence of it; and such evidence you will have, though, perhaps, in none of these ways, or of a hundred others which might be specified.

XVII. TO MR. SAMUEL C. JACKSON.

Stony Point, S. C., April 12th, 1823.

It is a long time since I have written to you, and this communication will probably be unexpected, though I hope not unwelcome. The multiplied claims of business and study, together with continual ill health, have made me not a careless, but an infrequent correspondent. Neither of these causes has, however, occasioned my silence toward you. I must confess the truth. I have been, and I still am, apprehensive that the serious tone which my letters have assumed may have rendered them less acceptable, if not undesirable, to you. I had hoped, however, that the close intimacy and friendship which subsisted between us might secure to them so much regard as to render them of some use to you. Your

last communication filled me with discouragement on this point, and I concluded that by troubling you too often with my sentiments upon a subject which, if I write at all, I must not pass over, I might give you unprofitable pain, and perhaps fritter away any friendly sentiments you might still retain toward me. My regard for you is not diminished by absence. My bosom warms at the recollection of my old friend Jackson, and his welfare, present and future, is a subject of my anxiety and prayers.

I wish you to tell me plainly whether you wish for the continuance of my correspondence. Do you read my Methodistical letters with pleasure, seriousness, pity, or contempt? If I write, I shall continue to persuade you to turn to Christ. My conscience, my duty, my love to you, will forbid my doing otherwise. Under these circumstances, shall I write on? And if so, is there any ground of hope that you will be profited by my warnings? Pray, has the change in my views led you at all to serious meditations? Do you look upon it as an evidence that you too need religion, or that I have become an enthusiast? Do you believe in the new birth? In the future punishment of the unregenerate? And, believing this, can you repose in security, confessedly exposed to hell every moment? Do you still live, as you and I used to live, without prayer? Living, and moving, and having your being in God, and yet regardless of Him, habitually, deliberately, and knowingly offending Him, and breaking His commandments? Are you still guilty of the gross absurdity of confining all your thoughts to this world, its honors and pleasures, to the neglect of every thing connected with eternity? I need not tell you that these are matters of signal moment, to which, though your thoughts may incline to wander away from them, you should nevertheless compel them to return with frequency, and seriousness, and prayer. I am often wretched at the apprehension that after you have flung away all the labors and prayers of your pious, excellent par-

ents, it is worse than hopeless for me, for others to exhort you to flee the wrath to come; that you are so bent upon gaining the world, that you will bargain heaven for it, and finally go to hell! I can only expostulate with you in the sincerity of a Christian and the affection of a friend, and commend you to the Father of mercies.

I am still engaged in teaching in my old situation. My school is flourishing. Much seriousness prevails among the students. Four have lately professed their hope in Christ, and others are inquiring. About forty of my pupils, in less than two years, have been made the subjects of converting grace, and are mostly adorning the doctrines of the Gospel. This signal favor of God has hitherto kept me from relinquishing an employment pernicious to my health and irksome to my feelings. I have now resolved, should I obtain a place of which I have some encouragement at the North, to leave this region at the end of this year. The labors of my school leave me neither health nor time for study, and little for preaching, which, however, I usually attempt on the Sabbath.

C. D. Mallory is teaching within about fifteen miles of me. I see him frequently, and am delighted with him as a man and a Christian. He has lately commenced preaching with high reputation. I trust he will be made a great blessing to the Baptist Churches in this part of the country, who greatly need his talents and zeal. His heart is in the work, and I trust God will be with him.

I have recently heard from ——. He is in Maryland, studying medicine, and teaching a family school. What is more interesting, I trust he is sincerely penitent, and seeking religion. He is your friend. Do you bid him God speed? Do write without delay. Tell me of your prospects and designs. What are you doing at New Haven? Have you concluded to study law? I would be glad of any information you may possess concerning any of my class-mates. I

have lost the track of several of them. How are your parents? sisters? I have long regarded them highly, though a stranger to them. Tell me in your next that you have become a man of prayer, and are seeking to become one of piety.

XVIII. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Abbeville, Sept. 23d, 1823.

. . . . I have been very busy teaching and preaching. I have deferred writing till I could say something definite concerning my prospects. I have just got notice three days ago that I was appointed to a professorship in Middlebury College. I long ago ceased to expect the appointment, and ceased to desire it. It has been a source of uneasiness to me through the year. At one time, I was requested to leave the Methodists and become a Congregationalist. This I refused; and heard no more of literary honors for many a month till, last Saturday, a letter from President Bates announced my election. In the mean time, I had made arrangements to commence traveling the circuit as a Methodist preacher. So the professorship came too late, and I have declined accepting it. What think you of such policy as this? I hope and trust God has taught you to approve it well. I thank God I do not regard honor, and ease, and gain a single straw, nor do I shrink from sufferings and sacrifices in the cause of religion. I love Christ, and I love His cross. Wherever that calls me, I am contented, happy to follow. It calls me, I think, to abandon ease, and home, and friends, and to take, instead of them, the toils, the self-denials, the contempt incident to the itineracy. At the commencement of next year, I expect to engage in the arduous enterprise, looking to God for strength of body and soul to sustain me. . . . .

I have three months longer to teach, which I trust will accomplish all the days of my servitude in this kind. I had fifteen hundred dollars offered me a few days since to teach next year in Georgia, which I declined. . . . .

I hope you have found peace in Jesus ere this time. If you have not, I trust you are still seeking. For myself, I pray for you daily with hope and faith. Surely, God will give me my dearest earthly friend. I will not doubt it. Only persevere in seeking, and your light shall come. May God send it speedily.

XIX. TO THE SAME.

Stony Point, S. C., Nov. 25th, 1823.

. . . . The very agreeable intelligence your letter contained rendered it the most grateful to my feelings of any I ever received. I was quite transported and overwhelmed with joy to learn that you had determined to be decidedly for God, and had already "tasted the good word of Life." If ever I was thankful to Heaven in my whole life, it was when I read your letter. I am quite revolutionized since you knew me. The phlegm of my constitution is quite gone away. Whether through the influences of the climate or moral changes, I have become a man of very ardent feeling, of sanguine, perhaps enthusiastic temperament. At any rate, your communication set me on fire, and my joy for a season approached that of those "who stand before the throne." Your salvation has been the subject of my anxious and daily prayers from the hour of my conversion. I feel now as if I could live and die more contentedly, and look forward with all patience to a meeting at the judgment-seat, if we may have none before.

You ask me to communicate my thoughts freely, and without disguise. This certainly I should have done without an invitation; but with regard to acting as an adviser, I do not feel myself capable of that. I have hitherto felt myself not less bound than inclined to give you my sentiments upon religion, and perhaps I was better qualified than you to speak of the way of salvation; but now, I trust, your mind is illuminated by the Holy Spirit; the chief hinderances to form-

ing right opinions are removed; and by prayer and study, unprejudiced *study*, you may be "built up in the faith." In knowing that I am a Methodist, you, of course, know my creed, for I embrace that of my sect very heartily. I should be glad to know how far your religious opinions correspond with this creed. There are two interpretations given to the creed of the Episcopal Church; one Calvinistic, against which my understanding and my heart alike revolt; the other leaves it much the same, or, rather, just like the Methodist. I should like to know to which of these classes of Episcopalians your sentiments attach you. Soon after I embraced religion, I resolved to be an Episcopalian. I afterward became convinced that I might be more useful as a Methodist, among whom is more of the power of godliness. More experience has confirmed and strengthened this preference, but it has not weakened my regard for the Episcopal Church; and be assured that it gives me great pleasure to learn that you are about to become one of her members. I rejoice still more that you design entering upon the ministry—a good work, to which, I doubt not, God is moving your heart by his Holy Spirit. I hope you will not resist the inclination you feel for the ministry. I believe none have a right to that holy office but such as God calls, or, to use the language of your own Church, but "such as are moved thereto by the Holy Ghost." Such a call, however, is to be inferred from purity of motive and prospects of usefulness, rather than miraculous communications. I know of no other situation in life where you may be so useful; and from my intimate knowledge of your qualifications and talents, I am persuaded that you may be more useful in the Episcopal than in any other Church. Their coldness calls for zeal. Let me beseech you to be a man of zeal, of prayer, of holiness. Do not be contented without clear light and bright manifestations. Go into the Church guarded against the contaminating influence of formalists. Labor to get at the heart. Do not learn to think that fervent,

heart-warming, rejoicing piety is enthusiasm. Seek to maintain steadily not only a conscience void of offense, but "the Spirit of adoption, whereby you may cry, Abba, Father!" I thank my God this is the Christian's privilege. Unworthy I am, and yet my experience testifies so much. Oh seek for the spirituality, for the heights and depths of piety. Did you ever read the life of Henry Martyn? Do get it, and read it over and over till you catch his spirit. My heart is all alive on this subject; but I must stop. I expect to be in Charleston the 1st of February.

CHAPTER IV.

MINISTRY IN CHARLESTON—VISIT TO VERMONT.

THE session of the South Carolina Conference for 1824 was held in January, in the city of Charleston. Mr. Olin, having given up his academy, attended the Conference; and, being duly recommended by the Quarterly Conference of the Abbeville Circuit, was admitted into the traveling ministry, and stationed in Charleston. At the anniversary meeting of the Conference Missionary Society, he delivered a brilliant speech, which was requested for publication, and may be found in the "Methodist Magazine" for that year. During the session, he preached a sermon of remarkable compass of thought and power, of fervid eloquence. It was at night, during the sitting of the Conference, and at the old Trinity Church. He rose in the pulpit, tall and ungraceful; went through the introductory exercises, particularly the prayer, with a simplicity of manner and an earnestness of tone and style of supplication very different from the ordinary style of such a service; read out his text, closed the Bible and turned it round, laid his hands upon its corners, and began preaching. He had no divisions in his sermon, and yet it was the very soul of method, so clear that you saw through all its connections at a glance as he went along. His subject was the conversion of St. Paul. He struck at once into an original

track of thought—profound, searching, brilliant, chaining the attention. His sea-line took all the soundings of the human heart; his analysis was master of the deepest intricacies of human motive and passion; his imagination soared on majestic wing into the heaven of invention; his action at going off awkward, and his long arms thrown about without the slightest reference to rhetorical canons, presently seemed the fittest in the world to accompany an intellectual handling of the subject, perfectly *sui generis*, the like of which had never before been known. Soon his mind was glowing at a *white heat;* the mass of thought ran like molten gold poured from inexhaustible sources; and his intellect seemed to have a range wide as the compass of heaven and earth. He commenced preaching at seven o'clock, and the city bells were ringing for nine as he closed; and there we were, utterly unconscious that even twenty minutes had elapsed, all tremulous with excitement; the tall, awkward man, with his singular gesticulation, unique manner, every thing—literally every thing—lost sight of, forgotten, in the grand, glorious, majestic truths of the Gospel, which flashed like chain-lightning around that old, high, ungainly pulpit, for the nonce a throne of thunders.

Mr. Olin entered upon the duties of his ministry with the earnestness and zeal which a great soul, fully self-consecrated to this lofty function, thoroughly confident of the truth and power of the "glorious Gospel," and exulting in preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," as the noblest work on earth, might be expected to exhibit. His ministry in Charleston covered the period from January to July, and was the only term

of regular pastoral service which his health allowed him to give to the Church. Many and precious are the recollections cherished of this brief but successful and brilliant career. His pastoral intercourse with the families under his charge was pleasant and instructive. He made himself agreeable to the children. He noticed the young people. He found a promising lad under serious impressions. He sought opportunities to gain his confidence; gave him the most affectionate counsel with regard to his salvation; and had the satisfaction to see him, a few years afterward, a useful minister. His gentlemanly port and mental accomplishments gave him access to all circles. He was regarded with general esteem and admiration.

His pulpit exercises always bore the impress of those great and rare qualities which so pre-eminently distinguished the man. His prayers were impassioned pleadings with God; fervid utterances of soul, at the furthest possible remove from mere routine work, on the one hand, and florid, unconsidered declamations at the throne of the heavenly grace on the other. His spirit seemed awed in the presence of God; but his mighty faith in Jesus, the Mediator, found the access open to the supreme Majesty; and he entered into the holiest with a child-like simplicity blended with the utmost compass of spiritual vision. The wants and woes of the heart lay before him in all their depths; the Divine mercy, in that affecting mode of its manifestation, the cross of Christ, unfolded its majesty to his gaze; its suitableness to the case of man, its fitness to satisfy all the yearnings of the immortal spirit, its accessibleness on the great conditions of the Gospel, all seemed

to urge his supplicating approach to the infinite Spirit with a pleading boldness which would appropriate for his congregation nothing short of the largest measures of gracious influence.

His preaching presented to your mind something equally remote from the beaten track of pulpit exercises. It resembled that of none of his contemporaries. It was formed on no existing model. In colossal grandeur it stood up unique and unapproachable. It possessed all the perspicacity, common sense, and logical acumen of Paley, who was a favorite with him, and whose Horæ Paulinæ he was wont to recommend to his young friends—all the breadth of illustration and rushing impetuosity of Chalmers, whose style, he once remarked to the writer, he considered the best extant for the purposes of extemporaneous preaching—it rivaled Hall and Richard Watson in richness of tone and imperial sweep of imagination, as distinguished from fancy—it blended, if the reader will admit the suggestion, the various excellences of all these masters of pulpit composition into an unrivaled massiveness of strength, grandeur, and telling effectiveness. Your attention was riveted by the earliest sentences of his sermon. You marked the utter absence of oratorical attempt. There was no Summerfield face to charm the eye—no Summerfield voice-music to steep your soul in tenderness—no elaborate construction of sentences or rounding of periods—no affectation of scholarly diction, not the remotest approach to the use of fine words or figures; all was plain, simple, easy to be understood. And yet you presently began to wonder why you had not thought of this and that. It was plain as demon-

stration, and yet it never before had appeared to your mind in exactly that light. You went along step by step, inclined more and more at every movement to submit your understanding to this masterly guidance. His face now beamed with animation; his tones were those of the most intense, self-forgetting earnestness; his gesticulation, unstudied, without grace, was nevertheless singularly suited to his whole manner, look, and rate of intellectual movement. If you were a scholar, you perceived at once that the mind before you was thoroughly educated; you could but notice the simplicity, order, and majestic proportions it exhibited, and the *lumen siccum*, the clear light, without an atom of fog, which it gave out. Nothing episodical or irrelevant interfered with the grand, methodical progression of thought, which from its point of departure kept its course right onward with the swell of a mighty sea swept by strong and steady winds. The energy and feeling of this masterly eloquence roused you. It was one deep calling to another.

These, it must be remembered, were the days of his fresh, youthful strength; never, indeed, very vigorous, but not yet broken down by wasting disease, nor undermined by protracted nervous disorders. Sermons such as he was accustomed to preach in the first six months of his ministry would have made inroads upon a cast-iron constitution, had the thing been possible. They were by far longer and more exhausting than necessary to meet the weekly pulpit demands of a city congregation. It is likely that he found it a sheer impossibility to make them shorter to his audience, easier to himself. A steam-ship with engines of a thousand

horse power can not be handled as a pleasure-yacht. Allowance must be made for the *momentum* of such a mind as Olin's. Once under weigh, it required abundance of sea-room. Let us take him to a great occasion —a camp-meeting—with six or eight thousand listeners spread out before him. Given as conditions, the balmy breath of spring in the low country of Carolina —the woods perfumed with wild flowers—the Sabbath-like stillness of the rural scene—the pride of the Carolina flora—the live-oak, with its wide reach of moss-festooned branches, forming a natural canopy—the conventionalisms of town life thrown by for the time—divine service, the main business now—the solemn swell of hymn music rising ever and again over Nature's gentle psalm swept from the forest tree tops—room and verge enough for a three hours' discourse, if any one wants that much time—and let Stephen Olin be the preacher—such as Olin was in 1824; and you will no longer be surprised at what history tells us was the effect of *field-preaching* in the hands of John Wesley and George Whitfield.

The Charleston Methodists have generally held in the spring a camp-meeting at some ten or fifteen miles distance in the country. That which Mr. Olin attended was the sort of occasion just described. At this meeting he preached three sermons, each of them probably extending to two hours. On Friday his text was, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer." The burden of the sermon was to set forth the elements of that spiritual worship which alone is acceptable to God. On Satur-

day he preached on the New Testament narrative of Herod; and on Sunday his subject was, "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." The Saturday's sermon was one of the loftiest specimens of pulpit eloquence and power ever witnessed. If every listener's attention had not been thoroughly absorbed, it would have been curious to see how the sermon had lifted from his seat behind the preacher the Rev. John Howard—a man of mark in his time; how fast the white pocket handkerchief of Howard went to his eyes; how unconscious he seemed, standing there, all emotion, all enthusiasm, rapt, as it were, into the very heavens in the fiery chariot of Olin's eloquence; how, on every side, similar proofs of the preacher's power showed themselves, as forth rushed from that volcano-pulpit "argument and sentiment, emotion and burning words—rolling and thundering, and fused together like lava down a mountain side." Probably that was the greatest pulpit effort of Olin's whole life. It made such an impression on a Presbyterian clergyman who was present, a gentleman of kindred genius, fine attainments, and distinguished pulpit abilities, that he shortly afterward repeated the leading outlines of it to his own congregation, taking care to give Mr. Olin due credit.

The whole of this prodigious movement was pervaded with so remarkable a simplicity of spirit, and so utter an absence of the least appearance of self-glorification—the preacher was evidently so thoroughly absorbed in his subject, so swept onward by a resistless desire to have the Gospel made the power of God to the salvation of his hearers, that no lingering suspicion

ever darkened the mind that he was playing the orator. You would as soon have looked to see the waters of Niagara pause to dally with the wild flowers on the margin, as entertained the remotest suspicion that Dr. Olin was paying the least attention to the rhetorical fringes of his sentences, or putting himself or the elaborate composition of the sermon forward as an object of admiration. Indeed, you had time for nothing but to tremble while he unlocked the mysterious chambers of your heart, and let in daylight upon your dim moral perceptions; or to lay hold upon Christ as he made the way of justification by faith plain, and led you on to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling in a path all luminous with "the light of life;" or to exult with a believer's bounding joy while he pointed out the massy structure of your Christianity, its base durable as eternity, its capital high as heaven, and lost in the splendors of God's throne. Astonishing was the effect occasionally produced by his preaching. We have known instances of clear and happy conversion while he was delivering a sermon. A memorable instance of the power he wielded occurred in one of the interior towns in Georgia. His text was, "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." An indescribable awe seized the congregation while he unfolded the glorious peculiarities of the Christian scheme of salvation, and scores literally *rushed* to the altar when he finished the discourse. "The powers of the world to come" had won the field—perhaps to the last man.

Bishop Andrew, the presiding elder of the Edisto

District in 1824, resided several years in Charleston, and here was formed a friendship which Dr. Olin highly valued. Intimately associated as he was with him for a number of years, the following reminiscences from the pen of the bishop have peculiar weight and value:

"Among the preachers stationed in the city in 1824 were Joseph Galluchat and Stephen Olin. Brother Galluchat was able to render but little service, being far gone in consumption; and the latter, though apparently a stout man, failed in half the year, and had to leave the station and travel for his health. He returned to his station in the autumn, but was unable to render much efficient service afterward. This was my first acquaintance with this eminent man; and I had subsequently ample opportunity to know him intimately. He resided in my family for several months, and used sometimes to take his horse and travel partly round my district with me. After he left the South, we were in the habit of constant correspondence, which was in its character most full, free, and unreserved; and now that God has removed him to his better rest, I may speak of him freely. In his religious intercourse and experience he was frank and cheerful, confiding and child-like. Skeptical in his early manhood, God had been pleased, in a strange manner, to bring him to a knowledge of the truth. His conversion was thorough; the rebellion of his heart, his pride of intellect, was entirely subdued; and he embraced the truth as it is in Jesus with all the strength of his mind and heart. The great doctrines (the atonement and intercession of Christ) which had formerly stumbled him, he now embraced as the only truths which could meet the necessities of his nature; hence he clung to them with all the ardor of his soul; and often, in his hours of disease and loneliness, have I seen him kindle into joyous exultation while he referred to these glorious doctrines as the source of his richest comforts.

"I recollect once to have heard him (at a time when he could scarcely leave his room, and all before him seemed dark and cheerless) refer, in the language of confidence and triumph, to those words of St. Paul: 'For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by *his life*.' 'There,' said he, 'is my ground of comfort and support; Jesus saved me when I was an enemy, and now that I am his child, he will not forget me, for *he lives*.' With these views and experiences, it will not be surprising to those who used to wait on his ministry that he dwelt so frequently and so earnestly on these glorious verities of Christianity.

"He had entered the itinerancy of our Church with an all-pervading desire to give his strength and life to the work of preaching that Savior whom once he denied; but strangely as it appeared to us, God, in his providence, seemed to lay a stern interdict upon him in reference to this very thing, which he was so earnestly desirous to accomplish, and which every body judged that he was so pre-eminently qualified to do with ability and success. He was rarely able to preach more than a few sermons successively before he was prostrate, and unable, perhaps for a long time, even to pray in the family; yet, amid all these discouraging circumstances, the strong wish and hope that he might yet see the day when, in God's providential dispensations, he would be able to spend and be spent in the work of the ministry, never left him. 'Oh!' he would often say, 'how gladly would I take the poorest circuit in the Conference if I only had health, rather than accept the proudest office which could be conferred upon me.' Yet God, who knew him best, and who knew what was best for the Church, saw fit to thwart his cherished wishes, and preferred to prepare him for heaven rather in the crucible of suffering, than in the field of free and unfettered action.

"I regarded Dr. Olin as among the very best preachers I ever listened to. He took in all the great bearings of his

subject almost intuitively. Although there was no formal announcement of any division of the text, yet the most admirable order and arrangement were manifest throughout the whole discourse. He seemed not only to grasp the whole range of important truth in his theme, but the keys to the human understanding and heart seemed to be in his hands; and as he proceeded in his masterly delineation of truth, and his cogent and almost resistless application of it to human conduct and motive, you felt so entirely absorbed in the preacher's mighty theme, that you never thought to ask whether he was an orator according to the canons of that art. You had no time nor heart to make any such inquiry. You felt that the preacher, forgetting himself, had brought you, mind, heart, and conscience, into an audience with your God; and in that august presence it would have seemed a profane impertinence to ask or think of such matters as style or gesture. While his sermons were clear, able, and logical, and masterly expositions and defenses of the great doctrines of Christianity, and were such sermons as only a scholar could have preached, yet was there no affectation of learning. The end and aim of the preacher was evidently to make the great truths which he inculcated plain to his most illiterate hearers. He loved to dwell on faith in its character and results, its influence on human life and hope; and while you listened, you were all the time saying to yourself, Yes, that's exactly the thing; I wonder I had not thought of it in that light before.

"It is said that, in a company of clergymen of another denomination, the following conversation, in substance, occurred: 'Well,' said some of them, addressing a venerable senior who had heard Mr. Olin preach, 'what is there about this celebrated Methodist preacher which is so remarkable? Is it his oratory, or what?' 'No,' said the other, 'he never seems to think of oratory; nay, he seems to set all the rules of the schools on that subject at defiance; you go to hear him preach,

and a large, rather coarse-looking man rises before you; his gestures are rather awkward than otherwise; but he takes his text and enters upon its exposition, and you soon forget the man entirely; you have forgotten his looks and his gestures; but as he proceeds, you say to yourself, Exactly right, that's certainly the very thing that ought to have been said; and so it continues, sentence after sentence, to the end of the sermon; and you are thinking all the time, Well, I wonder I never saw it so before, and if I live to preach again, I'll do it in the same way. But now, said the old gentleman, *do you try it.*' The above incident gives very fully my view of the peculiar character of Dr. Olin's preaching.

"His sermons were always long, frequently two hours in length, though his hearers seldom believed it unless by the testimony of their watches. The fact was, he preached but seldom, and when he was able to attempt it, it was like the letting out of waters which had been dammed up for weeks. Dr. Olin's enunciation was distinct, yet he was a rapid speaker; and when I used to listen to him, it seemed to me that he had no utterance sufficiently rapid to give vent to the mighty tide of thought and feeling which was rushing through his mind and heart."

The few months intervening between the commencement of his ministry and the coming on of hot weather soon passed away. In a letter to a former class-mate, he alludes to his pastoral labors, and to the blessing from Heaven by which they were crowned.

XX.

Charleston, June 28th, 1824.

. . . . Since my last I have been very assiduously engaged in the work of the ministry, as much so, at least, as my health would justify. We have four churches in this city, to supply which four preachers were stationed here. Of these, one has been sick from the outset, and is now ap-

parently far gone in the consumption. Another has been absent even to this present time. The labor of the station has, therefore, devolved upon the remaining twe. My health has suffered under the oppression of this toil and the excessive heat of the climate. I thank God, however, I am still able to preach as often as three or four times in a week, besides other pastoral duties. We have great cause of rejoicing that we have not been doomed to labor in vain. God's Spirit has been poured out upon us, and during the last three months we have received between forty and fifty white persons, and above two hundred colored into our Church. This last class of persons form a very interesting part of our charge. We have about three thousand of them in our Church in this town.* I feel my heart especially drawn out toward them. I trust that, if you ever become a minister of the Gospel in the Southern States, this neglected race will share largely in your attention.†

* A letter in the *Charleston Christian Mirror* states that there are five thousand colored Methodist communicants in and near Charleston, and their contributions for benevolent purposes during the past year (1852) amounted to more than three dollars to a member.

† In subsequent life he thus alludes to this period: "The few months which I was permitted to spend in the ministry in early life were much devoted to an immense congregation of slaves. I mingled freely in their religious meetings and exercises, and even they were one with the Church Catholic in all the truths of the cross. Sad work they made of tropes and figures; reckless they were of the graces and artistic unities of discourse; but in all the matters of sore repentance of sin, and humble confession, and child-like faith in Jesus' blood, I never knew their betters." Among them he would speak with much pleasure of "old Castile Selby," a godly black man, the patriarch of the Charleston colored Methodists, who always came to give a cordial greeting to his former pastor whenever Mr. Olin visited Charleston. Another disciple he mentioned, who insisted upon doing his washing without any remuneration, as she wished that good service for the preacher to be accepted as her contribution for the support of the Gospel.

I expect to sail some time next week for the North. I anticipate both pleasure and pain from renewing my acquaintance in Vermont. Some of my old associates will be alienated from me by my profession of religion; some of my nearest relatives are dead. Two of my sisters are married, and almost every thing will be changed. Would to God that my visit there may be spiritually beneficial to some who are dear to me. Direct your answer to this letter to Leicester, Vermont. If I return by land, I shall see you. I intend doing so, if possible. Do you pray for me day by day? I believe I have not omitted to intercede for you by name every day for almost three years. I hope you will remember me as often. What is your state at present? Are you waxing strong in the Lord—learning the sinfulness of the natural heart, and fleeing to Christ for sanctification?

Mr. Olin's colleagues resided, with their families, out of town. He being the only unmarried man, occupied the parsonage in the city, and, consequently, bore the full weight of the pastoral labor for four large congregations. Besides preaching three or four of his long and exhausting sermons a week, he attended a number of evening meetings with the colored leaders of the classes in close and oppressive rooms; and at the approach of July, it was apparent that his constitutional vigor had given way under the pressure of his arduous ministerial labors. It was impossible for him to remain in the latitude of Charleston during the summer and autumn. Reluctantly he was compelled to seek a Northern climate, in the hope of recruiting his failing energies. He sailed from Charleston on the 5th day of July, having the day previously preached, in Trinity Church, a sermon on the occasion of the an-

niversary of American Independence. His text was, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." In this masterly discourse, which was listened to by many of the most eminent citizens, he showed his usual grasp and mental vigor, along with a statesman-like keenness of insight into the causes of national prosperity and decline. It was by far the best Fourth of July oration that had been delivered for many a year in the old city of the Huguenots, famed for its orators.

His first visit to his early home was a memorable one. Four eventful years had passed since he left the paternal roof—years freighted with blessings for his earthly as well as his eternal existence. During this period he had solved the great problem of life, and, with a calm purpose that knew no hesitancy, when the claims of duty were clearly recognized, he had resolutely turned away from the pursuit of those honors which had been the dream of his boyhood, and the object of the more defined ambition of his youth. God had provided some better thing for him, into the fruition of which he has now entered. And God had owned and blessed his first efforts in that great cause, to which he had consecrated his life, and in his academy, as well as in the work of the ministry, had made him the instrument of turning many to righteousness. But the controlling hand had directed his steps away from fields white unto the harvest, and for many a year was he to learn the hard lesson to suffer the will of God, when his whole nature panted to do it. "I do things with all my heart, if they are of great importance," he said, on one occasion; and the deep earnestness which he carried into the daily duties of religion proved his

abiding estimate of their value. Family prayer, the oft-recurring grace, never became a mere form. There was an unction ever on these frequent utterances. "Oh, with what faith," said his youngest sister, "did brother Stephen approach the throne of grace! I have heard but few who seemed to press so closely, and take hold of the promises, for Christ's sake, as he did. How well I recollect the first prayer he made in the family after his conversion. It occurred on the evening of his return home, after an absence of nearly four years at the South. We were all assembled in my father's sitting-room. He read the 103d Psalm, and nothing more appropriate could have been selected. It was a time of thanksgiving with us all; he was so changed, and we were so melted and overcome. I always connected the reading of that psalm with his reading the Bible to our mother before she died. If I had heard him read in the interval, I had forgotten it. When he had concluded his solemn prayer, he rose from his knees and went to his own room, where he paced the floor in deep excitement of feeling. He preached several times that summer, and whenever I heard him, I was so overwhelmed that I imagined every body would notice my foolishness; but I found afterward that others manifested as much emotion as myself."

He preached the first Sabbath in Leicester, in a fine grove near the centre of the town, where seats had been arranged with the expectation that the church would not be able to contain the congregation. It must have been a thrilling occasion to the young preacher. He was to speak for the first time amid the scenes of his boyhood, and among the thousands before him were

his honored father, his brother and sisters, the neighbors who had only known him when destitute of those hopes which now brightened his life, and his early friends from Middlebury, who, from the fair promise of his college career, and the report of his eloquence in Southern lands, came to hear him with mingled feelings of curiosity and expectation. But in the pulpit Stephen Olin ever rose above earthly considerations, and lost himself in the greatness of his theme. He aimed to preach Christ and him crucified, and self was forgotten; and "I very much question," said his uncle Walker, in speaking of this first sermon, "whether he ever preached more powerfully. The occasion was one to arouse the energies of his mighty mind. The tears rolled down the great manly face of his father, and he enchained the audience for nearly two hours without any one thinking the sermon long." He pointed, while preaching, to the little graveyard toward the sun-rising, the quiet resting-place of his kindred, and spoke of his sainted mother, and of her prayers fulfilled in him. It is said that thirteen persons found peace in believing while listening to this sermon.

The next Sabbath he preached in the neighboring town of Whiting, and the following Sabbath at Middlebury. These sermons, it is said, produced a great impression upon many careless and thoughtless ones; but the preacher had gone beyond his strength, and could preach no more.*

* Some recollections of A. F. Perry, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, refer to this period.

"Stephen Olin was my senior by so many years, that he had graduated from college and gone South before the period at which my

In one of his subsequent visits to the North, says his brother, he preached a most powerful sermon during a

recollection of him commences. His name, however, had become a proverb in the neighborhood for high talent and character, and remains such yet. To say that any one was equal to 'Stephen Olin' was to use an extravagant expression. During portions of 1836 and 1837, I resided in Middlebury; and the reputation he had acquired in college before he graduated was then fresh. This was remarkable, considering the length of time that had elapsed, and the proverbial shortness of college reputations generally. I recollect, while there, hearing a prominent citizen speak of a gentleman, who had graduated some years previous, as 'nearly equal to Olin'—the form of remark implying that it was hardly to be thought of that any one should quite equal him. Knowing his father and his family so well, I felt a degree of personal interest in these things, and now recollect them with entire distinctness. I recollect, also, that when news reached home from the South that he had become a Methodist, and was, or intended to become a preacher, it created no small sensation. It was said to have very much disappointed his father, who had built large hopes upon making Stephen a great lawyer and statesman. Sayings of his were repeated, to the effect that, if he should ever become a Methodist at all, he would make no half-way work of it. In that township we seldom had any except Methodist preaching, and but few persons resident there belonged to any other denomination. I recollect that, as a boy, I used to think it would be very well, indeed, to be a Christian, provided one was safely through the terrible process of conviction and conversion. Many of the leading citizens of the township, without being very bad men, were pretty tough cases—as impervious to theology as if their consciences were made of gutta percha. When Stephen Olin visited home, he preached a number of times in that vicinity, it was said with great spirit and power, so that he drew tears from those tough old cases. For myself, I do not know how old I was, but from the feelings that I recollect, I *ought* to have been young. I remember thinking that *he* could convert any body. Once fastened within the sound of his voice, I supposed conviction and conversion decidedly unavoidable. I therefore gave his preaching what the sailors call a pretty wide berth. He preached once in a grove, and I hovered on the outskirts of the audience, where I could dodge off when it became too hot, so much was said of his power, and such was his neighborhood reputation. From all my recollections as a

protracted meeting. It was a rainy Sabbath, and he concluded he would not go. The house was filled, the people were waiting, and they sent a carriage for him, and insisted upon his going. He went, preached, and exhorted several evenings afterward. He had then high hopes of seeing a revival in Leicester, such as he had witnessed in the Southern States. Scores of people flocked to the altar, and there were no doubt a number of genuine conversions, but the results disappointed his expectation. Leicester has proved a hard soil for Christian culture.

From Leicester, Vermont, he wrote to his Charleston friends, early in August, that although he had ventured to preach a few times, yet it was altogether too much for his health, which was never so bad since he had entered the ministry. He had spent the preceding week in Middlebury, with Summerfield, who was preaching there at the time with great acceptance and usefulness.

He wrote to his friend, Mr. Samuel C. Jackson, from Middlebury, August 19, 1824:

XXI.

I had the pleasure, an hour since, of seeing, for the first time, your father and sister Margaret. I had not heard from you for a long time, and it gave me the most unfeigned satisfaction to hear of your health and prosperity. Whether it was your fault or mine that our correspondence has been so long interrupted, I can not tell. Soon after I wrote you last, I changed my place of residence, and perhaps omitted to inform you of the fact. You, too, left New Haven about the same time, and it was long before I was informed of your be-

boy, and what I have since learned as a man, I am impressed with the belief that his rank was in every sense far above that of men generally accounted able and distinguished."

ing at Andover. These removals may account for a silence so long protracted, and to *me* quite unpleasant. I wish always to hear frequently from you; and I should esteem it no small addition to my happiness to live so near you that I might at least occasionally see you. The providence of God may have other purposes in store for us. I think, however, that it will permit us to meet at least once more, if you desire such a meeting as much as I. Your term will close in September, and you will probably visit your relations in Vermont. The arrangement of which I am quite desirous is, that we should meet some time after your return, and before my departure to Charleston, South Carolina. I must be off by about the first of October. Direct a letter to me in Leicester, Vermont, and say precisely when I shall meet you in Rutland or Dorset on my way to Boston; or, if you can not be there, when I may see you in Boston or Andover. I expect to visit Boston between the first and tenth of October, on my way South. My heart is greatly set upon seeing you. I may never have another opportunity.

I am glad to learn that you have *at least* become awake to the things of religion; the more so, because I am sure if you honestly seek the Lord, he will be found of you in due time. Oh, my brother, be in earnest! be abundant in prayer, in watchfulness, in reading the Bible! Look to Christ as the only Savior; and while you acknowledge and feel your guilt, come yet boldly to the throne of grace through Him. I often remember you in my poor prayers, and have done so ever since I prayed for myself. I hope we shall enjoy heaven together; I even expect it.

"Our next meeting," says the Rev. Mr. Jackson, in allusion to the interview proposed in this letter, "was at my own father's house. He had partially regained his health and gone South, had engaged in teaching, been changed in his religious character, and become a

Methodist preacher. Suffering in health from his unsparing labors, he returned to the North to visit friends and recruit, during the summer months, and now, by mutual arrangement, visited me at my paternal home. In respect to religion, I had not remained altogether as we both had been in college. Then I supposed him to be what I tried to be—an infidel. He, indeed, never avowed infidel sentiments. No one could quote from him an infidel opinion. Yet his keen relish of witticisms and sarcasms at the expense of Christians, and even of Christianity itself—his perfect indifference, amounting to an apparent contempt of the revivals through which we passed—his abstaining from all positive affirmations in favor of doctrinal or experimental religion—these things, together with his course of life, made the impression on me that he was secretly an unbeliever; yet, in one of his letters to me, he says that he was never an infidel. His feelings, nevertheless, had been wholly changed—mine, partially. His faithful letters I had received. They had produced a decided effect on my feelings, and, together with other means, had brought me into a different state of mind—a state of serious regard, of inquiry, of willingness to hear and read on the subject, but not of Christian renewal and hope. As we then walked over paths and visited retreats familiar to me from my boyhood, and communed together of the past—of college scenes, of changed prospects, and of an unknown future, at a spot still very distinctly in my memory, I said to him, 'Now, Olin, I want you to tell me, when I called upon you at your father's on Commencement day, and found you sick, failing, and rather, as I supposed, expecting to die before long,

how did you feel about religion and about a future world?' His reply is as fresh in my mind as if just uttered, with his very tone and look. 'Well, I will tell you just how I felt. I was not exactly an infidel, yet I did not intend to give myself any concern about religion. I knew I could not prove, and that nobody had proved, that the Bible is false, or that there is no hell; but I had deliberately made up my mind that I never would trouble myself about it. I purposed to live so that I might have the good opinion of men, and tried to make myself believe that I should get along hereafter—at any rate, I meant to run the risk. As for dying then, so early, I felt that it was hard. I wished to live. But I meant to keep up my courage, and show what my philosophy could do. I was determined I would not show the world a sneaking way of dying.' A bold and honest confession! It answered to past manifestations of himself, and to the opinions I had formed of him. What a change had been wrought! The moral transformation was wonderful.

"This interview was much more valuable to me than to him; and his visit greatly delighted my venerable father, who had long been a faithful pastor, and the entire family. As he was then returning to the South on horseback, I accompanied him for a day in a most social ride, and tarried all night and slept with him at the house of one of his relations in Shaftsbury, Vermont. In the morning we parted, not to meet again for many years. His public career soon commenced. Soon my friendship was gratified by the most flattering reports of his success and celebrity."

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO THE SOUTH—A YEAR OF DIM PROSPECTS.

On the 7th of October, Mr. Olin wrote to his presiding elder, the Rev. James O. Andrew, that he had hoped he might, by some favorable change in his health, be able to return some time in November, to labor a little, and alleviate as much as possible the excessive toils of his colleagues. The temporary flattering prospect had, however, been soon overcast; and at that date his fever had returned, and his weakness at the lungs was such, that he could not converse even for five minutes without detriment. He had given up the expectation of being able to travel to Charleston; or, if there, of being able to preach for many weeks to come, if ever. He says, "My heart is with you. I hope still to labor with you in the ministry. It is for this holy work that I chiefly desire either health or life. Pray for me *every day*, that I may be *patient*, *believing*, and *holy*."

A few particulars of his journey to the South on horseback may be gleaned from his letters, but there is no trace of the animated narration of his adventures, with which he sometimes entertained his friends. Some of them will recollect the graphic pictures which he drew of several of these scenes, as he lay on the couch in his study one Saturday afternoon, in the last month of his life, when that journey in all its details rose up vividly before him. "Had I time and strength," said

he, "and could I thus use them, what a series of amusing articles I could write for a magazine, describing the incidents of that journey." The letters give the darker lines of the picture. At the request of a highly-valued friend, "a gracious, godly woman," he was induced to preach in Philadelphia, but he was seriously indisposed in consequence of the effort. The hope, too, which had partly induced him to travel by land, of seeing his dearly-beloved friend and class-mate, for whom he had so earnestly prayed, and whom he now expected to meet as a brother in Christ, was destined to be disappointed. How keenly this acted upon his sensitive nature, may be seen in the letter which records it. The long-desired interview never took place on earth.

He thus writes to his father:

XXII.

New York, Nov. 9th, 1824.

I arrived in this city this morning, and expect, after a day or two, to prosecute my journey southward. My health has improved beyond my most sanguine expectations. I think *a special* blessing of Providence has been over me, for which I can not be sufficiently grateful. I rise at daylight, feed my horse, ride from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per day, and am constantly gaining strength. I have no pain in my lungs, and have reason to expect great benefit from my journey. I shall probably write again to you or Uncle Walker from the region of the Potomac. My horse does pretty well.

XXIII. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Rahway, N. J., Nov. 12th, 1824.

I arrived here yesterday, on my way to Charleston, by land and on horseback. I expect to go on after resting a few days.

In your letter, which I received in Vermont, you announced your intention of spending the next year at the Theological Seminary in Alexandria; but you did not say when you were to go to that town. The term, I learned from Mr. K——, begins about the middle of October. I presume, therefore, you are at Alexandria already, and I shall go on expecting to find you there. For fear of mistake, however, I shall direct this letter to your former abode in Maryland, with a request to the postmaster to forward it to you wherever you are. . . . . My heart is much set upon seeing you, and a disappointment will be painful indeed. I have been ill almost ever since my return from the South. God has unexpectedly and mercifully restored me to comfortable and improving health, for which I desire to be grateful.

XXIV. TO THE SAME.

Alexandria, D. C., Dec. 6th, 1824.

I arrived here this afternoon. You may perhaps conceive, though I can not describe, the disappointment I felt on hearing that you were not in town. I was never so much pained at a similar incident. My first design in traveling by land was almost entirely to see you. I have exposed my health for the same purpose in hastening on—all in vain! Doubtless I shall never see you until the resurrection. I have long prayed to see you! I have wept for joy at the thought of holding you by the hand, and talking about the love of Christ. I can hardly be happy without it. God's will be done! I suppose you got my letter from Rahway. I came on as fast as my frail body would admit, and arrived in Washington a week ago last Saturday. I was at the Columbian College a few hours after you left it. I should have been in Alexandria that night, but was too unwell. The next day I went to bed sick. On Monday I wrote you, directing to this place; and during almost every hour of eight days of affliction I looked out at my window to see you coming. To-day I crept

along eight miles to see you, against the advice of friends, and you are gone! Well, all the grace of the Gospel go with you. I must go on to-morrow, if I can mount my horse. My friend who travels with me has waited for me till he can wait no longer; and it would be madness in me to let him go on, and so travel alone in my present state of health. You could not stay? Pray for me! I am miserable, and good for nothing! I have flesh, and bone, and appetite—that is all! My health is gone, I fear, beyond recovery, and any future usefulness. I am an old man; a broken reed at twenty-seven! Do not think I am complaining. I am contented and happy. I am learning, I hope, to "be careful for nothing."

My dearest friend, I had many things to say. I will write some. *Be faithful to God! Pray always! Be fervent in spirit—a burning light! Die to the world!* For God's sake, and for Christ's sake, be a *plain, fearless, heart-searching preacher!* While you are studying theology, visit the sick, *the poor.* Talk to them about their souls; pray with them. Do this every week, *if not daily.* Keep a warm heart. I am not worthy to advise, but I love you more than ever; this is my apology.

XXV. TO THE REV. J. MERRIAM.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 12th, 1824.

I arrived in this city last evening, on my way southward. You are surprised that I am no further advanced on my journey. I am disappointed in my expectations. The first part of my journey was quite serviceable to me. I was able to ride thirty miles in a day by the time I arrived in New York. Here I rested a week, waiting for company. At Philadelphia I was so much better that I ventured to preach. I grew more unwell afterward, and at Washington was confined more than a week. I left there last Monday. I have considerable bodily strength; but, on the whole, my prospects as to health are not flattering. If God has a work for me to do, He can re-

store me; if not, I may as well be ill. I am tranquil, contented, and happy.

The South Carolina Conference sits at Fayetteville on the 20th of January. I may linger on the road, and not go to Charleston until after that time. I was ill at Col. Doughty's —the kindest family in the world. I hope you are preaching successfully.

May the blessing of God be with you both. Pray for me!

XXVI. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Charleston, February 14th, 1825.

I received a letter from you in Fayetteville on the 15th ultimo. . . . . My journey from Alexandria southward was peculiarly afflictive. I was detained at several places with illness, and arrived here on the 25th of January, just three months after I left my father's house. My prospects were quite gloomy. My lungs were so much diseased that I could not speak above a whisper, nor at all more than a few minutes at a time. I had no sanguine expectation of regaining my health, and my friends had little or none. Through the mercy of God, I am now much better. The mildness of the climate is much in my favor; indeed, I am quite a new man in my feelings. The pain is pretty well gone from my breast. I converse with ease, though sparingly, walk over the town without inconvenience, and ride many miles every fair day. Of course I do not attempt to preach, and my physician forbids me even to think of it in less than a year. I am contented to obey for the present, but distrust my resolution for the future, if I shall continue to improve. Whether it springs from pride or zeal, I can not say; but it is hard work to keep my mouth closed. And when you add to this injunction of silence a prohibition from books, conversation, and thought, and withal a regimen of mush and molasses, you have a pretty burdensome score of negatives, that calls for more cross-bearing than I have ever been called to before.

As some faint hope of health and activity begins to dawn upon me, I receive much good counsel, nor am I behind my most zealous advisers in suggesting amendment and reform. If I shall ever attempt preaching again, my discourses are to be short, to be uttered slowly, and in a moderate tone of voice, just loud enough to be heard. I am to preach but seldom, to avoid fatigue, and, in a word, *to take care of myself.* This is the plan. Its execution is an affair of the future. In the mean time, a proposition has gone up to the Conference for establishing a religious paper, in which I may be engaged, for the present at least. This, if I have health for it, will relieve the tedium of a *silent* year. At the same time, it looks like a useful undertaking. May the Lord prosper it, if it be agreeable to his will.

I suppose you are pleasantly and profitably employed. Certainly you are in an eligible situation to grow in peace and in the knowledge of the Lord. I feel great interest, and have much hope in your infant seminary. I pray God that there may be grace in the fountain, a genuine power of godliness that shall keep away from the heads and hearts of students those pitiful dotages with which so many Protestant popes bewilder themselves and others. I like the stamp of Episcopalianism among you, and I hope that this good leaven in the heart of our country may spread on every hand, till your people and homilies breathe the same spirit.

He returned to the South in the course of the winter, and, at the ensuing session of the South Carolina Conference, he was again stationed in Charleston, with very small prospect of his being able to preach, but in the hope that he might have health enough, perhaps, to edit a religious journal, the establishment of which had been determined on by the Conference. Mr. Olin drew up a prospectus; and, while the necessary preliminary arrangements were making, he was recom-

mended to travel. Accordingly, some time in February, he left Charleston for the upper country, and, after spending a couple of weeks at his old residence near Tabernacle, in very unpromising as well as uncomfortable health, he accepted an invitation from the Rev. L. Q. C. De Yampert to spend some time with him on his plantation in the western part of Abbeville District. For four weeks he was just able to sit up and ride out once a day. He regretted leaving Charleston, as it had put him out of reach of the able advice and treatment of his accomplished physician, Dr. S. H. Dixon, which were of evident advantage to him as long as he enjoyed them. However, he gradually became strong enough to try the experiment of plowing.

The following letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Merriam, gives evidence of the quiet submission of his spirit:

XXVII.

Abbeville, S. C., April 26th, 1825.

I have not heard from you since I got a few lines in Fayetteville, about the middle of January, nor written to you, if I remember well, since my letter from Washington about a month earlier. If you visit your parents as often as you should, you have probably seen my communications to father and others. From them you have learned my continued indisposition, and this epistle is doomed to repeat the same tale of prolonged affliction. My last letter to father was from Columbia, about five weeks since. From that time I have been ill, though I made out to travel to this district. Upon my arrival at my old residence at the Tabernacle, a physician, a particular friend of mine, persuaded me to take foxglove (digitalis)—a medicine with which I was drenched five years ago to no purpose. The result was that I was

thoroughly prostrated, and in a fortnight seemed to have lost what I had been three months in gaining. I thought to mend the matter by taking mercury, which I had been using in small doses of a grain a day, and with some success, since I arrived in Charleston. In four days I was salivated, and am just now beginning to get upon my feet, or, rather, upon my horse again. What is to be the result of all my ups and downs, God only knows. I often think I have no right to look for health again. Indeed, it is evident that my lungs will never stand preaching. I have had another prospect, and was appointed editor of a religious paper, to begin this summer. But I am even less able to write and to read than to speak, and I can not return to Charleston (my station) before fall or winter, if ever. In all this God is teaching me an important lesson. I have thought myself willing, even desirous, to *do* my Master's will. I am now called to suffer it—a far more difficult task. To the former a man is encouraged not only by piety, but he may likewise feel the influence of ambition, of applause, and of many other motives, sinful or right. But to pine away in obscurity and in anguish; to see years waste away without improvement or usefulness; to contemplate the wants of the Church and the perdition of the wicked, without being able to raise a helping hand or a warning voice, are afflictions addressed both to nature and grace. Yet in this furnace do I trust I am learning my weakness and my dependence, and from it, if God shall lead me out, do I hope to come forth, possibly to the work of the ministry, more probably to the grave, with profit and rejoicing. The hand of the Lord supports me. In Him I find an unfailing source of consolation. Pray for me *daily* that I may be submissive.

I should spend the ensuing summer in Vermont, but my lungs would not endure the climate. I am now twenty-five miles above Tabernacle, with a brother named De Yampert. The family is kind and affectionate, and with them I may

spend much of my time this summer. Should I get well enough to travel, I intend to make an excursion to Georgia, and perhaps spend the hottest weather in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina.

The religious prospects are in many places flattering. The last was a glorious year in the South Carolina Conference. Our increase of members was above 3100, and, to a great extent, in the highest walks of life. Remember me to all our friends. Accept my fervent wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

In reference to the Wesleyan Journal, he writes to his friend, Mr. Andrew: "I think, from present appearances, it ought not to be expected that I should be able to do any thing in the newspaper. It has been a source of uneasiness to me that any steps have been taken in the business. I hoped to be better, and wished to do something. My purpose is yet firm to devote my health, if God should give me any, to the common cause, in whatever department of the work my brethren may demand my co-operation."

The Rev. Mr. De Yampert thus speaks of the gentle, resigned spirit he ever manifested in sickness:

"We had gone to the Madison Springs in Georgia, where we lived in cabins and ate our own bread. Brother Olin was violently attacked with inflammatory bilious fever. Fears arose that the disease would prove fatal. There he lay quiet and serene. Thinking he might feel depressed, I reviewed his past life, with the events of which I had been made familiar, and was proceeding to say that the providences of the Most High were not be comprehended, when he anticipated me, and with that peculiar, heavenly smile of his, looked me in the face, and remarked that he would as willingly be there in bed as any where else; all he wanted was that the will

of God should be done. I thought that much as I had been with him, I did not yet know him."

A day or two after setting out for the mountains, he wrote to his Charleston correspondent the following letter, bearing date June 19th, 1825: "I am on my way to Tennessee, to try the effect of the limestone water upon my health. I expect to go on to-morrow morning. My point of destination is Greenville, just beyond the mountains, and two hundred miles distant from this place. I anticipate but little pleasure in traveling that distance, through the roughest and the wildest section of our country, especially at this season of the year. I expect to travel about twenty miles per day, though the first day's experiment of twenty-five has laid me by. I go on alone, unless, contrary to all human probability, a brother, G——, a local preacher from Tennessee, shall keep his appointment and overtake me to-morrow. I say against human probability, for he is a widower, and seems bent, next to getting to heaven, upon getting a wife. The name, indeed, is in my favor, and argues dispatch in such a business. I shall not say any thing as to my prospect of finding health in this excursion. It appears to me to be the most promising course during the hot season. I therefore pursue it, contented to leave the result in God's hands. I am not without the abiding comfort in pulmonary complaints—hope. I have fewer febrile symptoms than at any time in the last twelve months. The hot season debilitates me unusually, and my diet cooperates in the mischief—my days being but a protracted Lent, from which fish, fowl, and the whole fold of Noah are excluded. In spite of it all, however, my

horse tugs under a grievous load of more than two hundred, exclusive of baggage. I am still a glorious eater, and upon the kingdom of vegetables I display the same skill and perseverance which have carried slaughter into the ranks of animal nature."

He spent the remainder of the summer in the mountains of East Tennessee with no very decided improvement to his health. He had hoped to recruit sufficiently to allow him entering upon his editorial duties in October. In a letter of August 20th, he says, "If I can not engage in it, I fervently hope you will commence the paper without me. I am far more than willing to do any thing in the good cause, but the experience of the last year admonishes me to expect nothing very favorable except grace sufficient for me. What shall I do at Conference, if I do not get better? Locate? Or do as I am now doing—be efficient in name, and useless in fact? One or the other. Out of pride or out of principle, I can not stand either of the venerable names you are accustomed to stick upon your gray-headed invalids. If I fall into the sad dilemma which I look for, I mean to submit the matter to the decision of yourself, Brother Capers, Dr. Pierce, and Brother Hodges, and abide your decision without appeal. N.B. —I weigh 215!! So sick!"

He met with several Abbeville friends in the mountains. The late Thomas W. Williams, Esq., and his lady, spent some time with him. Mr. Williams, a gentleman of the highest worth and intelligence, has often spoken in terms of admiration of the rare qualities of patience, submission to God's will, and indomitable cheerfulness of spirit exhibited by the invalid. The

genial humor which made him so delightful a companion never forsook him in his darkest hours. Cut off as he seemed to be from a career to which his soul had bound its deepest affections and hopes—his day darkened in its freshest morning hours—great capabilities of usefulness in the Church rendered useless by physical weakness—all this, and the stress of suffering occasionally superadded, could not shake his trust in God or break the lofty equanimity of his well-balanced character. He was visited on one occasion, while confined to his bed, by a brother minister, who was in all that country a noted controversialist. Some topic of conversation was introduced which laid bare the ruling passion of his visitor. Supporting himself on his elbow, Olin, in a style of inimitable humor, expressed his own convictions of the danger of indulging in the perilous pastime of a regular controversial temper. The spirit of a narrow bigotry was singularly abhorrent to his large and noble soul, and the rebuke he administered on the occasion referred to silenced at once all the boastings of his warlike friend.

The Wesleyan Journal was commenced on the 1st of October, 1825, Dr. Capers occupying the editorial tripod in the absence of Mr. Olin. In assuming his position, the editor expressed the hope that no discouragement would be felt at the appearance of the paper without the advantage of Mr. Olin's presence. He added that Mr. Olin's health ought not to be sacrificed even for the sake of his editing the Journal. The latest information represented his health as being a little improved, but not sufficiently to allow his engaging in the arduous responsibilities and cares of the editorial

chair. In fact, he never did engage in them, much to the regret of the religious public, who, with good reason, anticipated rare results from the editorial labors of a scholar so ripe, an observer so sagacious, a writer of such fine discrimination, solid judgment, ample knowledge of men, and ardent devotion to the highest interests of religion. The prospectus of the paper, which was written by him, exhibits the fine qualities of Mr. Olin's mind and heart. A few paragraphs are transferred to these pages, as illustrative of his views of the noble end and great capabilities of religious journalism:

"The newspaper form has been preferred, because experience has shown that it is better calculated than any other to give interest to a periodical publication. Its ample variety, its pleasing miscellany, and the frequency of its visits, calling for repeated, but easy and amusing efforts of attention, are so many objects of attraction, suited to the habits and tastes of different individuals. The lovers of arts and of letters, of news and politics, who never open a theological work, may be tempted to bestow at least a passing notice upon articles of religious and missionary intelligence, when they meet the eye beside the columns of more favored speculations. Magazines and bound volumes are, indeed, formed for a more durable existence. They meet with a readier welcome in the libraries of the tasteful and the learned; and they better sustain the port and dignity of literature. But our object is less to treasure up facts and arguments for the theologian of future times, than to produce an effect which shall be seen and *felt* in the religious habits of the present generation. We would record the triumphs of the cross and the achievements of benevolence while they are yet passing before our eyes, in order to bring them fresh with novelty, and glowing with high interest, to bear at once upon the

heart of our Christian population, and to stir mightily the elements of all that is godly and virtuous among us. We would provoke the reader, as the bearer of glad tidings, to love and to good works, and call him out upon the field of strenuous and sanctified exertion.

"The Wesleyan Journal will be a Methodist publication —the advocate of Methodist doctrines and usages. But the publishers, in making this frank avowal of their purposes, disclaim all other sentiments than those of cordial respect and Christian affection toward other religious denominations; and they pledge themselves that the narrowness and the rancor of a sectarian spirit shall never disgrace their columns. Their course shall be as liberal as it is undisguised; and while they devote their labors especially to the interests of that part of the Church with which it is their happiness to be connected, they will rejoice in the prosperity, and will ever be the ready and willing auxiliaries of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Mr. Olin contributed to the columns of the Journal an occasional paper, when the state of his health allowed him to use his pen. These contributions all bear the stamp of his genius, and show his desire to inculcate the largest views of Christian duty. The annexed passages from one of these papers—a memorial of a Southern preacher, "a master workman," the Rev. James Russel—are strikingly descriptive of the writer in the days of his early manhood, when, to use the language of the sketch, "his eye was fixed on the examples and successes of the first preachers of the Gospel, and he looked for a renewal of the same under his own ministry. Whenever he preached the cross, he expected the Holy Ghost to come down from heaven to give efficacy to the word." And, while preach-

ing to crowded congregations in Charleston, he saw, as he had done in the backwoods' meeting-house and in the camp-meeting, the visible effects of the faithful, earnest setting forth of the verities of the Gospel.

"Reading had disciplined his mind and purified his taste, but it had left no other vestige upon his public performances. The rich treasures which he gathered from various quarters were all subjected to the crucible. He gave them no currency until they were recoined, and acknowledged the impress of his own intellectual sovereignty. . . . . The common mind is keen-sighted to discern the truth, and mighty to digest the matter of an argument; but its reasoning processes are short, abrupt, and inartificial; and it has neither patience nor skill to comprehend the elaborate niceties with which many divines contrive to fetter the energies of the Gospel, and to veil its simple lustre.

"He would carry on the mind in the train of his masterly and original reasoning, or overawe it by the high authority of the Scriptures, which he linked together text to text into an argument of irrefragable strength, and then, just at the vanishing moment when unbelief is vanquished, and before the powers of darkness have rallied to the conflict, would he direct its wavering destinies to the cross of Christ.

"If he was powerful as a preacher, he was mighty as an intercessor. Indeed, it was in the closet that the holy flame of his devotion was kindled. There his heart learned to glow with the conquering zeal which blazed forth in the pulpit, and there he wrestled with the angel of the covenant, and obtained the power which he wielded so successfully over the sinner's heart. And when he kneeled in the midst of weeping penitents, he, indeed, ceased to be like other men. He asked, nothing doubting, and he received. The trophies of pardoning love were multiplied around him. Hope seemed to be lost in assurance, and faith in certainty. It was from

deep self-abasement that his soaring faith gathered strength to mount so high. It was in the nearness of his communion with God that he discovered a compassion so ready and earnest to save, that he asked for the exercise of it with an assurance that may have almost seemed presumptuous to ordinary Christians."

At the following session of the Conference, which was held at Milledgeville, Georgia, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Soule, on the 13th of January, 1826; and his health being still too feeble to warrant any hope of efficient pastoral labor, by the advice of his clerical friends he took the relation of supernumerary, without a station, reluctant as he had been the former year to assume either of the "venerable names" put upon "gray-headed invalids." The ensuing summer was spent in the upper counties of Georgia, and the following letters contain some records of his pilgrimage:

XXVIII. TO THE REV. JAMES O. ANDREW.

Lodemont, March 22d, 1826.

As the "passing stranger" would say, I have been a *little* negligent. I received your letter ten days ago, and made up my mind to answer it at once; but you see what I am come to. You are hardly farmer enough to feel the force of my apology; but it would atone for a worse fault in these parts to say, "This is a critical season, and a plow should not stop for trifles." I have been so busy with the plow, or so weary with it, that I could not conveniently write before. I commenced my rustic exercises immediately after my return from Augusta. From half an hour's work, with which I began, I have gradually risen to four or five hours per day. My bodily strength has perceptibly improved, and that without any injury, to say the least, to my lungs. I am more and more

persuaded that my nerves are, and have been, the chief sufferers. My active labors have done less for them than I could have wished. I am just now much more unwell than common, from, I fear, a premature attempt to preach last Sabbath. With my usual imprudence, I spoke an hour and a half, though I had limited myself, as well as strong purposes could do it, to forty-five minutes. It is a matter of consolation and hope that, after such an effort, I am alive, and can talk and plow.

You may see me within a few weeks in your good city, on my way northward. I shall not be able to remain here above two months longer on account of the heat, though in Vermont I should not be annoyed by it during the whole summer. I have some hope, too, in a sea-voyage, and not less dread of ennui in going to the Madison Springs. A few days more will decide the matter, and I give you warning, so that you need not wonder, nor your dear A. A. A. laugh at me when I come.

XXIX. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Lodemont (Abbeville), April 10th, 1826.

. . . . I trust I have some prospect before me of again seeing better days. About the 20th of February I commenced *plowing*, and have continued it with occasional interruptions since. At first, twenty minutes' labor overcame me. I can now follow the plow for three hours at a time without much inconvenience. My health is so much improved by this course, that I have preached twice of late with only partial injury. I mean to refrain for the present from any more attempts of that sort. I expect to continue my plowing till near the first of June, and then I shall probably go to the Madison Springs for the summer, if the waters agree with me; if not, I shall probably travel to the Western States again, or saunter among the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia.

So you see I am still a pilgrim in the earth. I have long been looking for a better country, and I hope, crooked as is the path I travel, it leads to heaven. I am not making much progress in spiritual things, however. With my increase of strength, I find a growing restlessness to which I was a stranger during the many happy days of deep affliction which I have had within the last two years. My feelings want the stimulus of action or of sickness to arouse them, so little are they under the influence of grace. I thank God, however, that I am what I am; bad enough, indeed, in myself, but rich in hope; not faithless, but believing, and with a trust assured and unshaken in our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray for me, as I trust you do.

XXX. TO MRS. A. A. ANDREW, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Lodemont, May 29th, 1826.

If any accident has befallen my old and respected friend, the Rev. James O. Andrew, I hope you will promptly inform me of it. I still have a true regard for him, though, unfortunately, there has latterly been an entire cessation of all intercourse between us. Indeed, if there is in the whole world a man for whom I have either a more respectful or a more affectionate remembrance, I have forgotten who he is. This will be thought the more remarkable, as long absence and silence are generally allowed to be coolers of love. Perhaps it is only one species of love upon which they have such an influence, and where both the parties are *men* the attachment may remain as stable as the general character of our sex.

I felt very thankful for your letter, and was gratified to hear of the arrangement, by which I am sure your health, and I hope your comfort, will be promoted. I say, *I hope* your comfort, for it is doubtful with me whether your inveterate habits of hard work will allow you to be quite comfortable in any situation where you can not commit suicide once or

twice in a week with your needle. I presume, however, that you have carried the fatal instrument along with you to your new residence, to be used as *some* of your sex use opium and *many* of mine use rum, to put trouble to death. . . . . Dig in the garden, cleave wood, wash, go to market, visit, do any thing; but throw away your needle. Do you visit the back country this summer? I hope so, by all means. If you get your health re-established now, you might last for many years, and life be a blessing to you. As it is, you can only expect an uncomfortable (hysterical) existence at best.

Whatever you may conclude to do, I mean to try the effect of the Madison Springs. I am to set out in about two weeks. I do not expect to remain stationary, but to travel through the mountains or in the Western States. I have done with the plow. The warm weather drove me from it two weeks ago. It has done me much good, more, I believe, than all other remedies. I have preached just three times, and exhorted still more frequently. It exasperates my nerves for a few days; but I do not perceive that my lungs suffer at all. My last effort was on last Sabbath. I went to hear a Presbyterian minister, who, unfortunately, did not come. In obedience to importunity not to be put off, I consented, or rather was forced to preach. I gave one of my blunt, right-down sermons, in which, upon my conscience, I had no controversy with any except the devil and his works. I have just heard, however, that there is a clamor abroad that I abused the occasion courteously granted me to rail at Calvinism. I am pained at the circumstance. My intention was pure, and so was my doctrine, and yet, perhaps, there was some unguardedness. It is difficult to hit the sins of some professors without dashing against their creed. I mean still to preach occasionally, notwithstanding your kind advice. The truth is, I love the work. I am sure God calls me to it, and blesses me in it. If I lose something in bad health,

I gain in quietness of mind, which is, perhaps, equally essential to the establishment of my strength and health.

Yours in Christian bonds, S. OLIN.

XXXI. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Madison Springs, Georgia, June 29th, 1826.

Some time since, before I left Carolina, which is exactly three weeks ago to-day, I had the pleasure—not pleasure as it is spoken in complimentary language, but the real, heart-felt, old-fashioned pleasure—of receiving your friendly, honest, playful, sarcastic epistle. . . . .

You set your face against only one of the multitude of evils by which I am afflicted, and are so concerned at my being a bachelor, that you forget that I am in ill health. I must, however, speak about this thing. A letter of mine which said nothing about my health would hardly be received at the post-office. I am all but well. I have preached seven times since March, and am to set out to-morrow to go fifty miles to preach on the Sabbath. I have been at this place one week; but the water, which is a strong chalybeate, is too high-toned for me; and though I expect to stay some time here, I do not mean to drink the water. Here is a small village, consisting of some twenty or thirty cabins and a huge boarding-house. It is the great resort of fashion, disease, and sin; though the waters and the place do not cure, they aggravate two of the evils. I hope to get pretty well by fall. I shall go in search of mountain air after a while, rather because I have nothing to do, and it is a pleasant vocation, than because such a course is absolutely necessary.

The records of this year, mostly spent in protracted journeys in search of health, will best be closed in his own words of grateful praise. They were written on the evening of the last day of the year, in a dreary tavern in Barnewell, in the midst of a wild and sterile re-

gion; and they are interesting as the spontaneous and unstudied effusion of a spirit bruised by many sorrows, but strong and joyful in the supports and consolations of faith. More fitting words could not well be found to describe the pilgrimage of his life, and the loyal, trusting, submissive, and filial spirit which he ever maintained amid its varied scenes.

"In life and death his prayer the same,
Father, not mine, thy will be done."

A PILGRIM'S THANKSGIVING.

Now would I, Lord, approach thy throne,
With humble love and filial fear,
To make the grace and mercy known,
That crown'd my life the by-gone year.

Oh! may my grateful song arise,
Like incense, to thy pure abode,
And richer blessings from the skies
Wake strains sublimer for my God.

The sun and moon, along their spheres,
Were not more prompt to roll and shine,
Than thou, O Lord! to heal my tears,
And stay my heart with grace divine.

Through changing climes, a pilgrim, I
Wandered afar in quest of ease;
No friend was there, no brother nigh,
To soothe the anguish of disease.

But thou, my God, wast with me there—
The holy Comforter was mine;
Nor could a brother's love compare
With friendship, Jesus, such as thine!

Lone, devious wastes and wilds I tried—
The arid plain—the mountain high—
Where yawning caverns loudly cried,
"One step leads to eternity."

But He who sends his angel train
  To make the heirs of life secure,
Made valleys hills, and hills a plain,
  And made my sliding footsteps sure.

I saw the angry tempest frown,
  And set his vengeful hosts at strife:
He sent his dark tornadoes down,
  To gorge them on the spoils of life.

Heavy the rumbling thunders broke,
  Fearful the lightnings blazed around;
The stately pine and reverend oak
  Were rived, and tumbled to the ground.

But while the fury of the Lord
  Was poured on lifeless nature's breast,
I claimed the promise of his word,
  And 'neath his sheltering wings had rest.

Jehovah rode upon the sky,
  And shot his arrow through the air;
He let his angry lightnings fly,
  But knew a trembling worm to spare.

And when the breeze which summer brings
  Was poison, like the Siroc's breath,
And sunbeams bore upon their wings
  Contagion, pestilence, and death.

Unhurt, I felt the noontide ray,
  And drank the poison of the air;
For God my refuge was by day,
  And midnight watches own'd his care.

Being eternal! King of kings!
  Whose courts adoring seraphs throng!
From whom the hope of mortals springs,
  To whom their songs of praise belong.

Oh! may thy providence and grace,
  Which blessed, sustained, and brought me here,
Be still my strength and hiding-place,
  Through all the changes of the year.

Then blighted hopes and fell disease,
  If these shall yet my portion be,
Will but enhance to high degrees
  The bliss of immortality.

Or if the beams of health once more
  Shall cheer my heart and nerve my frame,
Then every breath and every power
  Shall spread the honors of the Lamb.

Great God! my trust is in thy name,
  My plea the blood of Christ alone,
In life and death my prayer the same,
  Father, not mine, thy will be done!

CHAPTER VI.

PROFESSOR'S LIFE AT ATHENS—MARRIAGE—VISIT TO THE NORTH.

In July, 1826, he was elected professor of Belles-lettres in Franklin College at Athens, Georgia. This appointment, after due reflection, being satisfied that his feeble and uncertain health offered him no better field of usefulness at the time, he accepted. On the 1st of January, 1827, he entered upon the duties of his chair; and at the Conference held a week or two afterward, his name appeared on the minutes as supernumerary for Athens. The day before his scholastic engagements began, he writes:

XXXII. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Athens, Ga., Jan. 1st, 1827.

I received a letter from you, I suppose, three months ago. At the time, and for near fifty days afterward, I was upon my bed with a bilious fever, and unable to wield a pen. Since that time I have been creeping about the land, still engaged in my hopeless chase after health, seeking rest and finding none. I postponed answering your letter and all others until I should become settled in this place. I now consider myself in some sort a fixture, at least until some disturbing gale may set me adrift again. I do not remember whether I informed you that I was appointed professor of Ethics and Belles-lettres in this college. My duties commence to-day. I have but little strength to bring to the work, but, relying upon the aid of Divine Providence, I have concluded to begin. My duties will be arduous, but I hope

not unpleasant. The religious condition of the institution is most interesting. Between thirty and forty of the students were the subjects of a revival during the last term, and many more were serious. We hope that the work of God will continue to progress after the return of those who are absent.

You are, perhaps, surprised at my engaging in a vocation which will limit my ministerial labors, and, indeed, hardly leave me any time for what I have regarded my calling of God. My attachment to the ministry was never so strong as it is now, but three years spent in attempting to preach have forced upon me the conviction that my strength is unequal to the task of itinerating. As a local preacher I may, perhaps, be still able to do something. I felt uneasy at doing nothing, and accepted my place after much advice, deliberation, and prayer.

You have probably heard of the great revival in Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia. I have never witnessed such a scene before. About one hundred persons are professed converts in that place, and only two or three persons in the town are left unconcerned. This has been a glorious year for many parts of Georgia. What is singular, the subjects of the work are generally the first in their wealth and standing in the community. I hope you are prospering in your part of the vineyard.

Assure Mrs. Mallory of my high regards. I have forgotten if your last letter contained your usual exhortations to matrimony. I infer, from your zeal in the cause, that you live very happily yourself. If you have not seen all the fruit in me you may have desired, it may afford you some comfort to know that I am thoroughly convinced. I have even some pretty strong thoughts of taking your advice, especially since my entrance upon a more settled manner of life.

A sermon preached by Dr. Olin in Washington, Georgia, is still referred to by a number of distinguished

citizens as having led to their conversion. It was the *punctum saliens* of the revival mentioned above.

At the close of March, he says to his friend, Mr. Andrew, "I came to this place three months since with only a faint expectation of being able to endure the labors of my office for a single week. I am now in much better health than I have been since I first lost my health in 1824. I have not missed one duty; I have preached every Sabbath but one, and on one occasion twice upon the same day, without any permanent injury. I am anxious to devote to my merciful Preserver the strength he gives me. Do pray for me that I may glorify his name."

On the 10th of April ensuing, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Bostick, of Milledgeville. This lady had been a distinguished belle, and was universally admired for the attractions of a fine person, elegant manners, and cultivated mind. She had, some time previous to Mr. Olin's acquaintance with her, become pious, and was at the time of her marriage a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was admirably fitted by native endowments and careful culture, as well as by deep piety, to become the wife of such a man. In Olin the domestic affections were finely developed. Simplicity and tenderness were blended in his character with playful humor, racy and brilliant wit, elasticity of spirits, which disease could not break down, and the genuine dignity of a Christian philosopher. He was never moping, never melancholic; none of the eccentricities of your reputed geniuses attached to him. Genuinely great, he had no petty affectations or crotchets; the genial qualities of his heart threw

perpetual sunshine over the domestic circle in which he moved. His clear insight into human character gave him influence over every one around him; and his exalted virtues, no less than his rare endowments of intellect, drew warmly to him the affections of his friends. It was no wonder that a charming woman, fully capable of appreciating these traits, and who had become his wife, should love him with a deep, strong, and ever-growing attachment. Mrs. Olin was his friend, counselor, nurse. The impulses of nature and grace, as he said to an intimate friend, a year or two after death had taken her from him, had taught him to love her only less than the adorable Savior himself.

On the 20th of November, 1828, Mr. Olin was ordained an elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop M'Kendree, at Milledgeville. He remained connected with the University of Georgia seven years, in bad health most of the time; nevertheless, he was a brilliant professor, and has left the impress of his mode of instruction on the institution to this day.

XXXIII. TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.

Athens, April 17th, 1828.

. . . The absence, the cares, the new associations of ten years, have made great inroads upon my former attachments, but I can say with the utmost sincerity that they have not weakened or blunted my affection toward you. . . . . I may not expect a meeting with you on this side the grave, our fields of action are so remote from each other, and our employments so stationary; but I will still look forward to a renewal of our friendly social habits.

Few persons have had more admonitions than I have to consider life a pilgrimage, and to seek a home in the skies.

My health has been constantly miserable for the last four years. I have wandered many thousand miles in quest of health, but in vain. My present situation is perhaps as favorable to me as any other, and without some leading of Providence, not at present anticipated, I remain here for a considerable time. I can just drag myself through my daily task, which is more than I can do at any thing else I have attempted. Preaching is quite out of the question with me. I have preached only once in about twelve months.

As you make no allusion to the fact, I presume you have not heard of my being married. The event, interesting at least to me, took place in April last year. I was married to Mary Ann Eliza Bostick, in Milledgeville, in this state. She is a native of Georgia. I supposed that even these small circumstances might have interest for you, derived from our long community of sentiment and views. I need not say any thing of her who is the partner of my joys and ills, since a man is proverbially unfit to portray his wife through a common weakness, from which I can plead no exemption.

No part of our country, perhaps, has been more favored than Georgia. Great revivals prevailed last year, and in several places are still progressing. I presume as many as three thousand persons have professed religion within fifteen or eighteen months. By far the larger part of our intelligent and wealthy citizens profess faith in Christ. I think about forty students in this college belong to the Church. Pray for us, that we may be thankful and bring forth fruit to the glory of Christ.

I still remember you in my poor prayers, though, I fear not, so often nearly as formerly. Do pray for me, than whom no one more needs divine aid. I am, indeed, unprofitable. . . . .

XXXIV. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Athens, April 21st, 1828.

. . . . Journalwise—From October to the present time, through the infinite goodness of God, I have attended to my duties in college without any interruption. It has been, however, a constant struggle against a weight of infirmities almost intolerable. I walk from home to the college with great difficulty and effort. Still, I continue to walk; that is all. I do not preach. I do not go to church, except once in the week. I do nothing which a minister ought to do. One thing, however, I sometimes try to do—to bow submissively to the hand of God. I try to be content to be obscure. You know enough of my temperament to be certain that this is no easy matter for me.

As to my affairs, I have built a cottage at the very bottom of the hill, and just in the borders of the town. I am thoroughly buried in the woods, and there, after the spirit of your counsels, am rendering to my wife as much, I often tell her much more obedience than the Bible affords a warrant for. We are neither of us very scrupulous upon the subject, and Mary Ann (alias my wife) sometimes quotes your authority against me. I am very apt to submit to it, so we get along right well. Of this, however, you will have a better opportunity of judging. I have heard within a few days that you intend to visit Monticello, in this state. Should this be the case, I shall peremptorily demand a visit from you. It will not turn you out of your course. We have a number of most excellent Baptists here, both in and out of college. They have none but casual preaching. It would be highly gratifying, and, I have no doubt, highly useful to them, to have preaching of their own denomination. Bring Susan and the boy. Come to my little hut, and we will talk and pray together. It would do my soul good. . . . .

He had bought eight acres of land, on which was a beautiful young wood, just on the edge of the town of Athens, and here, in his simply-furnished cottage, he established his first married home, and enjoyed those domestic satisfactions for which his genial temper and warm affections so eminently qualified him. In the spring of 1829, he was compelled, in consequence of repeated attacks of bilious fever, to try the effect of a Northern climate, and complete freedom from mental toil and responsibility. He wrote to his father that he was coming to take possession of a room (upon which opened two smaller ones) which Judge Olin had built in the rear of his house some years before for the occupancy of the Methodist itinerant, who preached in the neighboring school-house once a fortnight. In this prophet's chamber on the wall, the invalid professor, with his beautiful and admirable wife, spent fourteen months, enjoying the quiet of their own home, as their meals were served in their room, while they had daily pleasant intercourse with his father, brother, and sisters. His first care was to throw an attractive air over his lowly dwelling, and give it a home-like aspect. The wood-pile was removed, and a flower-garden put in its place; and he brought from the woods two handsome arbor-vitæ trees, to shade the windows from the southern sun. He followed the plow for some hours every day. He thought the sight of the newly-turned earth quieting to the nerves, and cooling to the fevered brain. Being summoned one day from the plow to receive a visitor, he said, on finding that it was his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Merriam, an early and long-tried friend, "I thought you must be a very clever fellow to

make me glad to see you, when your visit interrupted my plowing." In the winter, when he could no longer plow, he drew up a quantity of wood that had been cut down in a forest south of the house.

In July, 1829, he took a pleasant journey of six hundred miles with his uncle Walker, who drove a fine gray mare, in a light wagon. They went to Shaftsbury, Vermont, to visit Judge John H. Olin, a son of Gideon Olin; to the pleasant villages of Pittsfield, Lebanon, and Northampton. They inspected the United States Armory at Springfield, and arrived at Middletown the night that the delegates of the New York and New England Conferences had assembled to receive the proposals of the citizens of that place to establish the Wesleyan University there. Mr. Walker, who had been a member of the Legislature in 1826, at the time that Dr. Fisk was chaplain, introduced him to Mr. Olin. Thus these two men, between whose fortunes there were so many points of similarity, met for the first time in the town where they were to spend their latter years in the performance of the same official duties, where they were to look their last upon earthly things, and where their remains were to be committed to the same resting-place till the morning of the resurrection.

From Middletown, by way of New Haven and Rhode Island, they journeyed on to Boston, and to Keene, New Hampshire, where Professor Olin had the pleasure of seeing General Wilson, a class-mate at Middlebury.

The Rev. Charles Pomeroy, who then resided within a few miles of Judge Olin's, writes:

"I frequently met him at his father's, and occasionally at my own house. I loved him, I honored him, and, with others, felt a very deep interest in his recovery. At that time there were among us but few thoroughly educated ministers, and it seemed very sad, and much to be lamented, that one of these few, so pious and so talented as Dr. Olin, should be so long prostrated by illness. And I remember well that prayer was offered to God without ceasing that he might recover his health. The doctor occasionally attended church with us, but he did not think himself able to preach or take any public part in our religious exercises. During a time of some religious interest in the place, however, his love for Christ, and sympathy for the spiritual interests of his townsmen, prevailed over his judgment. He arose in the meeting, and poured forth such floods of intelligent, melting love for the souls of the people as perhaps I have never before nor since witnessed; but it was too much for his enfeebled frame, and for a time he was the more prostrated. The doctor could endure a good deal of ordinary conversation and visiting, but concentration of thought and continued feeling, bearing upon one point, soon overcame him. He told me that he was obliged to become a child—to think and speak of things as they casually presented themselves—without government, concentration, or exertion. He had, in the days of his strength, sacredly observed the holy Sabbath—strenuously employing its hallowed hours in *truly devotional* and spiritual contemplations. But since, or during his extreme prostration, even the holy Sabbath was necessarily commonplace; almost the only supervision attainable was to avoid thoughts and words not in harmony with the day. He found it necessary to become like a child. This was in substance his own account of the matter; but, while there was an innocent playfulness indulged, his conversation to the observer was not less intelligent and earnest than that of most men and ministers of Christ.

"I much admired his catholic spirit; for, while he was evidently a decided Methodist, he always expressed a hearty fellowship for other Christians, and was ever willing to honor them in the free acknowledgment of their many excellences. I remember that at that time he thought some other denominations were in advance of us in their care for the theological education of their ministers, and in their devotion to missionary enterprise. It was even then his wish to have our own Church take measures to establish theological schools. I remember it the more distinctly, because my own views corresponded with his, while most of our people and ministers were adverse to the measure. It was a matter of rejoicing with me when, a few years afterward, the doctor's health was so far restored as to enable him to be more publicly useful to the Church."

Unable to preach, to use his pen, to read, or to study, this period must have been one of no common privation to a man whose temperament and character led him to be a hard worker, and not "an unvexed loiterer in the world's green ways." He had all the qualifications for an effective laborer—order, system, energy, industry, perseverance, a clear head, and a warm heart; a ready comprehension of what was best to be done, and a readiness to do it. It was hard for such an one to content himself with doing nothing. Yet this was his daily lesson; and accustomed as he was to the stimulus of active life, with mental energies and powers that longed for the greatest development, he still maintained a grateful, loving, cheerful spirit, though his mouth was closed, and his feet were turned aside from their ordinary walks of usefulness. His language, under a like trial of his faith and patience, breathes the true

Christian philosophy. "My great source of enjoyment is a firm confidence in God, through Christ, which makes the cure, the protraction, or the speedy termination of my maladies almost equally agreeable in prospect. To labor for Christ in the *Church*—to submit to light afflictions, which work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory—to depart and be with Christ; who can say which is best? I bless God I esteem either to be good enough for such a worm as I am, and I am quite content."

The following letters, written at this time, give a glimpse of the workings and strugglings of the spirit beneath the calm surface of his life.

XXXV. TO THE REV. JAMES O. ANDREW.

Leicester, March 29th, 1830.

I got home yesterday from visiting a sister, sixteen miles distant, where I was detained nearly six weeks by illness. Till then I thought you owed me a letter. I was mistaken. Your insinuation that I grow negligent of your correspondence pained me sensibly. Your letters have long been a great comfort to me, and your friendship one of the greatest comforts of my life. Are you not convinced of this? I do not write the shortest letter without not the risk only, but the sacrifice of health for many days at least. Could I bear the thought of giving up my dear Southern friends, I should abstain from writing, except in cases of urgent necessity. I often think this is my duty. But, then, will you write to me? . . . . My illness has left me, I fear, where I was a year ago. I am shut out from all prospect of usefulness. Tell my friends not to look for my return to the college. If I ever shall be of any use, it must be after I have ceased to be anxious about it. I must forget my former much-loved pursuits, if I would ever return to them.

XXXVI. TO THE REV. JAMES O. ANDREW.

Leicester, Vt., June 28th, 1829.

You expected to hear from me before this time, but if you knew the inconvenience with which I write you would need no other apology. I am, indeed, nearly out of the habit of using my pen, having done so but twice or thrice since I have been in Vermont, so that habit is added to infirmity. But if you or any other of my Georgia friends suppose that forgetfulness, or negligence, or ingratitude has any thing to do with my silence, you are, I assure you, once for all, most egregiously mistaken. I speak the language, not of affectation, nor of womanly commonplace, but emphatically of truth and soberness, when I say that my heart is among you. I have spent nearly all my life here or in South Carolina, and yet I feel an interest in the prosperity, interests, and people of Georgia which no other spot awakens half so strongly. And, certainly, I have received enough of friendship from the people there to justify the preference. And yet, with all this feeling of strong partiality, it is highly probable that I shall see Georgia no more. When I think of being able to do any thing as a preacher or as a literary instructor, I am led to believe that I may be as useful at the South as elsewhere—perhaps more so. But when I view my probable lot, a life either short or long, to be spent in *trying to live*, in contending with incurable infirmities, and all the manifold ills which a broken constitution is heir to, it will probably be better for me to remain here. The climate is better; my father is here, an old man; I miss the evils of slavery, great and appalling; small means will yield a competence; and it is a good place to bury a broken vessel, which God has cast out of his service, in the world's oblivion. There is comfort in being with one's relations under such circumstances, and a melancholy pleasure in being away from those places which have seen us in more usefulness and activity.

If there is any omen in ardent desires, I may yet lift up my voice once more in the Church. I labor to keep my feelings aloof from the subject, but they often steal away from my control, and I find myself rushing to the throne of grace with a full heart and eyes, and crying mightily to be healed and put again into the sanctuary. But I soon come to myself again, and think, What am I, that I should ask so great honor of God? and then stop with praying for grace to be patient, for sanctification, and that through much tribulation I may at length enter into the kingdom of heaven. Of this, I thank my God, I have still good and abiding hope, and herein I greatly rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

You will excuse this talk about my feelings, little as they can interest others beside myself. My health is perhaps improving—my strength certainly, as I hold the plow after two yoke of oxen seven hours in the day. Amendment has so far, however, been but an infallible symptom of relapse. A perfect recovery, if such I ever realize, must, of course, be the effect of time. Mary Ann, who sends her love to you and sister Andrew, is in fine health, and quite contented. I must say, she has more faith for my healing than I have myself. We are situated pleasantly enough among affectionate friends and kind neighbors, who have one and all decreed that we ought not to go back to Georgia.

On their return to Athens in the autumn of 1830, Dr. Olin had in Baltimore a serious attack of illness, rendered peculiarly afflictive by the indisposition of his devoted wife at the same time. The kindest Christian hospitality was extended to them by the family of Mr. Christian Keener, and here Dr. Olin met for the first time the Rev. Dr. Richey, of Canada, who, twelve years after, alludes to the formation of this acquaintance "under circumstances that must ever in the re-

view, awaken tender associations as well as monitory reflections," and speaks of "the veneration for Dr. Olin's intellectual and moral character which he had cherished from that time."

After their visit to Vermont the next summer, their homeward journey led them through a new region. After looking at the Shaker villages, and from the mountains dividing New York and Massachusetts beholding the same lovely prospects that Dr. Olin and his uncle had admired in their tour in 1829, they took the Erie Canal at Schenectady. They spent a few days in the flourishing villages of Western New York and amid the sublimities of Niagara, and left Buffalo in the steamer for Cleveland. Two hundred miles by the Ohio Canal, and one hundred and seventy by stage, brought them to Cincinnati, where they remained a short time, bought an excellent horse and carriage, and pursued their journey. Their progress, however, was most unexpectedly arrested. In a wild pass among the mountains, at a point where Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia meet, Mr. Olin was prostrated by a violent attack of fever. For three dreary weeks they were detained in a rude tavern, with barely the necessaries of life, and with ruder people not disposed to minister in any way to the comfort of the invalid. Mrs. Olin's inventive powers were taxed to procure light for the dark hours, for which they had no candles, and food that could be safely eaten. The host, Billy Hopper, was said to have been a Baptist preacher, and Mr. Olin one day asked him to pray with him, adding some remark on the value of prayer. Yes, Billy answered, he thought it was a very good thing, and he would take the mat-

ter into consideration; but from that time he carefully avoided the sick-room where such an unusual performance was requested of him. On Sundays, rude tall girls from the mountains came to spend the day at this house of entertainment, and, standing with arms a kimbo, and shaking their heads as they coolly surveyed the pallid face of the invalid, they would express their conviction that he could "not continue long."

A strong tide of emigration was setting from Virginia and the Carolinas to Indiana, and as the house they were in was on the main road, it was not unusual to see thirty or forty wagons, and between one or two hundred persons, pass by during the day. To these emigrants Mrs. Olin applied, day after day, with the faint hope that with some of them might be found the medicines so much needed to abate the fever. At length she succeeded in obtaining a messenger to ride fifty miles on horseback to purchase some quinine, and she charged him to tell any one whom he met traveling to Georgia or South Carolina that a Methodist preacher was lying very ill at the house. Nearly two weeks had passed without remedies or medical aid for the sufferer, when a young gentleman, who had received Mrs. Olin's message, rode up to the door and inquired for the minister who was ill there. It was a moment of deep emotion and heartfelt thanksgiving, to which Dr. Olin, after a lapse of many years, could never refer without a gush of feeling when the stranger announced himself as a physician; and, ordering his horse to be taken care of, at once proffered the medical aid so earnestly desired. The boy arrived with the medicine, and by the skillful care of Dr. Wor-

deman, the young physician from Charleston—who afterward became very eminent in his profession—his patient was enabled to pursue his journey in ten days. "It was truly," said Mrs. Olin, "acting the part of the good Samaritan; and seldom has kindness been bestowed where it could be more highly appreciated." He traveled with them as far as Granville, South Carolina, and, by his unwearied kindness, lightened the fatigues of their journey. Their road ran through a very uninteresting part of Tennessee and the mountains of North and South Carolina, and brought them into the upper part of Georgia, with hearts penetrated with gratitude to that kind Providence who, through many "dangers, toils, and deaths, had gently cleared their way." The closing weeks of the year were spent with Mrs. Olin's mother and sisters, and the 1st of January, 1832, found them once more at Athens.

The following playful epistles to his friend, the Rev. James O. Andrew, convey the only intimations of his professor's life during this year.

XXXVII. TO THE REV. JAMES O. ANDREW.

Athens, March 29th, 1832.

I believe I am the professor for whom you inquire with such earnestness and method in your straitened and brief epistle, which came to hand last night. I can not say, however, that I know him. So shy is he of being thoroughly found out, that, after an intimacy with him of more than a quarter of a century, I can not boast of more than a slight acquaintance. Not to speak too freely of your friend, I will only say I have learned enough of him to think him but a sad fellow—certainly no better than he should be. Do not imagine that I design on this account to *cut* our acquaint-

ance. So far from it, that I mean to stick to him, like Old Mortality, to search out and expose the worst and the meanest parts of his character, and, if possible, to reform him. As to the manner in which the person alluded to gets along with his duties in college, he has examined his class this forenoon, which closes the labors of a term of three months, in which he has not been kept from a recitation or any other engagement by ill health or any other cause. And he is now more firm of muscle and of nerve, more rotund in his bodily proportions, a greater man by the steelyards, a little wiser, and not morally worse, and withal a better eater and sleeper than he was on the first day of January, eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

With regard to honors, I am told that you are spoken of for a bishop; and I tell you that I do not feel myself in a situation to undertake any new enterprises such as you mention, even if I were intellectually competent to them. I am like a young crow which has just learned the use of his wings, but fears to venture beyond the compass of his own tree-top; or, rather, I am like an old snake which has cast off his old skin, but is yet too green and tender to venture forth from his den, among briers and thistles.

You can not leave home on the 2d proximo. That day I had appointed for setting off to Augusta. Since I got your letter, I have concluded to leave on Friday, and hope to get in to church on Sunday morning. At least one half of my errand is to see you. The bell rang at the beginning of this paragraph. You will excuse this abruptness.

XXXVIII. TO THE SAME.

Athens, May 5th, 1832.

I remained in Augusta until Wednesday of the next week after you set out for Philadelphia, and then came home over the worst road to be found out of the State of Ohio. My health was not improved by talking incessantly for a fort-

night; but I was so fortunate as to escape serious illness; and now, after three weeks of hard service in the college, I am about as well as when I saw you. Indeed, this business seems, so far as the physical man is concerned, to suit me better than any other, and better than doing nothing. I must say, however, that I have less relish for it than I formerly had; and with my present views, I will forsake it whenever Providence and the Church will allow me to do more active service. My life is that of a horse in a bark-mill or tugging at the wheel of a ferry-boat; and I sometimes look upon the boys who ring the bell and black the boots of the University as acting a part almost as interesting as mine. Occasionally, however, I aspire to more hopeful moods, and try to think of myself as groom to the elephant, which, according to classic tradition, bears the globe upon his back.

I inclose $20, and wish you to procure two sets of Clarke's Commentaries; one for a friend, who has done much for me, to whom I wish to present it; and one for a lady, who wishes to buy it. If you come by sea, you can bring them with you, perhaps. I want them soon, and will pay you the difference. I send $20, not knowing their cost.

Late in 1832, he was elected president of the Randolph Macon College, a Methodist institution which had shortly before gone into operation, and was located in Mecklenburg county, Virginia. He declined the appointment at first; but the Board of Trustees, at their next meeting in July, repeated in very flattering terms their earnest wish that he should withdraw his resignation, and accept the place; and his friends adding their earnest solicitations, he consented at length to undertake the labors of the presidency. His reluctance arose from an apprehension that the increased burden of responsibilities and active duties, in his deli-

cate state of health, would injure both himself and the college. And he stipulated distinctly with the trustees that he should have permission to spend in Vermont several months annually, during the warm season, if the necessities of his health should require it.

He resigned his professorship at Franklin College, to take effect at Christmas, 1833. In a letter to Bishop Andrew in September, he refers in the following emphatic terms to the deep interest with which he was regarding the rising educational movements in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was afterward to take so prominent a part. He says, "Upon the whole, I trust the hand of God is in these indications, and that our Church will see and obey it. My vocation may have given a wrong bias to my views, but I must regard the subject of education as precisely the highest interest after the living ministry; nor do I believe it possible for our Church to maintain its ground, to say nothing of fulfilling its high obligations to Christ and the world, without a great and immediate reformation. I was never so fully convinced that *we must educate our own youth in our own schools;* and there is no work to which I so desire to consecrate myself. I have greatly desired to preach, but this is now, in my view, a more excellent way."

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE IN VIRGINIA.

On his way to Randolph Macon College, Dr. Olin visited the South Carolina Conference, the session of which was held in the city of Charleston early in 1834. His presence was hailed with profound satisfaction by the members, many of whom knew him personally, all by reputation. Here he ably advocated the interests of the college, and obtained a pledge that the Conference would endow a professorship in the institution. An agent was appointed to carry out the resolution, and the attention of the Methodist community in South Carolina was successfully directed to a seat of learning presided over by one so generally known and esteemed.

On the 5th of March, 1834, Dr. Olin delivered his inaugural address on entering upon his duties. In this, which will be found in his published works, he sets forth, with great breadth of thought and earnestness of spirit, his views on the subject of collegiate education. He shows the causes which, in this country, lead to the establishment and support of the higher seminaries of learning, and adverts to the spirit of daring innovation which deems every thing vicious that is old in systems of education, and all that is new improvement. He maintains that the most valuable lessons are those of experience, and that the literary in-

stitution which shows a proper deference for the wisdom of the past, while it cautiously but promptly conforms its subjects and modes of instruction to the present condition of society, is most likely to lay the broadest foundation for extensive usefulness and permanent respectability. He considers the growing skepticism of the times, in reference to the utility and importance of the classics, an evil omen. Various and weighty arguments are introduced to show the value of classical learning, and in these the thoroughness of his own training, with the rich classical tone of his mind, is finely brought out. Next to the study of classical literature, and of the pure and mixed mathematics, he places intellectual philosophy, which science he relieves of the suspicion sometimes thrown upon it by the fluctuating hypotheses and perverse ingenuity of the metaphysicians. He contends that its great outlines and essential features are securely fixed, and that the study of these, in connection with the abstract investigations and efforts of subtle analysis and difficult combinations involved, presents to the advanced student a discipline best fitted to enlarge and fill the grasp of the highest intellectual capacities. In the selection of subordinate studies, he allows the consideration of practical utility freer play. He protests against the policy of abridging the usual collegiate term, while, at the same time, prescribing the excessive multiplication of studies as conditions of graduation.

His observations on the *art of education* are very pertinent. He lays great stress on the personal qualities of the instructor. Learning, diligence, aptness to teach, enthusiasm in the pursuit of science, with the

happy talent of imparting it to others—these, guided and sustained by deep religious principles, leave nothing further to be desired in the office and qualifications of a teacher. He delivers an emphatic and eloquent testimony in favor of the religious influence which springs from the preaching of the cross—from a clear and unfaltering exhibition of the doctrines and sanctions of Christianity, and which constitutes the sole safety of a youth committed to the guardianship of an institution of learning during that period which usually impresses its character upon all his future history. "Christianity," said he, "is our birth-right. It is the richest inheritance bequeathed us by our noble fathers. It is mingled in our hearts with all the fountains of sentiment and of faith. And are the guardians of public education alone 'halting between two opinions?' Do they think that in fact, and for practical purposes, the truth of Christianity is still a debatable question? Is it still a question whether the generations yet to rise up and occupy the wide domains of this great empire —to be the representatives of our name, our freedom, and our glory before the nations of the earth—shall be a Christian or an infidel people? Can wise and practical men, who are engaged in rearing up a temple of learning to form the character and destinies of their posterity, for a moment hesitate to make 'Jesus Christ the chief corner-stone?'"

Various other topics are discussed; and the inaugural closes with a rapid sketch of the success and spread of the Methodist Church, pressing with full strength a consideration of the responsibilities which the Church owes to the immortal destinies committed by God to

her care, and exhibiting as the highest ground of encouragement the confidence that the institution over which he comes to preside will live and flourish in the prayers of the righteous.*

In the spirit of the broad and sagacious views he had taught in his inaugural, Dr. Olin entered upon the duties of his office as president of Randolph Macon College. This institution had received a charter from the State of Virginia, and was located near Boydton, the county seat of Mecklenburg, about ten miles distant from Roanoke River, and had been in operation several years. It derives its name from the celebrated but eccentric John Randolph, of Virginia, and from Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, neither of whom, however, did any thing for it. The college buildings are erected on what was, years before, a race-course. The original president's house was built on an entirely open spot in the old course, unsheltered by a single tree. When Dr. Olin surveyed the premises, he concluded at once that it would be impossible for him to endure the warm weather in a situation so exposed to the sun. At his instance, the house was immediately taken down and erected in a more shaded position, the old race-track passing through his garden. Up to that time he had been personally unknown in Virginia. Very soon the influence of his commanding intellect and the charm of his agreeable manners reached far beyond the limits of the Campus and neighboring

* This address met with general commendation. Governor Tazewell, of Virginia (no mean judge), observed that it was the only one he had ever read or heard that came up to his idea of what an inaugural address ought to be.

community, and won the respect and admiration of families known as the representatives of the "Old Dominion" aristocracy. The polish and intelligence of his handsome and accomplished wife gave additional weight to this influence. Some people who had thought of Methodism only as the synonym of vulgar breeding and a fanatic temper, were agreeably surprised to find in the president and his colleagues of the Faculty, with their families, the combination of sincere and fervent piety, with the highest finish of intellectual cultivation and social improvement.

In his Faculty relations, Dr. Olin was very pleasantly circumstanced. Professor Garland, now an officer in the University of Alabama, was one of the most companionable, pure-spirited of men, while he was one of the ripest of scholars, enthusiastically devoted to a profession which gave scope to the energies of a lofty ambition for usefulness. His attachment to the president was profound, and his admiration of the great qualities which distinguished his character was without stint. His opinion, upon an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Olin, was, that he was the greatest mind which American Methodism had produced. Professor Sims, who died a few years since, and for whom Dr. Olin always felt the highest respect as a literary man of the German type of patient industry and thorough classical tastes, warmly reciprocated the attachment. In this feeling Professor Duncan, a congenial spirit, fully shared. To the friends of the college, a Commencement occasion presented one of those delightful *reunions* on which memory loves to linger. A finer corps of instructors could rarely be found associated at a lit-

erary centre; and the *esprit du corps* of the Faculty made itself felt in every department of instruction.

Over the young men who were entered as undergraduates—many of them from South Carolina and Georgia, attracted to the college by the reputation of Dr. Olin, where he was best known—the influence wielded by him was unbounded. His mode of instruction looked to the thorough development of mind and moral principles. His department was Mental and Moral Science, Belles-lettres, and Political Philosophy. Three recitations, and the usual evening religious service at the chapel, constituted his day's work. To enable him to go through this, he found it necessary, in warm weather, to work in his garden for an hour or two immediately after rising in the morning. Arrayed in a working dress, with hoe or spade in hand, he took exercise enough to bring out a profuse perspiration, and to quicken the vital organs. This generally succeeded in quieting his nervous system. He changed his clothes, took breakfast—part of which was a cup of the strongest green tea that could be made—and was ready for the duties of the recitation-room.

He was not often strong enough to encounter the excitement and risks of preaching. Occasionally he did preach, and always with powerful effect. A fine religious spirit pervaded the college, and rendered the task of government comparatively light—the leading young men co-operating effectively with the Faculty in repressing all disorderly behavior. Never were the prospects of a young institution of learning more flattering; nor could the Church, under whose auspices it had been reared, have asked for a seat of letters more

truly Christian, and promising of the highest benefits to posterity. The only serious drawback was found in the bad health of the president. He spent his summer vacations at the North, seeking, in a higher latitude, to recruit energies exhausted by constant labor.

In February, 1835, he visited the Virginia Conference, which held its session at Lynchburg. Here, to the great gratification of that body, he was able to preach. His text was, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." It was a memorable sermon, powerful and clear in argumentation, abounding in luminous thoughts, irresistible in appeal, and lasting in impression. To a body of Methodist ministers it is hard to calculate the advantages of even *one* such discourse. How impressive the spectacle of the largest sweep of the philosophic faculty, combined with the most complete subjection of the reason, to the Word of God—of profound learning united to a child-like simplicity—of the creative power of genius, with its "breathing thoughts and burning words," grasping the cardinal verities of the Christian faith, impatient alike of metaphysical and transcendental speculation, undazzled by the pomp and pretension of science, and bringing the old, familiar truths of the Gospel into fresh lights; showing the beautiful harmony of the Wesleyan theology with the profoundest laws of the intellectual and moral nature; stripping unbelief of its shams, and demolishing its refuges of lies as with the stroke of lightning-energy; and calling to mind the Pentecostal visitation, with its rushing, mighty wind, and its glorious outbreak of spiritual

power. Instead of murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, which allowed so occasional a manifestation of God-gifted genius, in its highest spirit of consecration, to the cause of human salvation, let us be thankful that even once in a lifetime any of us have been favored to sit a single time in the sanctuary under the teachings and influence of so mighty an intellect, devoted in all its massive powers and grand proportions to the illustration and enforcement of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

The Rev. Dr. Edward Wadsworth, of La Grange College, Alabama, records his impressions of two sermons he heard from Dr. Olin during this session of the Virginia Conference. They were not preached in vain, if they did no more than touch one such mind and heart with a wand of power.

"I saw him in Raleigh, North Carolina, on his way to take charge of the college, in February, 1834, while the Virginia Conference, to which he had been transferred, was in session there. This being his first appearance in that body of ministers, he took no part in the debates, and his health being very feeble, he did not attempt to preach. At the next session of the same Conference, which was held in Lynchburg, Virginia, he was present, and, being in tolerable health, he preached twice to crowded congregations, and was very free in speaking on the floor of the Conference.

"The two sermons he preached were the ablest I have ever heard, and I think I have felt the influence of them every day since that time. The first was on prayer, and I retired from the church with a powerful conviction that the way to pray successfully was plain to every hearer. The second sermon was on the demonstrative proof of the Christian religion by experience, and was from John, vii., 16, 17.

The exposition was very simple, and remarkably clear, and the doctrine was most eloquently enforced. When the benediction was pronounced, and the vast crowd left the church, I wandered along the streets thinking that unbelief, which had for years been my besetting sin, was effectually removed from my heart. Many years have passed away since that time, and in their passage it has been my custom to recollect the sermons as the most profitable, and the preacher as the ablest I ever heard."

In the summer of 1834, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Dr. Olin by three colleges—his own Alma Mater, the University of Alabama, and by another, the name of which we have no means of ascertaining.

On the 12th of November, 1834, Dr. Olin wrote, for the Christian Advocate and Journal, the first of a series of articles on the condition, prospects, wants, and duties of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he concluded on the 16th of January, 1835. In these essays he took a comprehensive view of the position and capabilities of the Church, of her failures in meeting her high responsibilities, and of the weighty obligations pressing upon her. Nothing was extenuated, nor aught set down in malice; but faithful warnings were uttered, accompanied by plain statements, forcible suggestions, and earnest words of encouragement and counsel. It was the first time he had lifted up his voice through this official organ of the Church, which, he says in one of these articles, "probably acts directly and powerfully upon a greater number of intelligent beings than any other in the world. It circulates in every neighborhood in the United States, is read by thousands of

ministers and myriads of laymen, and influences the opinions, the feelings, the habits and general piety of uncounted multitudes. It points out the proper objects for the sympathies, the prayers, and the contributions of the Church, and exerts an extensive influence upon all its interests. The value of such a mighty instrument of moral power can not be too highly estimated." What slumbering consciences were awakened by his trumpet tones—what new convictions of duty flashed upon the Church—what degree of impetus was given by his hand to that onward movement which has since brought the Church to so much more advanced a point of knowledge and power than it then occupied, will be known only in that day when the secrets of all hearts will be opened.

He concludes the second essay on the Present Condition of the Methodist Episcopal Church with the following brief reference to its history and its obligations:

"Finally, there is much in our past history, and in the dealings of God with us as a denomination, to excite hope and zeal, as well as gratitude. It is easy for those who have often triumphed by the right arm of the Almighty to believe in his promises, and they who have received the most signal tokens of the divine favor should not be hindmost in the race of sacrifice and obedience. There is something inspiring in the contemplation of our progress from a handful to a great multitude. In the brief period of a little more than half a century, in the freest and most enlightened nations on the globe, and in the Augustan Age of the world, we have risen from a feeble, a scattered, and a reviled people, to more than a million of communicants. Our doctrines have taken deep root. Our character as a pious and a Christian denomination is acknowledged. Our zeal has provoked others who

already outstrip us in the race. We are a youthful denomination, just rising to vigorous manhood. Our creed is pure and scriptural, and our Church economy eminently practical, adopted for their truth and their utility, and not inherited from the Dark Ages, with the unwieldly appendages of vain tradition and cumbrous rites. Are not these so many valuable talents for which we shall be held accountable? Do not our peculiar advantages, some of which have been enumerated in this article, qualify us to enter upon fields of labor which hitherto we have wholly or partially neglected?"

The subject of the third and fourth articles was The Duties and Delinquencies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in them he took a brief survey of its religious and benevolent associations. The delinquencies of the Church was a new form of speech to those who were wont to hear only of its conflicts and its triumphs, and to many the voice from the wilderness may have seemed too loud in its rebuke; but Dr. Olin, in the concluding words of his first essay, well describes the fearless attitude he maintained throughout life, and suggests the motive that led him to assume the unwelcome office of telling plain truths. "I dare not go to the judgment-seat of Christ with a consciousness of having suppressed, through the dread of giving or receiving offense, my views upon subjects vitally connected with His cause." The thought of the scrutiny and the awards of that day made all other considerations very small in his eyes. After sketching the history of the unfruitfulness of the Methodist Bible Society, which had accomplished little more than to supply their Sunday-schools with Bibles and Testaments at a cheaper rate, he expressed his conviction that "the present is

an auspicious moment for uniting our unwasted energies with the American Bible Society in its contemplated effort to carry the Bible into every family on earth in twenty years."

In his review of the Tract Society, and the undeveloped powers for carrying out its beneficent designs, existing in the itineracy, he admits that thus far it had been a failure, and it has since exhibited but few symptoms of vitality. By the General Conference of 1852, in whose deliberations he was permitted to have no share, the attention of the Church was called to this long-neglected interest, which, under a new organization, contemplates for coming years a more pervading efficiency than it has yet known.

"Mr. Wesley," says Dr. Olin, "was the first who made the circulation of religious tracts an integral part of an extensive system of operations. Indeed, the germ, and often the ripened fruit of nearly all of those Christian enterprises which characterize and bless the present age, are to be found in the history and labors of that good and great man; and the pertinacity with which multitudes, who walk and rejoice in his light, refuse all acknowledgments to the venerable founder of Methodism, partakes of something worse than historical injustice, and affords melancholy evidence that prejudice may be too strong for even intelligence and piety combined. The General Conference has recognized the Tract, as well as the Bible, Sunday-school, and Missionary Societies, as a part of the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has made it the duty of every preacher, and, by necessary implication, of every lay member, to promote its interests. This method of doing good is happily adapted to the wants and genius of our Church, and constitutes an admirable appendage to the itinerant system. The extensive

travels of the preachers afford ample opportunities for the dissemination of tracts, and the little time which, upon the larger circuits, can be devoted to pastoral duties, renders it very desirable that this unavoidable lack of service should be supplied by these silent but efficient agents, which, when judiciously selected with reference to the condition of families or individuals, can perform better than any other substitute this vital function of the Gospel ministry. Tracts gain admittance where it is denied to the preacher. They operate in secret upon those who are too vain or too cowardly to manifest any open concern for their souls. They are at hand to speak in 'a still, small voice' to the devotee of fashion, or pleasure, or mammon, in his lucid intervals. Their unostentatious and unprofessional aspect awakens no suspicion. The humble-minded and the poor receive them gladly. If the proud man scorns them, he can not and will not always exclude them; and when contemned by the master of the house, they may reform his servant or convert his child. Foreign missionaries find in tracts most useful auxiliaries. They often learn to write before they can speak the language of the heathen, and are thus enabled, by the diffusion of Christian knowledge, to prepare the way for preaching Christ crucified. Political and physical obstacles, which stay the course of the missionary, do not impede the circulation of tracts. Judson, from the confines of the Burman empire, has diffused the doctrines of Christianity throughout some of the most remote and interior tribes of Judea; and Gutzlaff, in contempt of the restrictions of the most jealous and absolute government on earth, has poured a flood of saving light into the bosom of China. The annals of the Methodist Tract Society afford conclusive evidence of the usefulness of this cheapest of all methods of doing good. Others, who have entered more zealously into the work, have gathered a more plenteous harvest.

"It can not be concealed that our Church has hitherto

neglected to avail herself, to any considerable extent, of two Christian institutions of acknowledged and powerful efficacy. Bible and tract societies are with us little better than empty names. Old and wealthy societies exist from year to year, new societies are organized, the rising generation are received into our communion without any practical conviction that these interests are the interests of Jesus Christ—that they are means of grace, approved and sanctified instruments, to be employed to the end of the world for the salvation of sinners."

In the Sunday-school enterprise, in which he thought more progress had been made, he saw room for far greater expansion, and indicated the extended fields which have since been cultivated with so much success. He was never more in earnest than when writing on Christian education, one of the great themes of his life.

"One of the most interesting features of the Sunday-school enterprise," he says, in concluding his remarks on this topic, "is its relation to the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom in the conversion of the world. So intimate is the connection between these two objects, that, as far as human agency is concerned, the general diffusion of Christianity seems to be dependent upon the more thorough religious training of childhood and youth. We may confidently believe that a wiser and better generation of Christians is rising up to honor their Savior. Under the old system, when the religious education of children was mostly neglected, not only did the natural heart, unchecked, bring forth its luxuriant harvest of follies, but principles were imbibed and habits formed, which were to operate as positive and powerful obstacles to conversion and subsequent usefulness in the Church. Men often entered the household of faith mere novices in all that belonged to their new relations to God and their fellow-creatures. Er-

rors were to be unlearned, and ignorance to be enlightened, and first principles to be inculcated. The doubts of skepticism and the arguments of infidelity were to be met and mastered. Evil habits and false tastes were to be corrected, and vicious affections, rendered inveterate by indulgence, were to be subdued. The convert was thus detained, for the best part of his life, at first principles, and only became a babe in Christ when, from the length of his experience, he should have been a perfect man. He was commonly too busy in working out his own salvation to have much inclination or ability for the loftier faith which looks away from its own upon the wide world as its appropriate field of action.

"Under the Sunday-school influence, the spiritual race is begun under better advantages. The ground is preoccupied before the spontaneous brambles and thistles have time to luxuriate. The foundations of religious truth are laid deep and early in the heart. The moral and intellectual powers are imbued with the Christian doctrine in their earliest movements. The conscience and the understanding are *educated* under hallowing influences, and borrow their sure lights from the Gospel. Children thus trained are usually converted young, and they come into the Church qualified, by their knowledge, their habits, and their principles, for entering at once upon a long life of enlightened, active, and useful piety. They are never disturbed by skeptical misgivings. A firm belief in God, and the great truths and duties of religion, has become a living element in their mental constitution. In the nursery, from which they were transferred to the vineyard of the Lord, they have already learned to venerate and love the great enterprises of Christianity, and they become Christians, ministers, and missionaries, under circumstances most favorable to great and lasting usefulness. Such a generation of youth must the Methodist Church raise up if she will achieve any thing worthy of her obligations in the wide field which is open before her."

But one more extract will be given. It is from the fifth of the series, and its subject, "Missions," was one which, from the beginning to the close of his ministry, ever called forth for the advocacy of its claims all the deep enthusiasm of his nature.

"The American Board of Foreign Missions, who, with the Wesleyan Methodists, are leading the van of the missionary enterprise, have lifted up their views to some adequate conception of the duties and destinies of the Church. They are evidently exploring the world with the eye of a conqueror, and preparing for a conflict that shall make its rebellious nations the empire of Christ. There is a soul-elevating grandeur in the plans of this society, as developed in the instructions given to their missionaries. They are seizing and fortifying the Thermopylæs and Gibraltars of the moral world. They have raised their banner in Malta, in Ceylon, and Otaheite—central and commanding points in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific. They occupy the depots of commerce, and post themselves upon the great thoroughfares of nations. Their missionaries are at Smyrna, and Jerusalem, and upon the Bosphorus. They are about to raise a standard in the interior of Western Africa, to stay the progress of Mohammedanism, which is there extending its influence, though upon the decline in other places. One detachment of their missionary army is to be stationed on the frontiers of Persia and Tartary, for the purpose of bringing both into captivity to Christ. Another is to occupy the regions of Upper India, and guard the passes of the Himalayan Mountains, in order to evangelize that great empire, and be ready to descend into the plains of China to co-operate with the missionaries, who are to approach from the East, in the conversion of that vast population. Such plans are worthy of the Christian name. They remind us of the better days of the Church, and of the vast labors and boundless aspirations of the apostle of the Gentiles.

"I have left but a brief space for considering what, at the outset, was my principal object, the relation of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the missionary enterprise. The general discussion, however, into which I have fallen without design, is not inapplicable to the special object in view. The obligations of the Gospel are binding alike upon every sect, and each separate missionary effort falls under those general principles which I have attempted to develop.

"It is true, and must often be repeated, that the itinerancy is a missionary system. To the efficiency of the missionary principle, inherent in her constitution, is the Methodist Episcopal Church indebted for her extension and prosperity, and to it, more than to all other causes combined, is this nation indebted for that timely interference which has saved the whole region west and southwest of the Alleghany Mountains from the ineffable curse of an infidel and semi-heathen population. The peculiar organization of the Methodist ministry has enabled them, without embarrassment, and without a single anomalous movement, by the *mere expansion* of their system of operations, to carry the Gospel into new settlements, and accompany the adventurous emigrant to his most distant abode. The mission, which was but a new circuit, or the enlargement of an old one, usually became, after the first or second year, an integral part of the conference, and the basis of a new extension of the work into the adjacent wilderness. What by other Churches are denominated domestic missions, constitute, to a large extent, the regular field of labor of the Methodist ministry in the new states and territories. The Indian missions have many of them been formed by a similar process. The aggressive character of the itinerancy carried the preacher beyond the precincts of his circuit or district to those sons of the forest, and the indications of immediate or prospective usefulness induced the ensuing conference to provide for their more adequate instruction. The conversion of the slaves has likewise been effect-

ed by the ordinary operation of the system. The special missions which have recently been established for the purpose of supplying more effectually the spiritual wants of this interesting and much-neglected portion of the community, are, in fact, so many circuits, holding the usual relation to the Church, and distinguished by only a few peculiarities. To all of these fields of evangelical labor, denominated, for the sake of distinction, domestic, Indian, and African missions, the Divine blessing has been extended in a high degree. It may well be doubted whether the same outlay of missionary effort has any where, or in any age of the Church, produced an earlier or an ampler harvest. With perhaps a single exception, every attempt has been crowned with signal success.

"One peculiarity, however, has attended all of these achievements, which is well worthy of the serious and prayerful consideration of the Methodist community. They have been made, under God's blessing, by the efficiency of the itinerant system, and the zeal and sacrifices of the ministry, while the great body of the people have been strangers to the missionary spirit. The blessing of Heaven on missionary contributions—the quickening influence of missionary zeal—a heart that sends its prayers and warm sympathies to sustain and cheer the missionary in the loneliness of his distant and dreary pilgrimage, have not been theirs. While the numerical result of our efforts has been comparatively large and gratifying, our gifts, and sacrifices, and anxieties have been so disproportionate to our ample means, and to those of even the most lukewarm of the other leading denominations, as clearly to demonstrate that the cause has not yet come home to the heart of the Church. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, some of the stations, and a few of the circuits, are less culpable; but the great mass of the denomination, the six hundred and forty thousand disciples of Jesus who, for good or for evil, share our common lot and our amazing responsibilities, have not yet learned to care for the perishing heathen. To

the five hundred millions of pagans, who throng and pollute the Eastern hemisphere, the most numerous of the American Churches has not yet sent a missionary, a Bible, or a tract. Some relief we have, indeed, extended to the wretchedness which clamors around our own dwellings, to our emigrant kinsmen; to the decaying tribes whom we have dispossessed of their inheritance; to the bondmen who till our soil, but as a Church we have not yet indulged in the sublime reflection that our 'field is the world.'

"And yet, with so many reasons for humiliation and repentance, there is none for despondency. It has frequently been announced by the organs of the Missionary Society that their movements have not been impeded for the want of funds, and that no unsuccessful appeal has been made to the benevolent principle of the Church. The truth is, no comprehensive plan of missionary operations has yet been devised. If little has been done, it is because little has been attempted. We have bestowed a kindly attention upon those cases of spiritual destitution which have thrust themselves into our path, and left the woe that was out of sight to its own helplessness. The Flat Head mission and that to Liberia are essays of the right sort, and omens for good. Let such efforts be multiplied. Let high and spirit-stirring enterprises be undertaken. Let us break ground upon the Niger, and lift up a banner in Asia and the Australasian islands. Let the Church give evidence that she feels the aspirings of a holy ambition, and means to claim her share of the spoils of a conquered world. A chord would be struck that should vibrate through the general heart of the denomination. The silver and the gold would be forthcoming at the call of the Lord. Our young men who have received the mantles of Wesley, and Asbury, and Coke, would not reject the honors to be won in such a field.

"Till such an experiment shall be fairly made, and this highest and holiest interest of religion shall be faithfully car-

ried to the understandings and hearts of the people, I, for one, will not believe there is any thing in an Arminian creed to freeze up the fountains of Christian charity, or that young and buoyant Methodism, after its brilliant course of usefulness, is so soon declining into helpless dotage."

In the closing essay he makes some suggestions, a task which he approached with strong reluctance, because he distrusted his ability to do it properly, and because he was unwilling to expose himself to the charge of arrogance in offering advice upon interests of such transcendent importance. But having spoken of the delinquencies of the Church with a freedom dictated by his ardent desire for its prosperity, he says, "I shall now propose some of the remedial measures which, under a full conviction that a man is accountable for his opinions upon the vital interests of religion, no less than for his actions, and that the suppression of these out of regard to personal convenience, when they have been formed deliberately and after due investigation, is often but a covert and cowardly method of denying the Savior."

The following resolutions were made near the close of the year 1836, and with a full sense of their weight of obligation. Those who knew Dr. Olin best in all the unreserve and freedom of private life can testify that the grace of God enabled him to embody in his life the spirit of these high resolves—that his aim was to live to the glory of God, with an earnest desire to labor in His service, with an habitual reference to the judgment —with a cheerful and uncomplaining spirit amid the wreck of his hopes and plans—with a kindly, genial, and forgiving temper—with an unobtrusive anxiety for the

spiritual welfare of those by whom he was surrounded, and with the bearing of a man thoroughly convinced of the existence and of the power of unseen realities.

"Relying upon the grace of God for strength to keep His commandments blameless, I hereby adopt the following as invariable rules of conduct and objects of pursuit:

"1. *Resolved*, That I will from this time (December 11, 1836) endeavor to devote myself unreservedly to the service and glory of God. This I have long desired to do; but I mean hereafter to use greater watchfulness and diligence.

"2. *Resolved*, That I will hereafter hold my time, talents, education, faculties of body and mind, with all my influence of whatever sort, as belonging rightfully to God, and to be used wholly and only for His glory.

"3. *Resolved*, That I will do my professional and other duties, whether agreeable or otherwise, as unto God.

"4. *Resolved*, That I will act and speak with a perpetual and solemn reference to the judgment-day.

"5. *Resolved*, That I will endeavor to meet every cross, disappointment, mortification, and provocation, as coming, in the providence of God, for my moral improvement; and as such I will try to bear them with patience, humility, and cheerfulness.

"6. *Resolved*, That I will not speak evil, or in any way disparagingly of others, unless I am satisfied it is my duty to do so.

"7. *Resolved*, That I will not indulge in anger or resentment in any degree, nor under any provocation; and that I will keep my heart from all bitterness, prejudice, and unkindness; constantly watching, praying, and using all other spiritual means to accomplish these ends.

"8. *Resolved*, That in all my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, my family, and others, I will endeavor constantly to realize the value of their souls, and so to act, as by kindness, long-suffering, and charity, to win them to Christ.

"9. *Resolved,* That I will not indulge in gloomy and despondent feelings, seeing that God has promised to overrule all things for the best good of all who trust Him, and therefore I ought to rejoice in all that He permits.

"10. *Resolved,* That I will try to act and feel in every thing as if I were as sure of the truth of the Bible as I am of those things of which I am informed by my senses.

"These rules I mean to read at least weekly; and if I find I have broken any of them, to seek for pardon and strength to keep them in future."

The last Commencement at which Dr. Olin presided during his connection with Randolph Macon College, was in June, 1836. Several of his old and attached friends from South Carolina and Georgia were present. Dr. Lovick Pierce had been invited to deliver the Commencement sermon on Sunday. For this venerable minister Dr. Olin had ever felt a sincere admiration. During his masterly discourse he was overwhelmed with strong emotion. Tears flowed freely. He seemed to catch the contagion of the preacher's fervid soul, and drank deeply at the wells of sacred refreshment. He remarked to a friend afterward, that if he were left to choose a minister in all the country, North or South, under whose pulpit ministrations he should sit continually, Dr. Pierce would be the man of his choice. On Commencement day the graduating class was large, and the public exercises were protracted. Dr. Olin seemed thoroughly spent, and was unable to do more than deliver the diplomas to the graduates.

The conviction grew upon him, from many unmistakable indications, that his health must rapidly break up, unless a year or two of retirement from intellectual

labor, and all kinds of mental excitement, and devoted to foreign travel, should, under the blessing of God, restore him. The return of cool weather in the autumn and approaching winter failed to recruit his shattered nerves or restore his health. His course was then at once decided on. After making several ineffectual efforts to have his place supplied, he consented, at the earnest wish of the Board of Trustees, to retain at least a formal connection with the college while in Europe, leaving the future, then so uncertain, open to the indications of Providence. To supply the vacancy in the Faculty, an additional officer was elected, and Professor Garland was appointed chairman of the Faculty and president *pro tempore*. These arrangements were made in February, 1837; and as soon as the officer elect, Professor Wightman, of South Carolina, came on, in March, Dr. Olin prepared for his departure. His health was exceedingly feeble. He spoke very doubtfully of the results of his contemplated voyage, and thought it altogether likely that he might never reach Paris, which he proposed to make the place of his sojourn for a year or two, in entire repose from all labor and responsibility, and where the best medical advice would be accessible to him, but he felt it his duty to avail himself of the only measures which, according to his best judgment, promised a restoration to health.

The day of his departure came. His last interview with the Faculty was very touching. He was too feeble to sit up, but, reclining on a couch, he spent some half hour in conversation respecting the affairs of the college. He felt satisfied, from the lengthened experiment he had made, that there was little or no hope

of his being able to do efficient labor in a Southern climate, even though his health might be improved somewhat by his contemplated voyage. Although the Board of Trustees had declined to accept his resignation, and had given him as long a furlough as the exigencies of his health might require, yet he was persuaded that the time of his final departure from Randolph Macon had come. It was very doubtful whether he should ever again see the face of any of his colleagues. His parting words had all the tenderness and dignity of a Christian who bowed with uncomplaining submission to the will of God—of a philosopher who looked calmly at the future, whatever its developments might be, whether bright or dark—of a friend who was about to carry with him the warm attachments of a heart alive to every generous sentiment and affectionate impulse. At the close of the interview his brother officers, with moistened eyes, knelt around his couch, and Professor Wightman, at his request, offered up a fervent prayer to the throne of the heavenly mercy, that God would graciously preserve in his holy keeping the life of their brother and friend, restore his health, and bring him back to his native land, prepared for greater usefulness than ever to the Church and cause of Christ.

At the close of this affecting interview the doctor was supported to his carriage, and left the college, never to see it again. His presidency had been a brief but brilliant period in its fortunes. He had manifested the highest adaptation to the responsible office which he held there. His unrivaled judgment, his shining talents, his far-seeing sagacity, his prudence in adminis-

tration and firmness in government, his masterly grasp of influence, wielded for the highest good of the young men, who came far and near, attracted by the prestige of his name; his genuine love of learning, and enthusiasm in communicating knowledge, formed a combination of great qualities very rarely met with in men of even the highest reputation. No student or graduate of the college who enjoyed the benefits of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Olin will think the foregoing estimate of his worth as a presiding officer strained or overstated in the least particular.

Extracts from Letters written in 1834, '35, '37.

XXXIX. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

Randolph Macon College, April 8th, 1834.

. . . . You will be glad to hear that we have some intimations of a revival of religion. The professors of religion have been much quickened and comforted in their private meetings for three weeks past. Within a few days a number have given evidence of seriousness, and three or four, we trust, are converted. A—— M——, you will learn with surprise and joy, was last night among the penitents, and I am told seems much in earnest. I know you will pray for us in this most interesting state of things. Prayer is all I dare contribute to the work. The excitement would disqualify me for that and every other duty. How often do I desire a strong body and firm nerves! And yet how much more desirable are patience and humble resignation to the Divine will? I often fear that I shall never be able to do any good, and have not grace enough to consent heartily to my destiny. Yet I say the will of the Lord be done in all that affects me.

XL. TO THE REV. DR. WIGHTMAN.

Randolph Macon College, May 26th, 1834.

. . . . Now, with regard to your coming, it is very desirable that you should be present at the meeting of the Board. Business of importance will be agitated. Your Conference ought never to be without a representative here. The general good requires that *you* should come. For myself, I have some right to urge that you Southern brethren who have sent me here should keep up all reasonable and proper appearances of your identity with the institution. My dear sister W—— will forgive me this attempt to carry you into the field during your first year of wedded bliss, since we are not under the law. In a word, you must come.

I am well pleased with my situation here. My associates are of the right stamp, able, godly, true men. The college is, I trust, flourishing. We have such occasional difficulties as grow out of the constitution and inexperience of boys, but, on the whole, have abundant reasons for gratitude to God.

XLI. TO THE REV. MR. LANDON.

Leicester, Sept. 4th, 1834.

Your very affectionate and welcome letter found me where I experience no small share of the joys and sorrows of this life—upon a sick-bed. I performed a journey of more than a thousand miles, including deviations between the 20th of June and the 22d of July. The extreme heat prostrated my strength a good deal. I took Congress water, which increased the evil, and, finally, after my arrival here, I rode for my health in one of those machines called horse-wagons, by which the Yankees contrive to perpetrate locomotion. This speedily brought me to my bed, where I was closely confined for about four weeks. I am just now becoming able to perform again some of the functions of a sound man, and use some of my first strength in writing to you. You complain

of my former silence, yet if you knew with how many infirmities I have been doomed to struggle, you could easily excuse me. My official relation to society compels me to write often, and commonly leaves me no ability to satisfy the claims of friendship, and I have long since given up that sort of correspondence to which my inclination most invites me. I tell my friends they must be content to live in my affections without many professions. I assure you that I cherish the recollection of the agreeable hours I have enjoyed in your company with no ordinary satisfaction.

I have designed, till very lately, to leave this place next week, and call upon you on Friday or Saturday, but the prevalence of cholera in New York is likely to interrupt this plan. The time of my setting out must in some measure depend upon the intelligence I shall receive from the infected region. I must, if possible, leave soon after the time I have mentioned, and I design to give you a call when I pass down the river.

I am sorry you have not sufficient light to approve of all the doctrines of my address. I will set you right upon these points when I see you, if I think of it, and am hindered by no other cause. I fear this is not the only matter upon which you are in grievous errors. If I gather your meaning, you are against theological schools. You ask my opinion. It is, that such institutions are not only desirable, but indispensable. We got along passably well when other denominations were wasting their strength in attempting to explain and inculcate the blind mysteries of Calvinism; but now, when they unite great learning and zeal to as much Arminianism as gives them access to the popular mind, we must educate our ministry better, or sink. We may boast of preaching to the poor, but without the due intermixture of the rich and influential, we can not fulfill our destiny as a Church. Nothing can save us but an able ministry, and this can not be had but by thorough education. Think on this subject, my

dear brother, in its tremendous bearings, and say if we do not need theological schools.*

XLII. TO THE REV. WILLIAM WIGHTMAN.

Randolph Macon College, Jan. 17th, 1835.

. . . . . We have had a very pleasant, and, I think, profitable fall term. About the same number of students, mostly studious, gentlemanly, moral, and pious. The state of the institution is gratifying and promising. A purer college can hardly be found, certainly not in the South. We have received three hundred volumes of books, a large addition to the apparatus, including a splendid telescope. Mr. Garland has now gone northward, to obtain a few articles which will make this department respectable and complete for present purposes. . . . A new college edifice is under contract, to be done next summer. Professor Sims, in his zeal for knowledge, has resolved to visit Germany next summer. This will embarrass us. His services are invaluable.

XLIII. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

March 2d, 1835.

. . . . . We have eighty-six students in attendance in college—more on the books. Order excellent. Nearly fifty in the preparatory school, all fitting to enter college—from twenty-five to thirty in June. I feel great satisfaction in the condition of the institution, and my ruling desire, I may call it passion, is, that it may prosper to God's glory. Pray for

* This subject was, at that time, the especial burden of his thoughts, words, and prayers. In most characteristic phrase he writes to another correspondent: "I am full to overflowing and to agony upon this subject. I have no part in the theological debate. I may engage in it. I must, if I think I ought. I dare not be *prudent*, as I am to stand before my Judge. . . . . Do not fear that I am about to grow mad because I abjure prudence. I only mean not to be *covert*, *cunning*, or *cowardly*. I will say or write what I think I ought, though I will neither speak nor write without thinking."

us, aid us with prayers, counsel, and influence. You can do much to keep us dear to Southern preachers and people. I feel peculiar pleasure in the arrival of a student from Georgia or Carolina. They send us many fine youths. We hope to restore the loan improved at all points.

XLIV. TO THE REV. WILLIAM WIGHTMAN.

April 16th, 1835.

Our course is marked with peace and good order. Religion is low, though I think many are praying for seasons of refreshing. We have lately discovered the existence of dissipation, though I trust it does not extend far. We dismissed two students yesterday. One, perhaps, may be restored, but we shall use the most prompt and decisive measures to correct this and similar evils. In nothing are the Faculty of this college more unalterably fixed than in the determination to put down immorality *at all hazards*. If they are not sustained in this, they will deem their labors badly laid out. . . . . .

XLV. TO THE SAME.

October 1st, 1835.

We have above a hundred in the college, and never had so much good order. I trust, too, that some improvement is manifest in our religious prospects. Two students in the school, P—— and T——, of South Carolina, lately professed conversion. Pray for us. Really, religion is and must be the basis of our prosperity. The Spirit of God alone can make and keep us what we ought to be. My health has been feeble since June. I got slightly sick by exposure to the sun, and, though I traveled to the mountains, I have felt no vigor till the returning cold weather, within a few days, imparted some elasticity. Still, I have lost but three recitations. So good is the Lord.

XLVI. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

Randolph Macon College, Dec. 21st, 1835.

The fall term in this institution closed last Friday, and I avail myself of the first moment I have, for many months, been able to call my own, to give you some account of the condition of the college. I am induced to do this on account of the lively interest which you take in the cause of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and still more by your official connection with the institution, both as one of its trustees, and as the presiding bishop of the approaching Conferences in Georgia and South Carolina. These Conferences, with that of Virginia, are the guardians, and, in fact, the *owners* of Randolph Macon College. I think it incumbent upon me to keep my Southern brethren advised of our situation and prospects. You are aware that I regard myself, in my present station, as in a special manner the servant and representative of my Southern brethren—that I consented to leave Georgia, against my own inclinations, by the advice of the majority of the most experienced brethren in the Conference, and especially in deference to your decided opinion that I might here be able to do a far more valuable service for the Church. This must be my apology, if any is necessary, for presuming to make through you this communication to the Conference.

Our number of students is one hundred and three. The senior class consists of six, the freshmen of a little more than forty. The last session has been characterized throughout by great order and industry. No punishment has been inflicted through the session, nor, indeed, any censure, except for such slight deviations in punctuality and other points of mere order or propriety, as must always occur in such institutions. I have not known a *single instance* of immoral conduct. Doubtless some such may have occurred, but it is evidence of a very favorable state of things that the most vig-

ilant supervision has not detected any such delinquencies. I would speak with more caution with regard to the literary state of the college. I can not, however, believe it would suffer by a comparison with any other similar institution. It certainly contains a most hopeful amount of scholarship and talents. The Georgia students are *all* moral and exemplary, and they are generally *very promising*. The same remark is applicable to those of South Carolina, who are less numerous. About half of the students are members of the Church. No revival has taken place for more than a year. I think, however, there has been a manifest growth in piety. Professors are generally able and trustworthy. I do not remember any case of open backsliding. Many of our young men believe that they are called to preach. Fifteen or twenty of them, I confidently expect, will enter the itinerant field, and their number embraces much talent as well as sound piety. I need not tell you how deep an interest I feel in this matter. It is my fondest hope and perpetual prayer that God will make this college a nursery for holy, useful preachers. . . . I conclude by offering to my beloved brethren of the Georgia and South Carolina Conferences assurances of my unalterable Christian affection. I cherish toward them sentiments of *peculiar* regard, and, wherever duty may lead me, I still claim a *home* among those with whom I found the Lord. I humbly ask an interest in their prayers.

XLVII. TO THE REV. WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN.

Randolph Macon College, Jan. 30th, 1837.

. . . . . I am prepared to submit to it* as coming within the supervision of Providence. In deference to the Divine wisdom, to which I have, I trust, in faith committed this matter, I am bound to think this result *the best, upon the whole*. If God cares for the college, he has some better

* The failure of a negotiation to secure for the college the services of an eminent and accomplished divine.

plan than this. If he does not, it is worse than in vain for me to be anxious. *I am not so.* I am able to trust Him in this, and I hope I may say in all things.

You, I have no doubt, will be elected to the chair of English Literature. I know your reluctance, but I also know how ready a homage you are prepared to render to a call of duty. I think, too, God will make your residence here profitable to you, and for the best, upon the whole. If resolved only to stay for a while, three or four years of systematic study will greatly increase your usefulness. If you remain permanently, what a blessed field is here for a warm-hearted, good minister! I must say, your coming increases my pain at leaving. I should rejoice to be associated with you in this work. Yet God knows better than I do what is fit.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. OLIN AT RANDOLPH MACON.

BEFORE we follow Dr. Olin to Europe, we would linger a while at Randolph Macon, and view his character as drawn in the memories of the friends who were there associated with him. As this and some other periods of his life have thus been revivified by the rills of recollection, we have been reminded of a curious tropical plant which we have held in our hands, a dry and apparently lifeless thing, but, immersed in water, it gradually reassumes its ancient verdant beauty, and reappears in all the delicate tracery of its foliage. Professor Garland, whose personal intercourse with Dr. Olin was most intimate and affectionate, and who had ample opportunities of judging of his ability as an officer and teacher, has written the following valuable sketch:

"Dr. Olin removed from the Georgia University to Randolph Macon College, Virginia, in the year 1833. His health at that time was quite infirm. The journey was performed in his private carriage, and for the most part upon a bed. It was while traveling in this enfeebled condition that he dictated to Mrs. Olin his inaugural address, delivered at the time of his entering upon the duties of the presidency of Randolph Macon College.

"This college had been in operation for more than a year. In its organization the trustees had abolished the time-honored arrangement of the students into four classes, and had adopted the system of separate and independent departments,

in each of which classes were to be formed according to the necessities of the students, arising from a diversity in their talents and attainments. The system had not been found to work to the satisfaction of those officers under whose direction it had been put into operation. They were prepared to recommend a return to the old system, but had declined to do so before the arrival of President Olin, as his views upon the subject were unknown. On his arrival, the whole subject was laid before him, and without hesitation he renounced the system, and, at the ensuing meeting of the Board of Trustees, effected a reorganization of the institution after the older models. Dr. Olin had no sympathy with new-fangled and untried systems of education, proposing to lighten that labor which is the condition of success in the cultivation of the mind. While he was not opposed to improvements, until the newly-proposed systems could be shown to be really such, he preferred to walk in the paths consecrated by the wisdom and experience of the past. Upon this subject he delivered an admirable argument before the trustees of Randolph Macon College, at the time the change above referred to was effected. It is to be hoped that he committed it to paper, and that it may be found among his posthumous writings.

"The doctor entered upon his duties with that zeal and interest which always characterize the skillful teacher. His mode of instruction was calculated to produce the most accurate scholarship. He required a most thorough knowledge of the text-book. In this he laid the foundation of his pupils' excellence. He gave his recitations a length that rendered it impossible for any member of the class, however retentive his memory, to commit it and recite it *memoriter*. This was done with an intention to break up the slavish and injurious habit of relying upon memory merely in the acquisition of knowledge, and to throw the student upon his power of analyzing his thoughts, and of arranging them according to their natural and obvious relations. And with a view, fur-

thermore, to cultivate the power of expressing thought, he never examined his pupils by propounding to them a series of questions. Questions are more or less suggestive, and it is comparatively easy to prepare a subject so as to answer questions in relation thereto; whereas it is much more difficult to take up a subject and, by continuous discourse, to present it in a clear, and full, and logical manner. And it will be admitted that the latter requires a much more accurate and complete knowledge of the subject, while the mode of recitation imparts to the mind several very valuable habits. In this view of the importance of such a mode of recitation, it is greatly to be regretted that it is, in modern education, so extensively replaced by the interrogatory system, and that many text-books are drawn up with a special reference to this superficial mode of procedure. All such child's work was repudiated by Dr. Olin. His pupils arose in their turn, and gave, in their own language, a connected exposition of the subject in hand. Each was required to begin precisely where his predecessor left off; and if he could not do this without a suggestion from the officer, he forfeited his opportunity of performance.

"This rule, inflexibly carried out, led to the cultivation of a habit of attention upon the part of the pupils, to a degree seldom found in our public institutions of learning. It is easy to secure quietude and order in the recitation-room; but to impart a lively interest to pupils, and to keep their attention aroused and steadily fixed upon the business of the hour, is the work of the skillful instructor, and can be promoted in no manner more effectual than that adopted by Dr. Olin.

"The result of his system was, that better scholars, scholars more capable of enduring patiently the labor of mental application—more capable of making a clear and connected statement of what they knew, were never formed by any instructor.

"The doctor's illustrations of text-books were never given

in the form of stated lectures. I am not aware that he ever delivered but two formal and written lectures during his connection with Randolph Macon College. His remarks and elucidations were always thrown in incidentally during the hour of recitation, as they seemed to be required by the necessity of his pupils. For this he had a reason, as he had for every thing else he did. Not having a favorable opinion of lectures as a mode of imparting knowledge, to the exclusion of the study of a well-written treatise, he would, by the subordinate position given them, impress the student more deeply with the paramount importance he attached to a careful study and analysis of the text-book.

"As remarkable and rare as Dr. Olin's qualifications as an instructor were, his qualifications as a guide and governor of youth were not less so. No one ever possessed a greater power of controlling the young by the force of moral suasion, or exerted it more happily and successfully. Cases of the infliction of the higher punishments known in collegiate laws were exceedingly rare. Watchful, prudent, affectionate, he generally succeeded, by the timely application of his counsel and advice, to arrest in their folly, and to save such, as seemed disposed to depart from the paths of rectitude, and to stimulate to requisite exertion such as were inclined to yield to the seducements of indolence. When parental advice, or kind admonition, or solemn warning, failed to correct the obliquities of a youth, he returned him at once to the parental roof, before an opportunity for flagrant violations of law had occurred.

"Whenever an irregularity was observed springing up among the students generally, the doctor's custom was, to make an appeal to their sense of propriety, and to their nobler and finer feelings; and the writer of this humble tribute to his memory does not recollect an instance in which he failed to accomplish fully his desired object. Indeed, these appeals were irresistible. They were never made but upon

occasions of importance, and then with so much force of argument, and with such eloquence and feeling, that to resist them was impossible. And I have known, upon more occasions than one, the students, after listening to one of these appeals, to assemble, of their own accord and at their own instance, in the chapel of the college, and to adopt unanimously a resolution to put away the irregularity complained of. Where else but at Randolph Macon College, and under the supervision of President Olin, have the governed of a college co-operated, by public resolutions, with the governors in effecting the ends of law?

"But this leads me to speak of the religious influence exerted by Dr. Olin upon the characters of all about him. He regarded this life, in all its phases and employments, as but subservient to the realities of a life to come. The advantages of education, of social position, of affluence, were valuable, in his estimation, only so far as they procured the means, and effected the higher purpose, of fitting man for the wise, and just, and skillful discharge of the duties he owes supremely to God, and relatively to his fellow-men. By every means in his power, and through every avenue of access to the human heart, he endeavored to impress upon those committed to his care the great truth, that their usefulness and success in life depended not so much upon the mere force of intellect as upon the control of the will and the regulation of the affections. Knowledge, he taught, is a power calculated to do harm no less than good, unless rightly directed by a sense of moral obligation. The secret of his government consisted in awakening and keeping in active exercise this sense of moral obligation. He never appealed to a base or ambitious motive; and though it might have been proper enough to have done so, he never appealed to the decision of public sentiment—to popular opinion—not even to the opinions of parents and friends. "Thou, God, seest me," was the burden of his appeals.

"In aid of his government, he entered into the religious exercises connected with the daily operations of college with such a spirituality, and pathos, and heavenly-mindedness, that they shed a restraining and hallowing influence upon the whole college body. Revivals of religion were not uncommon during his presidency, and more than half the students sustained a consistent Christian life.

"During the whole connection of Dr. Olin with Randolph Macon College, his health continued delicate. It was seldom that the college body was favored with the privilege of hearing him preach; but when this was the case, it was 'a feast of fat things—of wine on the lees well refined.' His manner was what in the rhetorical schools would be called awkward. But if it was so, it was perfectly natural and earnest, and therefore exceedingly impressive. His mind seemed to have become fully aroused, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his subject in the closet, before he entered the pulpit. The moment he arose to address the multitude, he went off into his subject at *white heat*, and kept it glowing with such an intensity of thought and feeling, that every heart was brought under its melting and subduing power. Force, perspicuity, earnestness, chasteness, and great felicity of expression, were the characteristics of his style; and few orators have lived, in this or in any other age who possessed, in a greater degree than he, the power to convince and to persuade."

Professor Hardy, of La Grange College, Alabama, who was a student at Randolph Macon College during Dr. Olin's administration, has retained the following distinct remembrances of him:

"I first saw Dr. Olin at Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, in the winter of 1833–34, where he was attending the Georgia Annual Conference, and forming plans to build up permanently the infant college, over which he had just been

called to preside, in Virginia. He succeeded then in doing what others had failed to do at preceding sessions of the Conference—he prevailed on that large and enterprising body of ministers to endow, by the appropriation of $20,000, a professorship in Randolph Macon.

"I visited him in company with one who was cherished by him as a friend, and by myself as more than friend—the late Rev. Charles Hardy. I had left home for college, and had not decided whether I should go to Franklin College, Georgia, or to the new college in Virginia. We asked his opinion and advice. He gave neither; but he spoke favorably of Franklin in some respects, and said we knew as much of Randolph Macon as he did, as he had never seen the institution, and what he knew he had gathered from the newspapers. His delicacy was equal to his wisdom, and, strongly impressed with both, my brother advised me, and I determined at once to pursue my way to Virginia. I never had occasion to regret that determination so far as Dr. Olin had influence and oversight.

"He arrived at Randolph Macon in the spring of 1834, and delivered his Inaugural Address, March the 5th, in the college chapel. Some portions were read, others were spoken with all the intense earnestness and power for which his public speaking was so remarkable. I remember well the scene of that hour; the seats of rough planks resting on logs; the busy students, bringing chairs from their rooms and society-halls for the accommodation of ladies; the unfinished rostrum, pulpit, and gallery; the solemn and fervent prayer of Bishop Andrew; and the eloquent tones of the large, apparently awkward, but great man, who had 'come to dedicate his powers to the infant enterprise of philanthropy and religion.' Though eighteen years intervene, I still see and hear him, as he refers with strong emotion to the will of Girard, and utters the language of earnest warning: 'The souls of men are in the crucible, and humanity will grudge a waste-

ful consumption.' I still see his arms extended, and hear him exclaim, referring to the zeal and extraordinary prosperity of the Church, 'Along the whole unmeasured length of frontier which skirts this vast republic, our banner waves in the van of emigration, and we have raised the trophies of the cross beyond the remotest limits of civilization.' When he spoke of his firm and cherished confidence that the institution would 'live and flourish in the prayers of the righteous,' that 'the preachers of the Gospel would be its advocates,' and throughout the wide field of their labors its interests would be 'remembered in the intercessions of the congregation, in the devotions of the family and the closet,' and resumed his seat, the audience was deeply moved, joy sat on every face and filled every heart. All who heard him that day felt that the precious interests of the college were committed to safe hands, and that God had *already* 'sent His Spirit to direct its guardians.' He received at once the confidence of the whole community, and retained it to the last hour of his connection with the college.

"Dr. Olin, as president of the college, supervised all its interests, external and internal; he visited the Conferences which had pledged their patronage; urged on the endowment of professorships, and sought in every way, as he was able, to enlarge the operations of the institution and the sphere of its usefulness. The extensive and increasing prosperity which it enjoyed during his administration must be mainly due to his exertions and controlling influence.

"Dr. Olin was eminently qualified to be the president of a college. His stature, dignity, scholarship, moral feelings and principles, and great mental endowments, especially when added to his vigilance, firmness, and devotion to the best interests of his pupils, made him a *model president*—such an one as can seldom be found in the Church, and never in the *world*. Some peculiar results attended this combination of physical, intellectual, and moral qualities.

"Every student regarded Dr. Olin as his friend, because he cherished the liveliest interest for the welfare of his pupils; and what he felt, he made known. It was the universal impression among his students, that while he was 'a terror to evil doers,' no unkind, revengeful feelings ever entered his breast or controlled his actions. They felt sure that, if discipline was executed, due regard was paid to the interests of the student and to the claims of charity. It can not be denied that, however paternal college government is represented to be, there is among the mass of college teachers little of the paternal affection and solicitude respecting the young men committed to their care. I can testify, however, to Dr. Olin's fidelity and affectionate oversight in my own case, and I did not regard myself as singularly favored.

"Again, his vigilance was *uniformly* active. His administration was rigid, but uniform and consistent. What it was one day, it was every day. Nor did he permit an evil to become aggravated and insufferable before it received his attention. Many were the instances in which an evil was detected and exposed before it had time to grow into a usage, and before it had been recognized by the body of the students. Dr. Olin avoided, with as much success as any college officer ever did, two of the main sources of college difficulties—churlishness and official arrogance on the one hand, and irregular, spasmodic government on the other. He was too kind to be austere, and too cheerful to be morose or peevish. He did not abate the claims of college authority, nor apologize for seeing 'the laws faithfully executed.' He expected the rules and usages of the college to be obeyed; but his expectations were always the same, and his requisitions were constant. He did not sleep and amuse himself with pleasant dreams, and wake up to witness the reign of disorder and confusion. He had no long sleepy moods, during which law was safely broken and disorder ran wild, to be followed by

paroxysms of undue vigilance and vigor, and their legitimate but bitter fruit—*a college row.*

"Dr. Olin's opinions were mainly correct, and they were so expressed, both in conversation and in his public lectures, that very few of his pupils were dissatisfied. There was no room for dissatisfaction. With this I was forcibly and frequently struck in private life, as well as in public. The reasons assigned for his acts and opinions left generally no room for caviling, and were offered with so much kindness that the disposition to resist was overcome. Even when he was severe in his addresses to the students, he kept the offenders against good order in the wrong, and left them without sympathy among their fellow-students.

"Another result of his peculiar combination of talents was observed in his recitation-room. I have never known any other college officer who was able to have so much done in the same length of time, and done so well. I shall never forget the study of Blair's Rhetoric with him. This was the fourth daily recitation we had to prepare for several weeks, and it took place at two o'clock P.M. In the 'Advance,' the daily lesson was one entire lecture, and in the 'Review' two lectures were assigned for a lesson. These were to be closely analyzed; and, I think, any one acquainted with the book, and considering, too, that the lesson to him was an addition to the usual duties of college, will regard the work required of us as being very heavy, and almost insupportable. Yet the work was done cheerfully, and done well; and in the course of eight weeks we prepared for the usual examinations between three and four hundred pages of the Rhetoric. I well remember that, previous to the examination, I could close the book and run in my mind down every page, and mention the subject of every paragraph, and of almost every sentence. This was very severe labor, too severe, I think, for the best interests of the student; and it may not be a matter of regret that there are few teachers, if any, who

could prevail on a class to do at all what we did cheerfully for Dr. Olin. Other studies were partially neglected during the time.

"Dr. Olin's health being generally feeble, he did not preach often; and when he did venture to preach, he exhausted his strength so as not to recover from the effect for several days. But his sermons were characteristic, every one showing the peculiar traits of his mental and moral nature. Whoever heard him once could never forget the impression produced by his far-reaching thoughts, earnest zeal, flowing, strong, eloquent language, enforced by a countenance and manner that made every word personal in the judgment and conscience of his hearer. He was a great pulpit orator, fashioned after the model of nature, and coming up, in a wonderful degree, to the standard-rule of the lamented Webster respecting preachers—*he made his hearers feel that religion was a personal matter.*

"I well remember the effect produced on my own mind, and, as I suppose, on the audience, by some of his strong, impassioned appeals. The text, on one occasion, embraced the incidents mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, respecting the death of John the Baptist. He spoke fully of the influence exerted on children by the example and instructions of mothers. The impression made on my mind by this sermon is still so vivid that I can almost see him, with his long arms outstretched, uttering with intense emotion the sentiment, 'Mothers—Christian mothers, seem to be astonished at the results of their instructions with their daughters. They should not be. The daughter follows the faith prescribed or allowed by the mother. The end is certain and inevitable; and mothers should no more be astonished at the final results of their advice and example than Herodias was when the head of the Baptist was presented to her by her gay and frivolous daughter. What a present was that from a daughter to a mother! Christian mothers! shocking,

disgusting as the head of the innocent John was, turn not away from it with loathing—look at it; such is the legitimate result of your advice, your example, your domestic education.'

"On another occasion he preached from the 'parable of the talents.' Two or three passages in this sermon are still remembered. After treating of the influences which hinder the Christian in his progress, and thwart him in the right improvement of his talent, he referred to the corruptions of the human heart, and represented them as a tide which pressed constantly, with almost resistless force, against the struggling pilgrim. When he had arrayed the hostile forces, and shown their powers and malignancy with great effect, he exclaimed, while he suited his action to the sentiments, 'There is no safety for the Christian but in the grace of God to render the will unconquerable. The man that *will* be saved must plant himself firmly on his feet, and set himself to resist the tide of corrupt influences which tend to bear him away from the cross and from Heaven.' In uttering this sentiment, he elevated both his hands, and planted himself, with one foot advanced and the other firmly set behind, in an attitude of unflinching resistance, where, it seems to me, I can still behold his gigantic form.

"In treating of the same subject, he spoke also of the strength of youthful passions, and described the young man of pious education, when under their influence, as a ship torn from its moorings by the violence of the storm, and driven out into the vast deep amid the rocks and quicksands of infidelity. 'If he shall escape shipwreck in his fearful voyage,' said he, 'when youth is spent, and the storm of passion is hushed, you shall see him again, disabled and hardly seaworthy, return to his early moorings as his only refuge.'

"Again, in speaking of the servant who received one talent, his appeal was almost terrific when he turned to the sinner and, with inimitable power, told him, 'God is, indeed,

a *hard master* to the impenitent and the disobedient. This you know, sinner—this you acknowledge. You have no means of escape. Why do you act unwisely? Why do you not come with tears and weeping to Christ? Bury not your talent; put it "to the exchangers." Do what God has commanded, and improve your talent, that he may receive "his own with usury." He holds you with an iron hand responsible to his throne; and without repentance, and faith, and salvation through Christ, you shall find him a *hard* master when he shall come, not to the manger and the cross, but to the judgment, and "in glory with the holy angels."'

"At another time, he preached, by request, a missionary sermon. I do not remember the text; but he spoke chiefly of the power of the Gospel to destroy the selfishness of human nature, and of the love of God in the heart to prompt men to obedience and useful action. Having finished the discussion, he said, with a power and energy that seemed to shake the chapel, 'I have said nothing about missions and missionaries, but what I have said will make you all missionaries, if you will embrace it and practice it. It will beget within you the spirit that brought the Son of God from heaven, and sustained him under the dreadful agonies of the garden and the cross.'

"I do not pretend, in these instances, to give the exact language of Dr. Olin. The sentiments are correctly given, and the language as nearly as I can now remember.

"Dr. Olin left the college of Randolph Macon in the spring of 1837, a few months before the class of which I was a member took their first degree. We waited on him in a body, and asked him to put his signature to our diplomas; for we cherished for him a filial affection, and felt that his name was indispensable. Many youthful hearts were sad the day he left the college for his European tour. The students met in chapel, adopted appropriate resolutions, and appointed two of their number to attend him to the rail-road—a distance of

sixty miles. He was worn down by disease, and we had no expectation of seeing his face again. He rode in his carriage on a bed, and preferred to go with no one attending him save his faithful, devoted wife. We bade him farewell, as children shake the hand of their dying father, and we saw him no more."

We close this chapter with some vivid reminiscences from the pen of Dr. Leroy Lee, of Richmond, Virginia:

"I had frequently heard of Dr. Olin before I had the pleasure of seeing him or forming his acquaintance. When the Virginia Conference resolved on the erection of Randolph Macon College, and had prosecuted it to completion, a great deal of solicitude was naturally felt as to the persons who might fill its chairs. His election to the presidency gave the college an almost unanticipated prominency in Virginia, and spread its popularity, at a stroke, over the whole of the Southern States. He was followed by many a Southern student to his new field of toil. The fame which preceded him received a powerful, and, to the friends of the college, a most gratifying augmentation when he delivered his inaugural address. Its publication placed the college in the foremost rank of literary institutions. Soon after its appearance, the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, then recently established in Richmond, Virginia, and edited by the present Treasurer of the United States, requested an eminent literary gentleman of Virginia to furnish an article for the pages of his magazine. The gentleman handed the editor a copy of the address, asking him if he had read it; and saying, in substance, 'You will do well to read it, and republish it in your work, or to give it an extended review. Such a notice as it deserves will be as creditable to the *Messenger* as the address itself is creditable to its author;' adding other and stronger terms of commendation, indicating that it had made a deep and profound impression upon his own mind. Indeed,

there were many who affected to feel a very considerable surprise that such an intellect could have grown on what they regarded as the ungenial soil of Methodism. It had made its mark on the public mind, and it has not yet faded away.

"I first saw Dr. Olin at the Virginia Conference, held in Lynchburg, February, 1835. I was not slow in seeking his acquaintance. Then, and ever afterward, I felt that Pollock had drawn his character in few, but expressive words—'Great, humble man.' I subsequently learned that, for reasons that may be presently stated, and they are less creditable to me than indicative of his own goodness, he had been seeking me. The day of his first appearance in Conference, we were sitting together, in front of the secretary's table, when a number of hats that had been piled under it were, by a movement of the secretary, knocked over, and sent rolling about the floor. Calling his attention to the circumstance, I asked, 'Is not that your hat?' and started to replace it. Holding me in my seat, and without turning his head, he said, with a quiet smile, 'If it is the largest in the house, it is mine.' He then told me he had 'never been able to *buy* a hat;' and relieved my misconception of his meaning by saying he could never find one large enough, and had always to have them made to order, on a block that could be used for no other purpose. Subsequently, I had been drawn into a discussion of a somewhat personal nature, and, unfortunately, had allowed my feelings to usurp the place of my judgment; a fact that gave my opponent the advantage against me, and subjected me to a severe, but kind rebuke from my new friend. Beckoning me to him, when the point was settled, he placed his arm around my neck, and drawing my ear toward him, he whispered, 'You did two evil things just now; you betrayed your own weakness, and put your cause at a disadvantage.' 'Besides,' said he, 'what business have you with any *feelings* in the matter? A man of God should be gentle, and easy to be entreated.' The re-

buke was gentle, but honest, and added affection to the feeling of admiration already felt for him.

"The state of Dr. Olin's health did not allow him to preach often; but he filled the pulpit once during the Conference. It was a sad affair for me when the committee announced my name as the occupant of the Protestant Episcopal pulpit at the same hour in which he was to fill that of the Methodist church; but the sorrow was turned to gladness when, on reaching the church, I found the fame of Dr. Olin had attracted every body to hear him, and left me the vestrymen, the sexton, and the benches. And, without mortification, I may add, they were not reluctant to adopt a proposition to repair to the Methodist church, and join the eager crowd in listening to one whose fame filled every mind, but whose voice had penetrated scarcely an ear of the breathless throng. It was late when we arrived, the opening services were over, and the doctor was ready to announce his subject. A place whereon to sit was out of the question, and standing-room was very scarce. Space enough was found in the front gallery behind the choir. And there we stood, unconscious of the flight of time, and with unwearied interest, for two solid hours. The text was 1 Tim., ii., 8. Its announcement was followed by an incident in the pulpit, which was generally observed, but not so generally understood at the time. Among others in the pulpit was the late Rev. Thomas Crowder, himself an admirable preacher. When the doctor read his text, Mr. Crowder wrapped his face and head in his handkerchief, placed it against the wall, and remained covered during the sermon. It was obvious that he was an earnest and interested hearer; but no one saw a feature of his always solemn and pleasant face. I afterward learned that on the night before, in the same pulpit, he had preached on the same text. It was conjectured that he felt that awkward comparisons might be made, now that one of the giants of the pulpit was to travel the path on which his own foot prints might yet be traced.

A transient feeling of the kind may have been realized; but we think it more just and charitable to suppose that he wished to shut out all external things, and receive, in the quiet depths of his own spirit, the water of life as it might be poured forth from the capacious mind and warm heart of the man of God. But what of the sermon? To those who were accustomed to hear Dr. Olin, it would be enough to say it was equal to the expectation his fame as a preacher had created. To those who never heard him, it might seem an imperfect description to say it had the grace, perspicuity, fullness, and power of a master-workman, who well knew how to divide the word of truth, and distribute it to a congregation of sinning mortals, as each had need, and according to the grave demands of the subject. The obligations of prayer, the necessities that lead men to pour out their souls before God, and the qualities of mind, heart, and habit, accompanying and rendering it acceptable to God and profitable to the soul, were presented with an elevation of thought, a force of language, and a fervency of spirit that held the thronging multitude in breathless stillness, and swayed their mental and moral nature at the will of the speaker. A more perfectly enchained, almost entranced company it was never our fortune to witness. They leaned toward him as if inhaling the life of his words, or as if he were absorbing their souls into his subject or himself. At the close, he drew a picture that perhaps will never be forgotten by a majority of his hearers. It was of a formalist approaching the judgment-seat, pleased with himself, and self-assured of eternal recompense. His tread was firm, his brow calm, his features composed, his eye fixed and complacent; 'bold he approached the eternal throne,' and stretched his hand to grasp the prize. The repulse; the voice issuing from the throne, 'I never knew you, depart from me!' the pale-visaged surprise; the convulsive shudder of horrid disappointment; the foot turned to fly, and the face fixed upon the throne, with every feature

shrieking out an expression of torture, were all painted in action and language as upon canvas. The picture was perfect—the effect overwhelming. The plunge into perdition was not attempted. But it was seen, felt, and feared by the breathless throng. Absorbed by the profound intensity of his own feelings, it was perhaps one of the truest specimens of identity between thought, word, and action ever exhibited. How it affected others we have never sought to know. But it has hung in our memory as one of the completest and most terrible pictures of what the last judgment may disclose of disappointment and anguish ever drawn before our mind; and though nearly eighteen years have passed away, it still lives distinct and awful.

"Greatly as all desired to hear him preach again, the state of his health precluded the attempt. According to our Conference custom, the appointments for service on the Sabbath were made on Saturday. The Methodist Protestant pulpit was assigned to me for the morning hour. Being very desirous to hear Bishop Emory, I regretted this arrangement; but presuming every one felt as I did, I supposed I might have a handful of hearers, and could not get one of the ministers to assist me in the services. Had I dreamed that night that Dr. Olin would form one of the few, it would have made me ill enough to stay in my house, or driven me in inglorious flight from the place. What my feelings were when, sitting in the pulpit, I saw the tall form of Dr. Olin enter the door, pass along the aisle, ascend the pulpit, and kneel down at my side, some young minister may possibly imagine, but I have no power to describe. What preparation I had made took flight, and had but a short run, down a steep place, into the sea of oblivion. It is enough to say of the sermon, that, in a Methodist Protestant congregation, and but a few years after that stormy controversy, in a place where it was exceedingly bitter, and where the waves had not yet subsided, I was soon at sea, declaiming against strifes and divisions in

Churches; a discovery that made me turn to shore rather abruptly, hand the hymn-book to him who had frightened me out of all propriety, and sit down filled with confusion. Dr. Olin would have me go home with him; I preferred any other place or company; but he conquered me. We spent the afternoon together. I need not tell what passed in that chamber. I found out, as heretofore stated, why he desired to know me. It is enough to say, and it develops an excellent feature of his character, that rebuke, exhortation, and encouragement formed a considerable share of the conversation, and I was listener and learner. When we parted that evening, a full-length portrait of the 'great humble man' was drawn on my heart, and it has never been removed or tarnished.

"Personal as these recollections are, I have ventured to detail them, not to unite my name with his, but because they develop traits of his character, and lie at the base of that friendship which outlived all the changes and commotions which, in subsequent years, so unhappily separated 'very friends,' and ruptured ties which, we might have supposed, were pure as love, and strong as death. Many facts unite to satisfy me that to Dr. Olin's feelings toward Southern Methodism, and toward his personal friends in the South, the agitation was only on the surface. It never reached the depths of his nature, or disturbed the quiet of his heart. It may have added a shade to his joy, or taken a ray from his hope; but these were transient; and the sun of peace, whatever clouds may have crossed its disk, was always high in the heaven of his soul, full-orbed, with 'its round of rays complete.' Before and after his visit to Europe, he occasionally wrote to me, especially on the occurrence of events in the Church calculated to depress or circumscribe its influence, or to elevate its character and enlarge its success. Always intending to preserve his letters, I regret that these have been mislaid or lost. The circumstances operating in

the division of the Church, and the events following the disastrous controversy to which it gave rise, were always regarded by him with painful emotions. His knowledge of the condition of things, in both sections of the Church, convinced him that the separation of the parties was inevitable; that each might accomplish, within its sphere, the great mission of Methodism under distinct ecclesiastical organizations; and that it might be honorably divided, and thenceforth, in its character and aims, be 'distinct as the waves, but one as the sea.' For this he toiled and prayed. I know how deeply he felt on these subjects, and how deeply anxious he was that the plan of separation should remain intact. Strong as was the attachment between us, we were not privileged to see much of each other. But I may say, in conclusion, that from our introduction in Lynchburg, in 1835, to the few delightful days spent with him at his college home in 1848, and down to the sad announcement of his departure to 'the good land, where storms do not come, and the sun is always bright,' he is the only truly great man I have ever seen of whom I did not feel constrained to say, on analyzing his character,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.'

"LEROY M. LEE."

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS—THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—ROME.

On the 25th of May, Dr. and Mrs. Olin sailed for Havre, whence he writes to Dr. Reese:

XLVIII.

Havre, June 16th, 1837.

My dear Sir,—I take an early opportunity to comply with your request that I should inform you of my arrival in France, and of the influence of the sea-voyage upon my health. We landed here on the 14th, a little before sunset, just twenty days after leaving Sandy Hook. The passage will be reported nineteen days, as we were in the Road nearly the whole of Wednesday, waiting for the tide to carry us into the dock. We left the Hook in the midst of a northeast storm, which lasted for the first two days. Afterward, with the exception of a day or two, the weather was fair, though excessively cold for the season. The mercury was often at forty-three of Fahrenheit, and, I think, did not rise to sixty until the 12th or 13th of June. On the 1st day of June, we sailed between two icebergs at the distance of eight or ten miles. One of them rose very high, more, I should think, than one hundred feet, and extended several miles in length. A few days afterward, we were gratified by the sight of several whales, which came very near to the ship, and played about us for several hours during a calm. We passed the Scilly Islands without being able to see them, on account of a thick fog. We were equally unfortunate in passing the Lizard, but our ardent wish to obtain a glimpse of England was in some measure gratified by a rather distant and imperfect view of Stort Point. In the enthusiasm which I felt at first behold-

ing the Old World, and, still more, at first beholding Old England, it was easy to fill up the dim outline, and I confess I experienced an elevating and joyous sensation, which I had seldom felt before, in looking upon the stern, lofty shore of our glorious mother country. We first came in sight of the French coast near Cherburg, the celebrated artificial harbor for ships of war, a work which has been executed, or, rather, begun, for it is still in progress, by many successive monarchs, and the expenditure of immense sums of money. After being baffled for several days by calms and adverse winds in the English Channel, we were towed into the dock in Havre by a steam-boat, on the 14th. Our voyage was perhaps as pleasant as a journey across the ocean can well be. Indeed, I feel constrained to acknowledge the special mercy of God in providing for our safety and comfort. The Burgundy is certainly one of the finest ships in the world—new, clean, spacious, a swift sailer, and amply provided with all the comforts, and even luxuries, which a reasonable man could expect, or even desire, at sea. Captain Rockett was gentlemanly and obliging—attentive to the discharge of his duty and the comfort of his passengers. He has nothing of the roughness and profanity of the old-school sailor. I did not hear an angry or irreverent word from him. Every thing was conducted with perfect order and quietness. Thanks to the temperance reform, the sailors were allowed no ardent spirits, and were, of course, quiet and respectful.

We have spent two days very pleasantly in this city, and leave to-morrow in the steam-boat for Rouen, on our way to Paris. We have seen the few objects of interest to be met with here. Havre is currently spoken of here as a *new city*, though it was mostly built several centuries since. It is built upon alluvial ground, and is, of course, level, though a beautiful hill rises abruptly just back of the town to the height of five or six hundred feet. Its side and top are covered with beautiful houses and gardens, which overlook the

city, the harbor, the mouth of the Seine, here several miles wide, and the fine country on the opposite side of this noble river. No traveler should leave Havre without looking from the *Cote* upon this grand, picturesque scene. The harbor is artificial. Ships enter the town through a deep, broad cut, walled up with massive stones, and pass into docks at high tide, where, like canal-boats in a lock, they are shut in by closing a gate. Their docks penetrate every part of the city, and, by a person standing on the hill, the masts of the shipping are seen in all directions, intermingled with the houses, and present an appearance quite unique. Havre is said to contain less than thirty thousand inhabitants, and, for such a population, has the appearance of an immense business. Novelty imparts interest to objects which would otherwise possess none, and to one unused to the antique, the tower of Havre, and its cathedral, both ascribed to Francis the First, will appear worthy of attention. The fortifications, too, which surround the city—the gates, which are closed, to prevent ingress and egress after a certain hour of the night—the appearance of soldiers and policemen at every corner, by day as well as by night—as well as the intolerable nuisance of the custom-house and passport office, remind an American that he is indebted for protection to a government of force, where liberty, at least, appears in a modified form. In the way of oddities, nothing strikes me more than the clumsy wooden shoes, worn by many of the country people, and the enormous head-dresses which are perpetually meeting you in the streets upon the heads of the country-women, sometimes rising, I should think, to the height of two feet or more, in a variety of grotesque forms.

Excuse me for having inadvertently fallen into writing a journal. I did not intend it, I assure you; though even this may be less dull than the little I have to say about myself.

You will recollect that I had been confined to my bed a

fortnight in New York, and went from it to embark. The effect of the sea air was immediate and decidedly beneficial. I recovered my strength as if by magic, and was at once able, not only to sit up, but to walk the deck. I became immoderately sea-sick the second day, and continued so for a week. With the exception of one rough day, I was comfortable during the rest of the voyage. I feel somewhat debilitated by the extreme heat of the weather yesterday and to-day, yet I have walked at least three miles to-day without much inconvenience. You will agree with me in thinking that my prospects are highly flattering with regard to the recovery of my health. Mrs. Olin was dreadfully sea-sick throughout the voyage. She ate at the table for the first time the day we landed, but is now very well. Mr. Stewart is also in good health.

Please to make our respects to our New York friends. I should be very glad to hear from you, if your engagements permit. Mrs. Olin joins in assurances of high regard. Truly yours,

S. OLIN.

Mrs. Olin writes to Judge Olin from St. Germain, July 23d, 1837:

"The effect of the sea voyage was immediate and very beneficial, and when we arrived in Paris he appeared to be as well as ever he was. We had spent several days in Havre and three in Rouen, looking at various objects of interest, which required a great deal of exercise of both mind and body. We pursued our sight-seeing with great eagerness for two days in Paris, in order to get a general view of the city, and proceed to Switzerland. Either from too much fatigue, or the heat of the sun, Mr. Olin had another attack of tendency of blood to the brain, which confined him to his bed for a week. Dr. Mott, of New York, is residing in Paris this summer, and we called him in. He confirmed our fears by his opinion that there is, in the present state of Mr. Olin's health, a manifest

tendency to an affection of the brain, and that he would be obliged to use the utmost care in his diet, both as to quality and quantity. Meat of all kinds is prohibited; vegetables and fruit are allowed; but as he finds they do not agree with him, he lives principally on bread, butter, and tea. Fatigue of mind and body must be most scrupulously avoided, and, indeed, entire cessation of mental exertion seems absolutely necessary, as the least exertion of the kind produces an immediate effect upon his head. Under these circumstances, I felt unwilling to venture to the wilds of Switzerland. St. Germain was recommended as a high, cool, airy, and healthy place, and we considered it most prudent to spend some months here. We are seventeen miles from Paris. The early kings of France had a mansion at this place, which was built by King Robert, and here Louis le Jeune resided in 1143. Francis I. built a splendid palace here, which is still standing, but is used principally as a penitentiary for soldiers. Henry II., Charles X., and Louis XIV. were born here. The town, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, is situated on the edge of the forest of St. Germain, which is one of the finest in the kingdom, and is said to contain eight or ten thousand acres entirely surrounded by a wall. It is traversed in every direction by roads shaded with stately trees. On the side of the forest running from the palace, and separating it from the River Seine, there is a magnificent terrace, half a league in length and a hundred feet in breadth, entirely shaded by the linden-tree, and commanding a most extensive and splendid view. Many strangers are attracted to this place by the fine walks and drives, as well as by the cool air which is to be had here at all times of the day. We have followed the usual plan in this country, which is to hire furnished apartments, and provide for our own table, instead of being furnished at a hotel. This plan suits us best, as we can command our food and hours for eating. . . . .

"We have been here twelve days, and Mr. Olin has been

improving in strength and health all the time. He is certainly very much braced by the mild, cool air of St. Germain; but this affection of the brain renders us constantly suspicious of any increase of strength. We hope for the best, and endeavor to put our trust in Him who governs all things."

In another letter to Judge Olin, dated St. Germain, September 7th, 1837, Mrs. Olin says:

"Since I wrote you in July, Mr. Olin has had another attack on his head, from which he was relieved in about a week by bleeding, calomel, and the application of leeches. . . . . There are so many objects of interest presenting themselves before him, that it is almost impossible for him to keep his mind quiet; and he is unable to make the least mental exertion without immediate and perceptible injury, so that I have found it difficult to write without leaving him to the exercise of his own thoughts. The season being so far advanced, we shall not go to Switzerland and Italy this year; and we expect to return to Paris in about three weeks and spend the ensuing winter and spring there. The cholera is raging nearly all around us, but it has not yet reached this region, and we trust the cold weather will be a preventive to it. We will pursue the same plan of living in Paris as here, as Mr. Olin can in no other way so well command such articles of food as he needs. He still adheres to the prescribed regimen, and has tasted no meat since his first attack in Paris. . . . . We have with us Mr. Theophilus Stewart, from Columbus, Georgia, who has just graduated at Randolph Macon, and will probably travel with us while we are in Europe, unless he concludes to study medicine in Paris. Mr. Stewart constitutes one of our family, and also Mr. Hicks, a young gentleman from Virginia, who left Randolph Macon College eighteen months ago, and came on to Paris to study medicine. . . . . We have made few excursions this summer, and those only in the neighborhood.

Before we go to Paris, we intend to spend a week at Versailles, the seat of the most splendid palace in France."

During this autumn Dr. Olin heard the sad tidings of the death of his father. Among the vivid thoughts suggested by this bereavement was one peculiarly strong—the generation between him and the grave had now passed away, and in the course of nature his turn would soon come. In a letter to Mr. J. R. Olin, dated January 20th, 1838, Mrs. Olin writes:

"Your anxiety and kind sympathy have, I doubt not, ascribed my silence for the last two months to the right cause, Mr. Olin's increased illness. At the beginning of the cool season, we were much encouraged by his returning strength, and we took apartments in Paris on the last day of September. He continued to improve through October, but was attacked again in November, since which time he has been decidedly worse, till within a few weeks. The medical advice which he was following was one approved and recommended by Dr. Mott, and twelve of the best French physicians, as the only proper method of treating such a case. This was to bleed, use leeches, and give medicine, when the attacks came on, and then to depend upon diet, perfect freedom from mental exertion—to eat no meat, and live principally on vegetables. Under this course, I feel quite sure that Mr. Olin could not have lived many months longer—you have never, I presume, seen him look so pale, so thin, and so feeble. Finally, about the first of this month, we changed our physician, and he put himself into the hands of Dr. Luther (a disciple of Hahneman's), who has changed the mode of treatment very materially, and his strength is fast improving. He has not failed to walk out every day. Whether this is to be permanent or not, we can not tell. Mr. Olin ascribes it to the cold weather more than to the change of treatment; not

so do I (with all due deference to the *savans*). We have had, for two weeks past, such intense cold as has not been experienced here for many, many years; hardly less severe than you have in Vermont this season. There are a number of American families here with whom we are acquainted. Americans who have never seen each other before meet in Paris as old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson are here on a visit. We are quite near to General Cass's. Mrs. Cass and her daughters are very unostentatious, and General Cass is very agreeable. We have invitations to their soirees, which occur every Wednesday night, but we have not attended any of them."

After the first of April, the entries in Dr. Olin's memorandum book give glimpses of his walks, and drives, and interviews with friends. Professor E. D. Sims, with whom he was formerly associated at Randolph Macon College, and with whom he harmonized at so many points, was a frequent and a welcome guest. He had formed, too, a very cordial friendship with the Rev. Mr. Toase, the Wesleyan missionary in Paris, and with Sir John Hay, whose death he records with great regret, on the 16th of November of this year. Forbidden to use his pen, to read, or even to think about those great and cherished interests which he could no longer subserve, he was obliged to wander about Paris, day after day, till he became perfectly familiar with its streets and its gardens, its splendid palaces and noble galleries, its stately churches and historical structures. These objects gave interest to his daily walks, and occupied, without straining, his mind. On the 30th of April, he saw La Fayette, and the next evening he went with Mrs. Olin to witness the grand fire-works at

the king's fête. On the 22d of May, he was a spectator of the funeral honors paid to Talleyrand, and among the memorabilia of this year in Paris may be mentioned a visit to Mrs. Fry, of whose sweet, placid face he retained a most pleasing remembrance.

On the 17th of June he went to hear Dr. Chalmers preach at the Chapel Taitbout, then situated in the street from which it was taken, and of which it retains the name. It was a concert hall, in the form of a theatre, having three ranges of galleries, and able to seat an audience of nearly eight hundred. The object of Dr. Chalmers's visit to Paris was to read a paper before the Royal Institute, of which he had been made one of the corresponding members, and a number of the members of that and of other learned bodies were present in the crowd, drawn together by the fame of the great orator. He began in an unimpressive manner, and with a monotonous tone, to read his manuscript, which he held open with his left hand, while the forefinger of the right followed each line. But this reading, says the French preacher whose pulpit he occupied, which he knew how to render as attractive as impressive, was often interrupted to give place to an exposition giving the subject in new points of view not treated of in the written discourse, and the language of his emotion was energetic, appropriate, clear, and harmonious—truly that of eloquence. I seem yet to see him with his manuscript rolled in his hand, his body bent forward a little beyond the pulpit, individualizing his auditors as he addressed to them appeals the most direct, and the best calculated to penetrate their consciences. His words surging evidently from his convictions and from

the depths of his heart, of which they were a faithful expression, had something of the force of the torrent rushing down the mountain, carrying with it every thing in its course. His text was, "God is love," and we may imagine how his weighty words on such a theme would sound quite to the bottom of Dr. Olin's heart. The master-hand must have swept all the chords of his impressible nature. Long an exile from the courts of his God, this scene must have called up visions of other days, when he was permitted to break the bread of life to assembled thousands; and now, like the Hebrew captives, he could not even sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

"The great Scotchman," says Dr. Wightman, in his biographical sketch of Dr. Olin, "was a kindred spirit, and one can readily conceive the amount of gratification which the privilege of hearing Dr. Chalmers afforded the invalid. He paid dearly for it, however. The sermon produced such a state of nervous irritability—brought back such a gush of early reminiscences, that it was followed by an illness of six weeks, during which time he hovered on the brink of the grave."

The following reference to this period of his life, from the preface to his travels, contains, says the friend whose words have just been quoted, "the most touching paragraph that ever fell from his pen."

"I remained more than a year in Paris, deriving no benefit from the best medical advice which that capital afforded, and hovering continually upon the borders of the grave. I was accompanied, however, by a beloved and honored wife, herself in the vigor and bloom of health, and every way fitted to be the minister of the richest earthly blessings which it

has pleased God to confer upon me. Rarely endowed with the talent of doing good, and communicating happiness, and a bright example of the conjugal virtues—patient, indefatigable, and inventive; full of cheerfulness, and hope, and courage, and faith, she was the angel of my sick-room, who watched by my restless pillow day and night during these dreary months, anticipating and satisfying the wants of my situation with a skill and untiring assiduity which strong affection alone can inspire and sustain. It is not surprising, perhaps, that, under the Divine blessing upon auspices so benign, I passed successfully through this trying crisis.

"The ensuing autumn, and the winter of 1838–39, were spent in a visit to London, a journey through Belgium and France, and a residence of three months in Rome, all rendered doubly delightful by the sense of returning health, and by the presence, and ardent, and intelligent participation of one to whom I was so much indebted for this unspeakable blessing."

An extract from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Beecham's, one of the Wesleyan missionary secretaries, and now president of the Wesleyan Conference, furnishes some recollections of this period of Dr. Olin's life. He writes:

"My first acquaintance with Dr. Olin made a deep and permanent impression upon my mind in his favor. We met in France in the autumn of the year 1837. He had been residing at Paris, and at St. Germains, in its immediate vicinity, so far as I can recollect, about eight months. Our intercourse on that occasion was, I have reason to believe, pleasurable to us both. I am sure that it was to myself. I found that although he had suffered much from illness, he had not neglected that interesting subject for study which French character and French society offer to the inquiring foreigner. I soon recognized in him a close observer of men and things; and subsequent conversations led me to form a high estimate

of his intellectual character. I was struck with the breadth and comprehensiveness of the view which he expressed on various important subjects, and the philosophical spirit of inquiry he evinced, that could not satisfy itself merely with that which lay upon the surface of things; while I was gratified with the spirit of candor in which he admitted the full force of all that could be advanced in favor of what was opposed to his own settled views and principles. I was, indeed, as much attracted by the generous qualities of his heart as impressed by his mental power. There was a frankness and ingenuousness about him which seemed to exhibit his real character without disguise, and a kindliness of disposition which I felt to be powerfully attractive, and I left him with the conviction that I had formed an acquaintance which, if time afforded opportunity for cultivating it, would ripen into friendship.

"I had hoped to improve my acquaintance with him on his intended visit to England the following year. Our Conference that year, which was held at Bristol, had, however, scarcely commenced, when I was called away to London to attend to some important negotiations with the government on matters affecting the social state of several colonies in which we had extensive missions, and no sooner were those negotiations concluded, than I had to set off on a visit to the field of our missionary operations in the south of France, and in those Alpine valleys which had been previously the sphere of Felix Neff's apostolical labors. In the interval between my leaving the Conference and my return from this tour, Dr. Olin, with Mrs. Olin, had visited England and gone back to the continent. Early in the following spring (1839) he came to London again alone, but his stay was short, and he was confined almost entirely to his room by severe indisposition, so that I had but little opportunity at that time of improving my acquaintance with him as I had desired."

He left Paris with his wife on the 25th of July, and spent nearly the whole month of August on the Isle of Wight, principally in the sheltered town of Ventnor. His daily walks were not without interest. He visited the Bonn church, built by William the Conqueror, the ancient miniature "church of St. Lawrence, the least in England, twenty feet long and twelve wide, the parish containing fourteen houses and seventy-eight persons," rambled upon the Downs, about seven hundred feet above the sea, and commanding "a grand land and sea view," and paced up and down the sea-beach. On the 16th of August, he came to Ryde, by way of Appuldercome, Shanklin Chine, Sandown, and Brading, and saw Legh Richmond's church and parsonage. He had previously visited the Dairyman's cottage and his daughter's grave, so that he saw all the interesting localities of this beautiful island.

September and October they spent in London; and they then visited the quaint old towns of Belgium, whose treasures of art Dr. Olin highly enjoyed. His eye was not fatigued as in the vast galleries of Paris, but he could dwell more at leisure upon the great triumphs of the old masters. Van Eyck's splendid picture of The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, The Resurrection of Lazarus, by Otho Venius, The Consecration of St. Bavon, and The Crucifixion and The Descent from the Cross, by Rubens—those miracles of art for which he was scarcely prepared by his gaudy pictures on the walls of the Louvre, are mentioned by him with great admiration. He walked over the field of Waterloo, which he "found as in 1815, rich and well tilled;" and passing through Lille and Amiens, he reached Paris on

the 11th, and left it on the 19th for the south of France and Italy.

He arrived at Lyons on the 23d, and spent three days very pleasantly there, visiting the churches, bridges, and other public buildings, inspecting the silk goods and looms, and gathering up many statistics of the silk trade, and of the condition of the weavers. The Pasteur Cordés, with whom he dined and spent a very pleasant evening, and at whose house he enjoyed the society of some clerical and Christian friends, gave him some interesting particulars of the excitement then prevailing in the regions of the Soane and the Rhone on religious subjects. He related the story of a Roman Catholic woman, "who became alarmed for the safety of her soul, and went to her confessor to inquire for the remedy. He directed her to visit St. ——, a church upon a steep mountain in Lyons, three days successively. This church does many miracles upon the lame, sick, and infirm, and its walls are covered with gifts, wax or plaster hands, fingers, feet, and other parts healed. The spiritual invalid labored up the enormous hill at four in the morning, three days in succession, without relief. She was then advised to perform the journey nine times. This she did with no better effect. She was directed then to carry an offering of three wax candles to the Virgin—then an offering of a wax St. John —all to no effect. She found no peace, and the priest had no better counsel to give. A visiting committee of Mr. Cordés' church found her, and read to her in the Bible of Jesus as the great Physician. She soon became a joyful Christian, and she is now one of his flock."

Another fact, given by Mr. Cordés, shows the good

effect of social meetings. "Some relatives of a Catholic woman were converted, and urged her very earnestly to hear the Protestant minister and read the Bible. She utterly refused to do both, as sinful and repugnant to her conscience. She was induced at last to attend a meeting of a few friends, who met in a private parlor, and conversed in the simplest style about their souls and the Savior. This struck her forcibly. She went often, and said she never saw so much love, which seemed not very consistent with fatal heresy. At last she was induced to hear—I think not at first in the church, but in the school-room. She is now in the fold of Christ, and a very consistent Christian."

Bidding farewell to their Christian friends, Dr. and Mrs. Olin set out for Avignon at eight o'clock on Monday morning, November 26th. "The day cold—the Rhone rapid—its banks, mountains, with many chasms and sharp tops, terraced and clad with vines—the Alps in sight, topped with snow." They passed Vienne, and "slept at Valence—an old, poor, filthy town," and sailed the next morning at six. "The Alps in sight all day—the river hemmed in by mountains, with sharp peaks and steep cliffs, mostly too bare for tillage, but crowned with many ruinous castles—the whole quite unique." They stopped an hour and a half at Avignon, where is the ancient palace of the popes, landed at Beaucaire, fifteen miles below, and "went fifteen miles to Nismes, through olive orchards, the berries of which are like the haw in color." They spent more than a fortnight in this ancient and beautiful city; and Dr. Olin was accustomed to refer to this visit as having proved to him a source of high gratification. In addi-

tion to the contemplation of venerable remains of antiquity, his religious sensibilities were called into full play by his daily intercourse with the Rev. Charles Cook, the Wesleyan missionary in that place, and now president of the French Conference, and by the accounts which he heard from this faithful minister of the work of God in that region. The handsome Bible given to him by Mr. Cook, for whom he ever retained the warmest Christian affection, was the one he used to the last year of his life. Here, for the first time, the daily entries in his note-book expand into the copiousness of the journal; and we will extract from it his description of Nismes and the facts gathered from Mr. Cook, as he unfolded the religious aspects of the country in their walks together through those terraced gardens, or in the shade of the spreading horse-chestnuts on the Boulevards, or as they visited together the Roman remains. His journal and his letters to his friends will henceforth form a continuous narrative of his journeys in Europe and in the East.

"*November* 28*th*. Saw the Roman antiquities, amphitheatre, Maison Carré, Diana's temple, and the fountain — all perfect and imposing above my expectation. Called on Mrs. Cook, and took lodgings at 21, Quai de la Fontaine.

"*November* 29*th*. Walked to the Grand Tour—a Roman work, which completely overlooks the town and a great extent of country covered with olive-trees: the view is beautiful. The soil is sandy or rocky; it often for miles seems to be pounded stone, but brings forth vines and olives.

"*November* 30*th*. A mild, lovely day. Looked again at the splendid and beautiful Roman remains. I have seen no Corinthian pillars equal to those of the Maison Carré, nor any sculpture like that in the garden of the fountain. It is full of life and nature. Olive boughs are used by bakers for fuel.

December 1*st*. Mr. Cook and Mr. Hocart called. Fine weather. Walked into the country; it is covered with stone, mostly rock, with a thin layer of stony soil. The stones are laid in walls, terraces, and heaps, to make room for olives and vines, which thrive well and cover the land for many miles. Grain fields to the south only. The olive farms contain from a quarter or half an acre to five acres, and are of the most singular shapes.

"*December* 6*th*. We visited the Pont du Gard, four leagues from Nismes, an astonishing Roman work in fine preservation. The day clear, cold, and very windy. We set out at 9 A.M., and returned at 7 P.M. The draught-horse is mean; the sheep is thin and long-horned.

"There is a congregation of Quakers at Congénies, not far from Nismes. The Protestant pastors being expelled by persecution, the people kept up their worship, expecting much divine aid. Enthusiasm, prophesying, and kindred extravagances ensued. The error was corrected; but some refused to change, allowing women to teach, &c. These people were visited by an English Quaker, and took the name upon learning their general agreement. They wear grave colors, but they are not strict; their children dance, &c. A few are pious, and nearly all attend the Wesleyan chapels. There are other Quakers in and near this city. There is a small body of Moravians in Nismes and its vicinity, springing from Switzerland. Few of them seem converted. They do not keep the Sabbath strictly; nor, indeed, do any Protestants in France teach this divine obligation. This is often the severest test to converts, and keeps many out of the Wesleyan societies. Children and employés are often urged, or even forced to work on Sunday; and tradesmen are deterred from becoming Wesleyans by the fear of losing business. God, however, has provided for those who do their duty in a remarkable manner, and their business commonly improves through the confidence of the public in such marked devotion to principle.

The Wesleyans are mostly small farmers who own their lands in fee. They have usually, besides, some trade, a loom, &c., and live independently. They are deep, stable, and affectionate Christians. The National Reformed Church here has two places of worship and seven pastors, five of whom preach evangelically, and some evidence sound piety. The Church is governed by a Consistory, who, by the law of France, need only a property qualification. There is no discipline, and little success even under pious ministers. Some are irregular, and do better. The theological school, at Montauban, is under some good influence; two professors, at least, being evangelical. The Protestant noblesse exist there, and are more pious than the lower classes. In some of these families, family prayer was kept up through the Revolution.

"Since the religious excitement produced among Protestants by the preaching of Wesleyans and others, a demand is created for a new and more urgent style of preaching, which is adopted by the most loose, and even skeptical preachers. Many who make no pretension to spiritual piety, and even ridicule it, preach evangelically. In this town (Nismes), of six pastors five preach in this manner, though only one is believed, or, I think, pretends to be a converted man. One pastor has openly avowed that he would conform to the new taste in his ministry, though he did not even believe the Christian revelation, and so he does, in fact. When Mr. Cook had taken a larger place of worship, which was filled every Sunday night, the pastors opened their churches at the same hour, though they had never had night service before, and announced that they would conduct their meeting upon the Methodist plan in all respects. They encouraged the people to say Amen, &c. This change took half of Mr. Cook's congregation. Still, God is with him, and his members have doubled since his congregations became small, and the work of conversion is still in progress.

"The Continental or European Society, formed chiefly of

ministers, members of the Church of England, employ native preachers and agents to awaken the people, without forming churches—leaving their fruit to others. They do much good. The Evangelical Societies of Paris, and also one in Geneva, send preachers, colporteurs, and books, and establish congregations. Over the former of these, especially, Mr. Wilkes has much influence, as he has over the Protestant press and charities. He gets much pecuniary help from England, and has done much good, I doubt not, though disliked by all parties for his narrowness and dogmatism. His mission is wholly Calvinistic, and he discourages good in all other forms. He has done much to spread high Calvinism in the evangelical churches of France. Still, in the opinion of Mr. Cook, only a minority of converted ministers receive that faith. The people, of course, will not adopt that puzzling system without more drilling than any party has yet been able to bestow.

"Nismes has seven churches—five Catholic and two Protestant—none of them elegant. The theatre, Palais de Justice, the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefecture, and the two hospitals, are elegant buildings. The House of Detention is very extensive. It has large manufactures of silk, especially of printed handkerchiefs and gloves. Its goods are inferior to those of Lyons. Its streets are mostly very crooked and narrow; the Boulevards, that intersect and divide the town into five unequal parts, are wide, airy, and beautiful. They form delightful promenades, and have noble trees, principally horse-chestnut. The garden of the fountain, and the terraced hill, covered with evergreens, and laid out in beautiful walks adjacent to and north of the garden, are charming and elegant beyond comparison.

"Nismes, besides its silk manufactures, makes Cashmere (French) shawls of silk and cotton; also a cheaper kind of cotton shawls, much worn by the common people. Its scarlet color is much celebrated; and its peculiar beauty, as well as that of some other dyes, is ascribed to the quality of the

water of the fountain, which is conducted by canals and leaden pipes into large reservoirs, made and fitted up at public expense for the use of dyers and washer-women. Hundreds of them may be seen daily at these places—some standing with bare legs in the water, others in huge tin or zinc boots. Dyed goods are rinsed only in cold water, and washing is generally done in all the cities of France in rivers or canals. Long flat-boats are moored along the shore, and thousands of women may be seen in Paris, or elsewhere, washing in them or over their sides. These boats often belong to the city, which derives a considerable revenue from them. Here, where there is no river, much better provision is made, as above described.

"The region about this city, for many miles, is covered with olives, and has, from an eminence, the aspect of a boundless forest, thinly clad with low, bushy pines. The olive is an evergreen; its leaf, in size, color, and shape, much like the common willow. The fruit is black, of the size of the smallest species of plum, and very bitter. It is much used as a pickle, being taken for this purpose when green, and put in salt and water. This tree lasts long—it is said for several centuries. It flourishes in the thinnest soils—upon almost bare rocks, to which its roots cling with great tenacity. In some places the rock is dug up with infinite labor, and thrown into immense heaps; a little soil, found in the interstices, is saved with care, to nourish the olives, which are thus made to grow on what was a bare ledge. The most sterile mountain sides are formed into terraces, which rise in close succession like the seats of an amphitheatre. Upon the platform so formed, soil is placed by human labor, and deposited by successive rains, which gives nourishment to the olive and to the vine—which is often, perhaps, commonly seen intermingled with the olive, sharing with it the ability to thrive in all these situations where nothing else could live. These artificial vineyards and olive-yards give a strong im-

pression of the industry of the peasants. Two or three acres thus cultivated support a family; and as these little farms are commonly owned by the cultivator, the inducement to industry is very strong. The agriculturists are generally laborious, frugal, and independent.

"The climate of Nismes is, in many respects, very delightful for a winter residence. It is dry, and even a rain is almost immediately followed by a clear sky and dry atmosphere. The soil, too, being sandy, dries as soon as the rain ceases. There is a cloudless brightness in the sky, both day and night, which I have not seen elsewhere. As yet I have seen no frost. The great drawback is a prevailing north wind—dry, even parching, and chill, which has blown for ten out of fifteen days, and is said to last through much of the winter. Fruit is scarce here. The trimmings of the grape and olive are much used. Green oak-wood sells at thirty-two sous the hundred pounds. One seldom sees a stick above four inches in diameter. Pine saplings sell at thirty sous.

"It is in proof of the low state of Protestantism that the Protestants of Nismes generally send their children to Catholic teachers, who are of a religious order. Many of the next generation will, of course, become Catholics.

"During my stay at Nismes, Mr. Cook received a most urgent and affecting letter from a village some fifty miles off, begging him to come to their help. A religious concern had been some time previously produced in the following manner: The ancestor of a Catholic connection, some generations back, had a Bible, which was borrowed by a priest and burned. The tradition preserved in the family kept alive a certain indefinite regard for the Bible, and when the colporteurs visited their neighborhood, one of them bought a Bible. This was read with interest by different members of the family, and then by others, till the doctrines began to move them; and, finally, the colporteur, and after him other Protestants, saw a manifest revival. The ministers of Nismes took up

the work, but soon left, though they asked and obtained an additional minister from the king, upon pleading the wants of this people. The very few who still retained their good impressions made this call for Mr. Cook. He was unable to comply.

"There are few conversions under pious ministers of the National Church—perhaps for want of discipline—but mostly under Dissenters and Wesleyans. The first Wesleyan Society was formed in Normandy. A Methodist traveler from Jersey met some women who assembled to read the Bible, and being asked to read, he also spoke to the awakening of some souls. A preacher was sent, who was kept a prisoner on parole during the war that ensued. After the fall of Napoleon, Mr. Cook went to this place, and found some pious souls. At Paris, the first Wesleyan fruits fell to the Dissenting Protestants at Taitbout, St. Anne, &c. French converts are remarkable for deep, steady piety.

"*December 8th.* Saturday. Clear, cold, and very windy. Went to the Tourmain, to the Maison Carré, and amphitheatre. Read also, as I was able, in the Life of Bruen—interesting and exciting.

"*December 9th.* Very cold and windy. Walked into the country. Mr. Cook called at night, after preaching, and we had interesting conversation and prayer. In his missionary work, he sometimes sends a peddler with good books to a new village, to prepare the way. He is often invited, but commonly goes to the mayor and asks a room, or calls on Swiss watch-makers or cooks. Much good has been done in France by colporteurs, who, two and two, usually carry about and sell Bibles. They are commonly poor, pious, young men, employed by the Bible Society, or one of the Evangelical Societies, on very small pay. Many Swiss peasants are thus engaged in France in the snowy season, when their farm labors are suspended. They argue for the good Book, and read a little to show its quality. They hold a meeting, if a few

people will assemble, in a garret or stable, to hear the Scriptures. They become reasoners, exhorters, and even preachers, unawares. Many are thus led on to study, and are set apart as evangelists and pastors. Mr. Cook related an anecdote on the subject of selling good books. The Paris Bible Society sent a box of books to a Protestant minister near Nismes, for distribution. He assembled the Consistory, told them of the box, and said they had lived in much peace with the Catholics, which this box might disturb. He asked counsel, gave his own, and the result of all was, that the box was sent back to Paris. Mr. Cook, on hearing this, concluded that this parish must be fair missionary ground. He sent a young Methodist from Nismes to sell good books in the village, and see if any of the people would consent to hear him preach. The pious peddler visited the poor people in their garrets and cellars, sold books when he could, exhorted all, held some little meetings, and, finally, a few persons sent to request Mr. Cook to preach to them. He of course did so, and several were awakened, and some converted. The pastor complained to Mr. Cook for sending so low an agent to open his way, and for coming into so pious a parish with his disturbing zeal.

"*December* 10*th*. A clear, mild day. Called upon Mr. Cook, who is often urged to preach in new places. When there are *several* ministers in one town and Consistory, they do the pastoral duties in rotation, and so preach in the several churches. There are now five pastors in Neff's work, two decidedly pious.

"*December* 11*th*. Clear and cool. We visited the interior of the Maison Carré and amphitheatre. The former is wholly modernized, and covered with plaster. There is a good collection of pictures, and many fragments of antiquity, pavements, mosaics, statues, columns, tombs. The amphitheatre is full of ruins and grandeur. It is, on the whole, a stupendous work."

XLIX. TO THE REV. DR. LUCKEY.

Nismes, South of France, Dec. 13th, 1838.

During a stay of seventeen days in this city, I have been so happy as to form an interesting acquaintance with the Rev. Charles Cook, Wesleyan missionary. Mr. Cook has been in France about twenty years. He converses, writes, and preaches in the language with perfect facility, and is intimately acquainted with the history and present state of the revival of evangelical piety in this kingdom, with all its encouragements and hinderances. Indeed, I have met with no man so well informed upon this subject; and no man, I apprehend, native or foreigner, has been equally instrumental in producing a change so promising of good to the present and future generations. This and the last years have been signalized by peculiar blessings upon the Wesleyan missions in the South of France. Many new societies have been formed. In several instances, the number of members in older societies has been doubled, and, throughout the whole field of labor, there is a manifest improvement in knowledge and piety. There is a small and growing society in this city, but the French Methodists generally reside in the rural villages, and are cultivators of the soil. They are an industrious and independent class of persons, being, for the most part, proprietors of the small vineyards and olive-yards which they cultivate. The ministers who labor among them all agree in representing them as signally devoted and pious. They are remarkable for the simplicity, fervency, and steadiness of their piety. Very few dishonor or forsake their Christian profession; and, surrounded as they are by enemies, and often tried in the ordeal of domestic persecutions, they shine in this dark land as lights of the world. There has been, during the past autumn, a work of conversion among the children of pious parents, in many respects peculiarly interesting. Its commencement, in a meeting originated among them-

selves, without any suggestion from others, the very tender age of most of its subjects, as well as the satisfactory and affecting evidence given of a real evangelical change, are encouraging and instructive. Such instances are, perhaps, not very uncommon in America; but I was hardly prepared to meet with them in the bosom of France. The delightful narrative fell upon my ear like good tidings from a far country, and it is long since I have enjoyed feelings of more unmingled pleasure than have been excited by what I have heard of the work of God in this region.

I feel a strong desire that some of the facts connected with the mission in which Mr. Cook has been so long engaged should be laid before the Christian public in the United States; and he has been so kind as to promise that he will, from time to time, as his manifold and pressing avocations may allow, furnish a paper for publication in the Christian Advocate. The inclosed is, I trust, but the beginning of a series which will be interesting and profitable to your readers, and which may more fully engage their sympathy and prayers for this great nation and the Christian efforts which are employed to work out its salvation. The new light which is here thrown upon the history and opinions of Felix Neff will be welcome to all who have read his soul-stirring and romantic biography with the deep interest—the peculiar charm, I may say—which it exerted over my feelings, and, I am sure, over the feelings of many excellent Christians. I ought to say that what Mr. Cook has written with regard to some peculiarities of Calvinism has reference to opinions which, under the sanction of the great name of the Reformer, are not unfrequently inculcated in this country, to the great hinderance of true piety, but which would find as little sympathy among the great body of intelligent and pious Calvinists in America as is expressed for them by the writer. He has felt called upon to advert particularly to the subject by the recent publication of a new edition of

the Life of Neff, in which he and his colleagues are accused of intruding into the peaceful scenes of that good man's labors, and disturbing his pious and simple-hearted followers with vain polemics. How unfounded is this charge, the inclosed communication very clearly shows. Mr. C. was naturally desirous, in making a communication of the subject of Neff and his people, with whom, under Divine guidance, he has been led to form so intimate a connection, to guard himself and his work against an injurious accusation, which may be as extensively circulated in America, as it has been in Europe in the new edition of the Life of Neff.

Nismes, which we leave this evening for Marseilles and Italy, is, in some respects, the most interesting spot I have visited in France. It contains the first considerable specimen of Roman architecture that I have seen. This consists of two temples, two gateways, an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct—the two last stupendous works, and, with one of the temples, in a state of almost perfect preservation. The country is covered with vines and olives for many leagues around, which are objects of such exclusive attention, that the whole region is estimated to produce only a sufficient quantity of grain to supply the inhabitants with bread six weeks in the year. The residue is imported from abroad by Marseilles, and from the interior by the great canal of Languedoc. Nismes, too, is the most Protestant city of France, and is the metropolis of the most Protestant part of the kingdom. Of its 45,000 inhabitants, 15,000 are Protestants; and of the 350,000 in this department, 150,000 are Protestants. The town has two Protestant churches, which have six pastors, some of whom are evangelical, though, unfortunately, with little apparent fruit of their labors. Many of the tragic scenes of the religious wars and persecutions of France were enacted here. Finally, this region is now the theatre of a most hopeful revival of vital religion, and offers a glorious promise for the future.

I should say a word in reference to my own health. It has only been within the last two months that I have thought my general health better than it was before I left America; and I am now only beginning to cherish a slight hope that it may yet please God to permit me, at some future time, to engage again in his blessed work. I indulge in no confident anticipations, but I think I have less reason than heretofore utterly to despair of final restoration. What to me is better than health, I can yet say from my heart, and I trust in the spirit of faith, "The will of the Lord be done!"

Mrs. Olin is in good health, and joins me in sending affectionate Christian salutations to sister L—— and other dear friends in America. We need and ask an interest in the prayers of all those Christians who are so kind as to remember us. This, with a single brief exception, is the first time I have used a pen since July, 1837. I offer no apology for errors which I may not attempt to correct.

"*December* 13*th*. Wrote to Dr. Luckey, and inclosed an interesting communication from Mr. Cook, who called when I was out at 3 P.M. We took tea with Mrs. Cook, and set off in the diligence at 6 for Marseilles. Rode all night; very cold.

"*December* 14*th*. Breakfasted at Aix, a pretty town of 250,000 inhabitants. Saw its warm fountain smoking—about blood-warm. From Aix much of the road is clay, and is not good. Arrived at Marseilles at half past 12 o'clock, and took rooms in the Hôtel Beauveau.

"*December* 15*th*. Marseilles has 120,000 inhabitants. The old town has high houses, and streets so narrow that two mules can hardly pass. The modern has broad, straight streets, and fine squares and houses. The Cours St. Louis, Cours Bonaparte, and Place Royale, are superb. The city is nearly encompassed with high mountains, distant from five to ten miles. The inclosed valley is very populous, and ap-

parently well tilled. Immediately around the town is another girdle of hills, not so high, but very elevated in some parts. On the sides of these, but chiefly in the little vale they encompass, is the town. The harbor is a neck of the sea, not a mile long, less than a quarter of a mile wide, which comes into the town from the northeast and straight to the heart of the city, dividing it, as far as it goes, into two not very unequal parts. This enters the sea by making a bend around a bold promontory. The harbor has four fathoms water. Its entrance would hardly admit more than two ships abreast. It is impregnable by sea. The guns of the fort are at the waters' edge, and aloft many feet. The fort seems crowded. A new dock, nearly done, will soon add to its facilities. The islands near the entrance of the harbor are abrupt mountains rising out of the sea, and give much beauty and character to the scene. There is a lofty and noble promenade north of the town, on a high hill, approached by the Cours Bonaparte. The mount is ascended by a zigzag road. It has a monument, a garden, and a church. The view takes in the distant mountains, the sea, the harbor, the whole valley, the islands, and the entire city. It is a magnificent sight! On the pinnacle of the highest peak, quite upon the skirts of the town, is a church apparently not long built. Connected with the same building is a marine telegraph, and a tower to observe approaching vessels. The toil of mounting to this church is intolerable. I have not made such an exertion in many months. Even after climbing to the mountain top, sixty-eight steps must be ascended to get into the chapel. This church will probably be but the more resorted to for its position, since it will be a meritorious pilgrimage, like that to the mountain-church in Lyons — so wise are the Catholics in the material impressions of religion in its circumstantials. The view from this church is admirable—the city—the mountains—the inclosed valley—the sea, with vessels and islands, all show their objects most distinct-

ly and minutely to the eye in this incomparable sky. It is a very picturesque, though in some views a painful sight, to see the multitudes climbing up the precipitous sides of this mount to the high places of 'Nôtre Dame.' On the side next the town is a paved way, with steps. On the other side, which is more precipitous, you see hundreds approaching by winding paths, or mounting the crags for a nearer way, some in clusters of from two to six, but mostly solitary. The sides of the mount contain, it may be, two hundred acres, which are dotted by these adventurous climbers. The chapel was closed when, with great labor, I had reached it, but I enjoyed the view exquisitely.

"Marseilles is quite equal to any town I have seen. Paris has fine edifices, but not finer streets and squares, and broad, shady boulevards, as they here name them *Cours*. These pervade the new, that is to say, much the largest part of the town, in all directions. The houses are all of stone, five or six stories high, and built with great beauty and solidity. The markets are profusely supplied, especially with fruit, from the Levant and elsewhere. Much of the soap used in the kingdom is made here of olive-oil, native and imported. One sees in Marseilles more tall men than in Paris. The people, too, have a different cast of countenance—less bright and precise, but more free and open. Indeed, one recognizes a different race of men upon the Rhone from those upon the Seine.

"*December* 16*th*. A fine day. Walked in the morning with Mrs. Olin; in the afternoon alone. Entered five churches—all full. I find much more attendance here, and in all France, than travelers represent. Probably a great change has taken place. May it be spiritual also. Wrote to my brother—the first time in twenty months. Mr. Roussel left his card.

"*December* 17*th*. A fine day. We are to sail at 3 P.M. for Italy.

L. TO MR J. R. OLIN.

Marseilles, Dec. 16th, 1838.

I am becoming very anxious to hear from you and my other relatives in America, which I have not done for many months. This is perhaps owing to my wandering mode of life, and letters may have been miscarried, though, if directed to the care of Wells & Co., Paris, I should not expect any irregularity of this sort. I could not learn, when in Paris three weeks since, that any letters had been received there for me which had not safely come to hand. I hope you will write to this address as before, and I think I shall get your letters. Do not forget this request. I am *very anxious* to hear from you more frequently. The death of our dear father has filled me with unwonted concern about the rest of the family; for though we are much accustomed to sickness, God has mercifully spared us the anguish of losing relatives to an extent not very common in so numerous a connection. I feel as if one strong tie to my old home, and even to my country, were gone, and that I can not afford to lose another. May God preserve us all to see each other again in this life; if not, may He fit us all to meet above.

The letter of Mary Anne from London told you of our sojourn and welfare in England. After a stay of three months, we went to Belgium at the end of October; and after a fortnight spent in visiting the principal places in that small but interesting region, we went to Paris, which we left after eight days for Lyons. In less than one week we proceeded to Nismes, in the south of France, and thence, after an interesting visit of seventeen days, we came to this city on Friday, the 14th instant. To-morrow we are to sail for Italy, where we hope to spend the winter and a part of the spring chiefly at Rome, Naples, and Florence. Then we expect to proceed to Switzerland for the warm season. This is the plan; but I am well admonished, by long experience, not to

look to the morrow with great confidence. I hope to hear from my friends, and to write to them in Italy as heretofore; but think it not very improbable that communication may be more tardy and uncertain. You may charge it to this cause if you do not hear from us as soon as you expect.

Now as to our health. Mrs. Olin enjoys very good general health now as formerly. This ought to be, much more than it is, a matter of special thanksgiving to us. In this God very manifestly mingles his mercies with chastisements; for I do not see how we could get along, in my state of health, if her's should also be taken away. I have not had any serious illness of more than two days' continuance since the 1st of August. I mean, I have not been confined to my bed—not that I do not feel the bad symptoms which have so long followed me. These I must long feel. A constitution broken as mine is, if it can be mended, must improve slowly. I can say that I begin to think myself better, and to indulge in better, though only in slight hopes of recovery. I have had no clear attack upon the head in four months; I talk, think, read for a few minutes, and so you see write a very little, not without inconvenience, but without serious injury. This I have not done before in about two years. I can not as yet hear a sermon, or conduct or even join in devotion. Silent, earnest prayer, if continued so long as two or three minutes, quite upsets me. Will not you, my dear brother, and my other friends, pray the more earnestly for me, as I am nearly cut off from that privilege? Not that my trust in God is weakened. No; my desires, my purposes, perhaps, I may add, my faith, are not weakened. I feel that Christ is my only refuge as a sinner, and more especially as a broken, useless minister, cut off from God's house, and from nearly every privilege, public and private. I retain a fervent desire to be employed in the ministry. I look without relish upon all worldly pursuits, though I often think, if my life is prolonged, I can never do more than to settle down upon a little farm,

and hide while I take care of my infirmities. I can truly say, however, that I am not greatly anxious for the future. That is with God; and I would not remove the veil that conceals it, but rather walk by faith, and endure as seeing him who is invisible.

I hope that you are in better health, able, at least, to go to the house of the Lord, and take a useful part in cultivating the little vine which has so wonderfully been planted by your side. I feel a lively interest in this work, and pray that it may be enduring. May you be made useful and happy in this hopeful field! For what else should we desire to live but to save souls—first our own, then those of other men? I begin to feel a strong desire to see my friends and country again, and if I shall think it quite consistent with health and safety, I shall certainly think strongly of returning by the end of this year (1839) or early the next (1840). Of this, however, it is too soon to speak, or even to think. Be it, and all else that concerns me and mine, as God wills. . . . .

LI. TO MESSRS. T. STEWART AND B. F. HICKS.

Rome, February 14th, 1839.

We were very glad to hear from you a few weeks since I anxiously hope that Mr. Hicks is quite recovered from his indisposition, though the winter climate of Paris is so bad that persons who become affected by it must be content to expect better times only with the return of Spring. . . . .

We have been now nearly two months in Rome—a great part of the time quite busy in looking at the rare and interesting objects in which the city abounds. We have pretty well exhausted the antiquities of the town, but have not made any excursions in the neighborhood, having reserved this for longer days and better roads. Some private collections of paintings, too, and some single pictures scattered in the churches, will demand a little time. In the whole, we have enough to do to occupy us till the 1st of April, the time

we have set for going to Naples. The climate of Rome is very good, and a residence of a few months full of interest. There are from forty to fifty Americans here. Mr. Moore and his party went to Naples first, and have been here not quite a month. They will probably stay till April, and then proceed slowly to Paris.

. . . . I have received letters from Mr. Early and Mr. Garland within the last three weeks. No special news. The college is doing well. They make a formal and urgent request that I will return to my old post, proposing such arrangements as will lighten my duties, &c., consenting that, if necessary, I may remain abroad till June, 1840. Mr. Sims seems to have received, and to have made upon others a very erroneous impression with regard to my health. I have written to them so explicitly upon the subject, that I trust they will fill the vacancy without further delay. They can have no further expectations of my return, for which the state of my health, present and prospective, disqualifies me wholly. Mrs. Olin has received one letter from Columbus. It contains painful tidings with regard to the health of her mother. You have heard, I presume, of the great revivals in Georgia. They have also prevailed extensively in Virginia and North Carolina. Mrs. Olin is not well at present, though her health has generally been good. Mine has improved, with the exception of an illness of ten days, from which I have just recovered.

You will not suspect me of doing a mere formal thing when I express my sincere and earnest wishes for your welfare. I am deeply impressed with the dangerous situation of young men in Paris, and I have such confidence in the efficacy of the Gospel in saving their moral principles from injury that I must here repeat the counsel you may think I have often enough inculcated. I earnestly and affectionately advise you to continue in a devout and uniform attendance upon all Christian duties—upon reading the Bible, self-examination,

private devotion, and public worship. These are the means which God has appointed for our safety and salvation, and they who neglect them cast off his protection. Bad example, much employment, forgetfulness, occasional stupidity, may lead you to undervalue them or neglect them, but all your higher principles and hopes urge you to resist the temptations that press upon your position, and consecrate yourselves fully to God. Indulge sparingly in the pleasures of youth as friendly neither to moral nor intellectual excellence. I pray for you, and remain very affectionately your friend.

LII. TO THE REV. DR. LUCKEY.

Rome, February 17th, 1839.

I forwarded to you from Nismes, in the south of France, an interesting communication from Rev. Charles Cook, Wesleyan missionary, which I hope came safely to hand. From Nismes I traveled to this city, making only a brief stop at Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, and Leghorn. I have been here about two months, engaged for the most part in exploring the remains of antiquity which give such peculiar interest to Rome and its neighborhood. I design to leave this city about the 1st of April for Naples, after which I have no very definite plan. I shall probably proceed to the north of Italy and to Switzerland as the warm season approaches. With regard to my health, comparing the last few months with the previous part of my residence in Europe, it has essentially improved. I have lately been ill ten days, which is the only serious confinement I have had since August. I thank God for this mitigation, and shall, above all things, rejoice when it shall please Him so far to heal me that I may return to my beloved native land, and to my more beloved ministerial duties and Christian associations. . . . .

Extracts from Journal.

"*Sunday, January* 20*th*, 1838. At 3 P.M., I saw a most singular ceremony at the church of St. Antony Abbé. Yesterday was the fête of the patron saint, which has been celebrated for several successive days. To-day a solemn mass was offered for the *horses*. For several days they have been conducted to the church to receive a benediction; but I was told that, for the most part, only inferior animals have enjoyed this benefit before to-day—the finest breeds, as well as the most showy equipages, being reserved to grace the great and last day of the fête. However this may have been, I saw a multitude of fine horses, mostly attached to carriages, but many under the saddle or led by grooms, assist at this unique ceremony. There were also many mules and donkeys of all degrees, including some which would hardly sell in the market for the few pauls which the poor peasants uniformly gave to the functionary for the ghostly benefits, real or imaginary, conferred upon the sorry quadrupeds. The priest stood at the door of the church, in the habit of his order. The beasts were successively conducted within a few feet of this station, and the ceremony consisted in muttering a brief prayer in Latin, directed, as I understood it, to St. Antony, and asking him to guard these animals from all distempers. The priest then sprinkled the horses and driver, and frequently those who were seated in the carriages, and the spectators, also, who approached too near, with holy water, which he took from a consecrated fount by his side. A man, who stood by his side, then gave to the conductor a folded paper, and received a piece of silver, varying with the liberality or ability of the giver. I think, however, it generally amounted to from three to five or ten pauls. I obtained one of these folded papers for a trifle, and it inclosed a small cross of brass, with a coarse engraving of St. Antony in his monkish costume, surrounded with this inscription: 'Moniales ordinis Camaldu-

and splendid train, had but just left the place, having, like others, received the benediction.

"*February* 18*th*, 1839. I went to the Roman college, to hear a lecture from Father Vanderbook, professor of biblical literature. The lecture, like all others in the Roman colleges, was in Latin. Each student had a lithographed epitome of the lecture previously put into his hands, a Vulgate New Testament, and a note-book. No questions were asked on the present occasion; but it was usual, I was told, for a professor to call upon a student to repeat the substance of the lecture, and upon others to attack and defend its doctrine, for which they are expected to be prepared. Full latitude, it is said, is given to free discussion.

"I called on Father Cressi, a Milanese, formerly professor in the Catholic College, Georgetown, America, and now confessor to the Queen of Sardinia. He related to me the process of canonization. After the death of a person supposed to be worthy of this distinction, application is made to the Holy See, who appoints a commission, consisting of distinguished ecclesiastics and lawyers, which proceeds to the late residence of the deceased, and carefully collects all the facts which illustrate his character and history by the examination of witnesses under oath. This evidence, sometimes soon after the death, more commonly after the lapse of many years, is submitted to the congregation of rites, composed of cardinals and other high ecclesiastics and laymen. The claims of the deceased are here very carefully scrutinized, some acute and able priest, called the devil's advocate, being always appointed to oppose his claims. If found to possess the requisite claims of virtue and sanctity, he is admitted, first to the grade called venerable; after still more rigid examination, and upon still higher qualifications, he may be admitted to the grade of beati or blessed. The *beati* are presumed to have entered into the joys of heaven. In addition to those qualifications, it must be clearly proved that one has wrought miracles in

order to be canonized as a saint. These may be addressed as intercessors with God. The bishop who performs the ceremony of canonization then addresses them as such—'ora pro nobis,' pray for us.

"He remarked, that Jesuits renounce all Church preferment, never become bishops nor cardinals, nor hold other dignities, but by the command of the Pope and by a special dispensation from their vows. They do not even take charge of parishes, except when there is a scarcity of priests. They act as confessors and preachers, but are chiefly engaged as teachers of youth. They are only received into the brotherhood after a strict examination as to their literary attainments, and are said to be a body of learned men. All the literary institutions here are in their hands."

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, D.D., of Boston, Massachusetts.

"I first saw Dr. Olin in Rome, where he did me the honor of calling upon me, and we were together almost every day, I believe, during the winter and spring there. We visited together the interesting antiquities of that most interesting city; and I could not fail to remark his earnest and enlightened curiosity to see the objects most worthy of notice, as well as his just and discriminating appreciation of them. We were with one another for some time at Naples; and there I witnessed his faithful and affectionate devotedness to the dear friend on account of whose illness as well as his own he had visited Italy. Again we met at Trieste, and by my advice he went to the East, of which visit the world has reaped the benefit in the very valuable report he has given of his researches. By my advice, too, for he did me the honor of consulting me, he accepted the appointment of president of the Wesleyan University; and here I might urge another claim to the gratitude of the public, and especially of the religious community of which he was so distinguished a member and

ornament. I will not attempt to sketch the character of Dr. Olin. It is too well known, and too justly appreciated. No one could know him without believing that he was an *honest* man. No one could know him without being convinced of his simplicity and godly sincerity—that he was an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile. His frankness and straightforwardness were very striking. . . . . I write, *currente calamo*, with a feeble hand and a dim sight, but from the abundance of the heart."

CHAPTER X.

NAPLES AND THE NEAPOLITANS—DEATH OF MRS. OLIN.

THE Lazzaroni of Naples are much changed for the better during the present century. The French rule was in this, as in most other things, useful to Italy. These people, who include, not beggars merely, but the whole of the lowest caste, were employed upon public works, placed in the army, &c. Many of them still beg, and vast numbers of them are barefooted and in rags, but they do not answer the description of the old writers. I am assured by old residents of Naples, that there are no longer forty thousand, nor four thousand, without habitations. They are a merry, careless race, and will only work to keep off absolute and pressing want. After getting five or ten grains in the morning, they have the means of living for a day, and will sleep or idle till the wants of to-morrow become urgent. The afternoon finds thousands of them in places of resort, especially upon and near the Mole. I have often seen from ten thousand to twenty thousand there on ordinary days, talking, sleeping, and enjoying low sports. One man, who read and commented upon a book of poetry, Tasso, I understood, was every day to be seen with a crowd about him, attentive, and enjoying the intellectual feast with high satisfaction. They pay the reader who makes this his profession. Another lecturer, with a larger audience, seemed to descant upon lofty moral themes, as might be inferred from the respect shown by his auditors, who occasionally raised their hats or caps, or, in default of these, bowed their heads reverently. A third teacher, who also had a crowd of hearers, manifestly treated of lighter subjects. These were at their post every afternoon, and it was interesting, as well as

amusing, to see the half naked, dirty rabble enjoying such intellectual pursuits. They have, indeed, strong marks of mind, and better education and better government might make a fine people of them.

The Neapolitan crier is the loudest in the world. He is naked and barefooted, and probably hungry, yet he is jocular and seems happy. The Greek physiognomy is quite as discernible among the Lazzaroni as in higher grades. This class of people live very cheaply. Every thing seems to be saved and sold to them which can possibly be eaten. The refuse of the shops and markets, of course, goes to their share. One sees collections of broken meat, the leavings, one would think, of the worst tables, collected in large baskets at the corners of the streets and sold to the people. They buy it with apparent triumph, and bear away their purchase as conspicuously as possible, and with an air of great satisfaction. Every thing that is usually done within doors in other places here courts publicity. The bellows and anvil of the blacksmith are in the open air. Shoemakers and shoeblacks work in the street. Women spin and knit in the street. Tailors and hatters heat their irons without doors. In a word, every thing almost is made and sold in broad daylight. In a walk to the Mole, you might see a hundred persons mending their old clothes. Every one seems perfectly free from any sense of impropriety, and manifests not the least embarrassment if you stop to observe his occupation ever so attentively. He will probably embrace the opportunity to ask for a grain, but nothing more.

This class of people are, I believe, generally honest and peaceable, with the exception of a bad habit they have of picking your pocket of a handkerchief. This they do very adroitly, and so perseveringly that one soon finds himself without this most necessary article. It is easy to part with one a day in this way. While one boy follows you to effect his object, another, who perceives his aim, and sees, perhaps,

that you are walking too fast for him to overtake you, runs with all his might, and eagerly informs you that a vagabond is following you to steal your handkerchief. For this service he demands a reward. This practice is so common, that one hardly remains a week in Naples without experiencing its inconvenience.

These people apparently have a deep sense of religion. They kneel when the host is passing, and I have seen them quite careless of the commodiousness of the place. Foreigners are seldom annoyed on the score of their faith, if they treat the observances of the Church with decent respect. This, I am sorry to say, they often do not; and I fear it must be admitted that Protestants from Great Britain and the United States more frequently give offense than others. I have witnessed some very painful instances of this even in clergymen. I have been assured by those who have good opportunities of knowing, that the educated classes have little faith in their Church. They laugh at its absurd usages and false pretensions, and, knowing no other, charge these abominations upon the Gospel. All, however, treat the Church with outward respect, go to mass occasionally, and confess at least once a year. These remarks apply equally to the higher classes at Rome—perhaps to a great part of Italy. Indeed, there is no other country where one sees so much to destroy faith and awaken disgust. The clergy, as well as the monasteries, are less numerous in Naples than in Rome, though they abound even here. In Rome one never sees a priest in a shabby dress; here they are often shabbily clad. Their pay is small, and they can not be ordained unless they have a small annual revenue of their own.

Naples was aptly styled by a friend of mine a vast retail shop. You see business every where, and yet the whole amount is small. The shops are diminutive, often not more than five or ten feet deep. There are manufactures of cotton, wool, silk, chiefly sewing. Trinkets, too, of lava and

coral, are manufactured here in vast quantities. It is no slight proof of the powerful, benign influence of a long peace, that even here, in spite of a bad government and great national degeneracy, the general condition of the people is improving. There is more employment and less beggary than formerly. Education is increasing. Before Murat there were no good schools. Many of the old noble ladies can not read nor write. There are now good female schools, well attended. There is something like the Penny Magazine published for the people. Many of the Lazzaroni are able to read, though writing seems to be a more rare accomplishment, if we judge from the great number of writers seen in the public places writing letters and making out accounts for the ignorant. They are shabby-looking men, sitting in the open air by the side of their little dirty tables, on which are pens, ink, and dingy sheets of paper, which are kept from blowing away by stones and brickbats. The person applying for this aid stands by, dictating to the scribe the message of business or affection. These little groups often present a grotesque, and sometimes a ludicrous appearance. The dignified bearing and sage aspect of the literary functionary—the deep earnestness of the principal, for Neapolitans are vehemently earnest about the merest trifles—and the conscious satisfaction with which he looks around him to gather proofs of the increased consideration derived from this unwonted participation in a literary function, are frequently in odd keeping with his squalid costume, small clothes, perhaps, whose tattered shreds, fluttering in the wind, have retreated high above the knee—his black feet and brawny legs quite bare—the most wretched fragment of a shirt, and, over all, an old cloak, of infinitely varied patch-work and dirt, which may have been an heir-loom in a family of beggars from generation to generation.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all the Lazzaroni are beggars. They carry burdens, cry fruits and vegetables along

the streets, buy and sell old clothes and old shoes, collect and sell the remnants of smoked cigars, clean shoes—in a word, are ready to do any little job by which five or ten grains may be got, after which, having earned the means of subsistence for a day, they prefer enjoyment to labor. They are then ready to sleep, play, talk, or listen to some mountebank exhibition the rest of the day. No people, surely, are so easily made happy, and so perfectly free from all care about the future. Their common answer, when exhorted to forecast and to provide for the future, is, "God will think for us." This perfect recklessness of the future is, perhaps, as much the result as the cause of their wretchedness. With so few means of improving their condition, it is fortunate that they are so careless with regard to it. Yet if this people are not all beggars, begging is nowhere so prevalent as in Naples. If any exception could be made, it would be in favor of Rome. Mendicity seems to be fully tolerated. The police, apparently, give no attention to the subject, as throngs of mendicants are constantly plying their vocation before their eyes in the most public places, in streets and churches, without any interruption. They meet you every where, and follow you with a most clamorous and annoying perseverance. They speak in the most piteous tones—are hungry, cold, and sick—have lost father, mother, and husband. They thrust their deformed members almost into your eyes. They invoke the Madonna, the saints, and the Savior. They compliment you upon your beauty, manners, riches, or generosity, in the most bombastic strains. After all, if unsuccessful, they commonly leave in a good humor, and turn to the next comer. They are often highly amused at the cross looks and reproachful language which their pressing importunity provokes, and, after following you with tears and piteous tones the length of a street, they leave you with a loud laugh, raised at your expense, repeating aloud to the by-standers the bad Italian with which you attempted to drive them away. No places are so much

infested as those visited by travelers in quest of antiquities. Before your carriage stops, a dozen ragged vagabonds press their services upon you as cicerones. As many more, perhaps, rush forward to open the carriage door, though there is invariably a footman behind you for that purpose. One takes your umbrella, another your book, a third holds up the tail of your coat from touching the wheel as you descend, and all demand a fee for the help which they thus force upon you. The traveler soon finds it necessary to drive them away, resolutely forbidding them to touch his effects. Having provided yourself with a guide, another class of beggars assail you. The women and children rush forth from every door with precious objects of antiquity, rusty copper coins, bits of glass, fragments of marble, medallions, &c. They demand one, two, or five dollars, and end by proposing to take a few sous. If you refuse to buy so resolutely as to exclude all hope, then they commonly ask for money directly. The pleasure of seeing is greatly and often quite destroyed by this species of annoyance. Fortunately, beggars are excluded from the galleries of painting and sculpture, and when you are fairly past the threshold, you may calculate upon a truce till it becomes necessary to depart for some other place.

It is well that the means of subsistence are very cheap in Naples, bread being seldom more than two grains the pound, oranges four or five for a grain, and other fruits and vegetables in proportion. Even a beggar may afford to drink wine at two grains per bottle. It is gratifying, in the midst of so much poverty, to see several of the luxuries of life within the reach of the poor. One often sees a carriage filled with people, who in New York or London never think of such an indulgence. Riding is nowhere else so cheap. A one-horse vehicle, carrying four or six persons, may be hired to go to any part of the city for ten grains—less than nine cents. The carriage, horse, driver, and footman are, indeed, of the most shabby appearance. Better carriages may be had very

reasonably, though there are few fine horses employed in this way. The shafts of the carriage, instead of being confined by the side of the horse, as with us, are attached to the saddle, quite at the top of his back. The most heavily laden carts are drawn in the same way. One perpetually sees a huge ox between the shafts of the cart resting quite on the top of his yoke. On the outside is a horse or a donkey, attached in some way to the cart by a rope, before, perhaps, another donkey or horse, all tied together, and to their load, with the most singular disregard to their efficiency or comfort.

Naples has, perhaps, the most crowded population of any city in Europe. Certainly I have nowhere seen such masses of human beings so concentrated. London and Paris have streets that are always thronged. In Naples, nearly all are so. Perhaps no city covering so small an area has so many inhabitants. With a few noble streets of ample width, almost the whole city is made up of very narrow lanes, with very high houses, which almost exclude the light of the sun. The darkness is increased by balconies, which project before almost every window, affording, when shaded, a cool and pleasant place to sit or stand. As the windows all open like folding-doors, access to these lounging-places is easy. The houses are mostly large, built around quadrangular courts, and calculated to accommodate many families. Indeed, these huge dwellings, which are dignified with the name of palazza, often contain what in America would be the occupations and inhabitants of a small village. On the ground floor, upon the streets and on the court, are a dozen shops—a bookseller, a tinner, an apothecary, a reading-room, a baker, &c., &c. The second, as we should call it, but which is here below the first story, is commonly let to inferior tenants—shop-keepers, milliners, and mechanics—for dwellings; and one is often surprised at the multitude which he meets upon the common stair-case. Above this is the *first*

story, as the Italians and French number it. This, with the one above it, is the fashionable part of a house, commands the highest rent, and is occupied by the higher classes. In the palace where I lodged, the lower or ground story was taken up by stables, carriage-houses, forage, and lodges for the porter, hostlers, and some menials. The next, in which, also, the rooms were comparatively low and inelegantly finished, was let in dwellings or lodgings to a plebeian crowd. The third was wholly occupied by the hotel. The fourth was the residence of the owner, a Neapolitan prince. There was yet another above; I know not how used—perhaps for the servants of the same family.

There is a general prejudice, both in Italy and France, against the lower parts of a house, as unhealthy, which does not exist in America, nor, I believe, in England. This prejudice arose, I presume, from the narrow, filthy, and badly-ventilated streets. It is now fortified by custom, and no one who has not the courage to be unfashionable is contented with lodgings which are not at a most inconvenient height.

We are no longer surprised at the vast population of a city of such limited extent as Naples after seeing the crowd that is constantly passing and repassing through the common entrance of one of these high edifices. It may be in imitation of this universal custom of swarming together in these teeming hives of human beings, but more probably the result of the necessity which gave rise to the custom, that the Neapolitans do not dwell apart like other people, even in the grave. All burials take place beyond the walls of the city here, as in most other towns in Europe. The rich here, as elsewhere, rest after death in costly sepulchres. Others, who can afford the expense, have separate graves, either purchased in perpetuity or for a certain number of years, when the bones are removed to some common receptacle to make room for new occupants. But the multitude, who can not afford this expense, are disposed of in a more summary way. An acre or two of ground

is inclosed in high walls, and paved with flag-stones. A great number of pits—it is said one for every day in the year—are made below this pavement, twelve or fifteen feet square, with an aperture at the top large enough to admit a human body. At a certain hour of the day, generally about sunset, the bodies, which have been brought from the city and kept in a depôt on the premises, are thrown into this receptacle promiscuously, and the hole is then carefully stopped with a stone door, not to be again disturbed for a year, when it is once more lifted from its place by a crane to receive another contribution of human beings. Quick-lime is thrown into these gloomy cells to hasten decomposition and prevent pestilential effluvia. When the accumulation becomes inconvenient, the bones are removed. A gentleman, long resident in Naples, assured me that they send them to Marseilles, and sell them to refiners of sugar. I visited this Golgotha, but did not think my nerves strong enough to witness an interment. A friend of mine, who looked upon one of these scenes, told me that it was shocking beyond conception, and that he was unable for several days to get over the effect. Twenty bodies is about the average daily contribution in times of ordinary health. He counted seventeen. They were brought in rough boxes to the mouth of the pit. Some had on a shirt, or only a ragged cloth or napkin about the loins. Many were perfectly naked. The undertaker and his assistants took them by an arm, a leg, or the head, as chance or convenience directed, and, carrying them to the mouth of the pit, dropped them in one by one, without the least regard to order or decency: only it was observed that they were all pitched in feet foremost. Some prejudice probably, or superstition, led to this mark of respect, if so it might be called, to the degraded and abused image of God. I do not know whether this disgusting method of disposing of the dead prevails elsewhere. I saw a cemetery of the same kind at Rome, but hope the remains of humanity deposited in it are at least

treated with more decency and reverence. This is demanded by every consideration of sound policy, as well as the higher dictates of religion and humanity. Nothing can tend more strongly to degrade and brutalize the lowest classes. However prostrate they may be in life, there is at least something consoling, and even elevating, in the thought that in death the rich and the poor meet together, and that religion will hallow the humblest grave, and protect the dust which waits for the resurrection and eternal life from profane violation. I can not help ascribing some part of the degradation and wretchedness of the poor to this brutal and unchristian practice. It must be confessed, however, that the humble classes of Naples are not familiarized with insult for the first time at the mouth of the grave. They are elsewhere treated with a degree of brutality that I have not witnessed in other countries. The lowest agent of the police does not hesitate to inflict blows at discretion. A gentleman's servant will clear a passage for his master's carriage by a free use of his cane. Indeed, I have reason to believe that any well-dressed man may strike one of the common people without the least danger. I have several times seen them subjected to this indignity without making any complaint, or manifesting the slightest symptom of either shame or resentment; and this, I am assured, is a thing of daily and hourly occurrence. It would be unreasonable to expect courage, enterprise, or the more passive virtue of common honesty from a populace that can have no respect for themselves. They must, of course, be base, mendacious, and dishonest. There is no room for patriotism or loyalty. It is observed that the people here always side with the culprit against the administration of justice. They are always ready to aid the bandit in his designs, to conceal his person or his plunder, and to favor his escape from his pursuers. The government can not trust its own agents, who are notoriously the most flagrant violators of the law they have sworn to enforce. Gasparoni, the celebrated

bandit, in confinement at Civita Vecchia, assured my friend that he was always in correspondence with the officers of police in Naples and Rome, who know, from the applications made for passports, when and in what directions carriages were to set out. These were waylaid at the proper time and place. The driver and the soldiers at the next guard-house were no less than the police in league with the robber, and the property of the traveler fell an easy prey to the leagued and legalized freebooters. Such things are well known both to the government and the public; but how can they be prevented, when the people are so demoralized? The venality and dishonesty of the custom-house officers is proverbial. Every traveler has proof of it the moment he reaches the Neapolitan frontier. Every thing is done by bribes, and I doubt whether it be possible to pass through the kingdom of Naples or the Roman states without resorting to them. The scruples felt at first are sacrificed to absolute necessity. Indeed, it soon becomes apparent that the government winks at, if it does not openly encourage, this system, since the bribe is taken openly in the custom-house or in the crowded street. The company in which I traveled agreed, upon passing a custom-house, to refuse the usual douceur, and compel the officers to search our baggage. They directly asked for the fee for letting us pass without molestation. We offered them our keys, which, however, they declined to take, and waited with great composure till we became tired of delay. We stopped, I think, for nearly two hours, but the functionary had much more leisure than we had. The bribe was paid at last, not to avoid examination, which we had no reason to fear, but to be allowed to proceed on our journey. Another method of exacting and of overcoming scruples is to derange every thing in the trunk, open bundles and boxes with a vexatious minuteness, to tumble muslin, linen, &c. It is best to pay a trifle, in proportion to the amount of baggage, at once, when you are allowed to pass on without molestation or with only

a formal examination. No matter, then, what you may have in your trunks—contraband goods, heretical books—all things are allowed to pass. The general venality of the custom-house is so notorious, that the government seeks protection against it, not by the infliction of punishments merely, though these are severe enough—confinement to the galleys for life—but by selling the duties for a round sum to wealthy merchants and others, who have their own confidential agents in the different offices to assist, more properly, to watch over those of the king. I had these facts from a gentleman of great respectability, who was himself concerned in farming the revenue from imposts. He assured me, also, that the custom-house officers were known to be directly the greatest smugglers. They will pledge themselves to deliver a given quantity of goods at the house of the employer upon his securing to them half the amount of duties. This is often deposited with a third person; and the honest functionary, on his part, is required to deposit half the price of the goods as a pledge of his faithful discharge of the new and unofficial duties which he has undertaken to perform. This is but one of the results of the operation of an absolute government upon a degraded people, where neither the affections nor the moral sense of the subject have any sympathy with the requisitions of the law.

LIII. TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

Naples, May 14th, 1839.

I have lately been called to pass through a scene of deep and overwhelming distress. God, in his mysterious but righteous providence, has taken from me my beloved and honored wife, who expired in this city on the 7th instant. In asking a place in the Christian Advocate for the brief statement which the present state of my feelings and health will allow me to make, I depart from the course which under other circumstances I would choose to adopt. I should prefer to com-

municate the sad intelligence to relatives and personal friends by private letters, aware that the public are likely to feel little sympathy for griefs and consolations, which to me have an interest so profound and absorbing. It is quite impossible, however, for me to write even to a small part of the large circle of friends who might think themselves entitled to hear from me on this sad occasion. As yet, I have only been able to write a single letter to a beloved sister in Georgia. I beg that others will consider that, in making this communication, I address them, and satisfy, so far as I am able, the claims of affection and friendship. Perhaps, too, I am more influenced than I am aware of by another personal consideration. I never in my life felt so sensibly the need of Divine support. Not that I feel myself forsaken of God, though he has wounded so deeply. No. I am able to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Still, it has occurred to me that, by making known my situation, some, perhaps, of my Christian friends will be incited to pray for me. There are those, I am sure, who do not forget me in their converse with their Savior, though I have been so long a wanderer in foreign lands. It may, however, lead them to more frequent and fervent supplications in behalf of an absent brother, to know that he is now left *alone* in his pilgrimage, bereft of earthly consolation.* I am led to hope, also, that

* This request elicited a reply, published at the time in one of the periodicals of his own country, of which the following are some of the stanzas:

"Afflicted one and lone!
We seem to hear thy saddest moan
Borne on the distant ocean-wave,
From that far-off Italian grave.
Our spirits have been with thee there,
Oh, can we then refuse the prayer?
Prayer—fervent prayer for thee shall rise,
To Him who hears and counts thy sighs.
We'll pray for thee.

the example of humility, of calmness, of perfect resignation, and deliberate, unshaken faith exhibited by my beloved wife upon her death-bed, will not be lost upon the large circle of her personal friends, though it should fail of being specially useful to others.

My dear wife made a profession of religion in the year 1826. She had serious impressions at an earlier period of life, and she often spoke with peculiar interest of the *first impressions* she had ever felt of the necessity of religion. She was yet a child, and on a visit at the house of a relative, I think, in or near Louisville, Georgia, when Bishop Andrew, then young in the ministry, visited the family after preaching in the neighborhood. He took her upon his knee and spoke to her about eternity, and her need of a Savior, in such a way as to leave a deep and lasting effect upon her mind. It was twelve or fifteen years before she became a disciple of Christ, but the impression made by this conversation was never lost.

"'Tis not the worst of ills to die,
Thine own beloved thought,
There's sweet reunion in the sky
Where parting there is not.
O, soon life's pilgrimage shall end
With thee—with all—there, then shall wend
Our ransom'd souls to meet above
The loved of earth in climes of love.
We'll pray for thee.

"We'll pray for thee, in thy deep woe,
While sadly wand'ring to and fro;
Though absent, thou art present still;
Return, O none thy place may fill;
Unto thy home of youth return—
Thy buried one afar thou'lt mourn.
We'll chide thee not, but give thee tears,
And then, as now, our fervent prayers.
We'll pray for thee. M. M.

"*July* 29, 1839."

It accompanied her through the amusements and distractions of a youth of much gayety, often leading her to serious reflections, and sometimes to a lively concern for her soul.

The Rev. Lovick Pierce was specially instrumental, both by his public ministry and his private conversation and correspondence, in her conversion, and in the settlement of her faith. For these faithful ministers she always cherished a most affectionate regard; and I now feel more than ever thankful for having enjoyed, almost from my first entrance into the ministry, the privilege of an unreserved Christian intimacy with them.

During the twelve years of our union, in which I have been intimately acquainted with the religious character of my dear wife, her general deportment has borne testimony to the sincerity of her piety. She was regular in her attendance on public worship when circumstances permitted. She conscientiously performed the duties of private devotion, nor did I ever know her to shun the responsibilities or compromise the dignity of Christianity in her intercourse with the world. She took care every where to be recognized as a disciple of Christ. And if the Gospel in general, or her own particular profession, was in any company the object of contempt, she rather sought than shunned the reproach of the cross. This, in ordinary circumstances, I am aware, is an easy virtue, but in the variety of changes to which we have been exposed, it has often been more difficult to maintain this lofty bearing. Those who have had opportunity of observing the influence of foreign travel upon Christian character know the rarity and the worth of this virtue. Though every where uniform and fearless in the maintenance of Christian principles and deportment, she was timid in reference to her own spiritual state. She never expressed more than a *hope* of her acceptance, and always an unshaken purpose of perseverance. Indeed, she was habitually reserved upon the subject of her Christian feelings, never referring to it unless questioned by others. On

such occasions she always spoke with great simplicity and deep feeling, evincing how intensely and habitually her heart was interested. For the last two years her privileges have been greatly abridged. In Paris, in London, and in Rome, where we have mostly resided, there have been regular Protestant services, upon which she would have frequently attended; but, as I was commonly confined with ill health, she thought it her first duty to minister at my bedside, and I was seldom able to persuade her to leave me to go to church, except in the few intervals of better health with which I have been blessed.

These privations, no doubt, led to a degree of spiritual languor, which became a source of special anxiety when she fell ill, about the 1st of April. Her disease, an obstinate inflammation of the liver, soon put on a threatening aspect, and, with the exception of one or two brief intervals, left us little ground of hope. Its probable termination became a frequent topic of conversation between us. From the first she expressed perfect resignation to God's will, but felt no clear evidence of acceptance. "I think," she said, "God will take me into his kingdom, but I can not feel sure." She often said, "I have no new views upon my death-bed. I *hope* in Christ. I have thought upon the subject much, and, though I have not the evidence which I should desire, I find I do not fear to die. I have no dread of falling into the hands of my heavenly Father." On another occasion she said to me, "I have for many years thought it improbable that I should have any special comforts on my death-bed. I know this boon is granted to many eminent Christians, but I have thought that it might not be for the glory of God that such an imperfect creature as I should be so favored. I do not feel as I should prefer to do. Perhaps I may, but I hardly expect it. I can not say I feel sure of *salvation*." On another occasion she said to me, "I think I have believed in Christ, but am so conscious of unfaithfulness, that I am quite una-

ble to look to him with perfect satisfaction. Yet I *think* he will save me." Her sense of unworthiness seemed the chief hinderance to the enjoyment of those more comfortable views which seemed just within her grasp. Her faith seemed never for a moment to waver, but did not fully realize the higher consolations of the Gospel. I said to her, on the occasion here referred to, "My dear, you seem to me partially to exclude the blessed peculiarity of the Gospel. Now that you are so conscious of deep unworthiness, the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ is offered to your faith as a better and sufficient plea. In this you stand upon the same ground with the holiest Christian. You are brought precisely to the point where, having no merit of your own, you are prepared to cast yourself unreservedly upon him who died to save *sinners*, but came not to call the righteous." This view, though she had so often dwelt upon it and rejoiced in it, seemed to strike her mind with new and peculiar force. She made no reply at the time, but to all my inquiries afterward, she answered, "*Certainly*, I can trust the Savior." On the last day of April, we had a memorable conversation upon her past experience and present state. She said, among many other observations indicating her humility, resignation, and faith, "I think I put my trust in Christ many years since, and I have always *wished* to serve him. Now, too, I think my trust is in him. I know there is no other way of salvation. As to myself, I could not be so foolish as to trust my own righteousness. *I am nothing*. I never have doubted that Christ is the *only* Savior. Indeed, the clearness of this truth has been a source of difficulty to me. I so much need a Savior, and it is so plain there can be none but Christ, that I feel there is no room for choice. The absolute necessity that I should trust in the *only Savior* is so palpable, that I have doubted whether my faith was voluntary, which a true Christian faith must be." To me no proof could be stronger of the genuineness and vigor of her faith, as well as of her deep humility.

During a great part of her illness, the sufferings of my dear wife were extreme. She bore them with amazing fortitude and perfect resignation. She sometimes said she knew not how to endure such agony, but always that she was perfectly willing to suffer the whole will of her heavenly Father. In a season of comparative ease, after some days of great pain, she said, "I thought yesterday that I could not bear so much distress, but now my heavenly Father deals lightly with me. I am willing to suffer. I would choose to endure it all again if he will it." Of her relations she often spoke affectionately, charging me to urge them, as her dying request, to devote themselves to God as the only Savior, and who alone could do them good in such an hour. She said, "I should have thought it dreadful to die in a strange land, far from my relations and all female friends; but now I feel no objections to laying my body in an Italian grave. My friends are saved the pain of seeing me suffer, and you are enabled to do for me all that they could do if present with me." She said to me, "I have long thought that I could not be willing to die and leave you in such bad health; but I do not feel so now. I am sure God will take care of you. It is his special providence that strengthens you to bear the labor of taking care of me day and night, so much beyond what you were ever able to do before, even in your best health. I think now you will be again restored to health and usefulness." "At the worst," I said, "my ill health can only end in death, which, I trust, will reunite us." "That," she answered, "is not the worst. I am sure you would go to heaven, which is not an evil."

She never betrayed the smallest degree of excitement in the conversations referred to. She was several times thought to be dying. When, on one occasion, I told her so, she said, "I think so too." I said, "Can you trust your Savior now?" to which she gave her usual answer, in the latter part of her illness, "Certainly I can." After lying in this state for some

time, she said, "How strange! to die so calmly! I almost fear with such indifference, but I know I am not indifferent." Afterward she said, "I think I shall not die to-day." She lived several days longer. For two days and nights her mind was wandering, though she recognized those around her, and always spoke to me rationally. Even then the mention of the Savior seemed fully to recall her to herself. She retained her strength surprisingly to the last hour of her life, which was terminated on Tuesday, May 7th, at 10 A.M. The previous night was one of great distress, and I thought her insensible to every thing. At about five o'clock she opened her eyes, and looking at me for some time, she said, with tender concern, "My dear, you have been sitting by my bed the whole night." She seemed desirous that I should speak to her, though I had refrained from it on account of her weakness. It was apparent she was soon to depart, though I did not suppose her end so near. I said to her that I thought she would die to-day. She said she thought so too, and added, in answer to my inquiry as to the state of her mind, that she felt herself to be near the kingdom of heaven. These were her last words. Unable to speak, she yet gave a most interested attention and cordial assent to a number of passages from the holy Scriptures, which I quoted for her consolation. She sat up in the bed, as she had done throughout her illness, being unable to bear a recumbent posture, or even the support of pillows. Her head inclined forward and rested upon my hand. I repeated some lines from the beautiful hymn, beginning

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand;"

lines which she had often sung to comfort me when apparently on the verge of eternity. I said, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus

Christ. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I quoted that and many similar passages of Scripture which pressed upon my recollection with affluence. which, even at that dread moment, shed a ray of comfort on my breaking heart. She still gave tokens of attention and assent. The blessed words of Christ in his last prayer, before he was betrayed, were upon my lips: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." "Yes, my dear," I said, "Christ wills that you should be with him where he is, to behold his glory, where are the Father and the spirits of just men made perfect." At that moment her head fell from my hand, and the last struggle began. She spoke no more, though she continued to breathe till near 10 o'clock P.M.

She was interred in the English cemetery, near the city. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Vallette, the excellent and pious chaplain of the Prussian embassy. A simple stone, recording the sad event by which I have been bereaved, and bearing testimony to her lively faith in Christ, will in a few days mark the spot where her precious dust reposes, and where Christ shall watch over it till it comes forth in the first resurrection a glorious body.

I ought to mention, for the satisfaction of friends, that we had the best medical attendance. Dr. Strange, a Scotch physician resident here, visited my dear wife twice a day throughout her protracted illness. He was also aided by Dr. Carlyle, formerly physician to the Duke of Buccleugh, now here.

The assiduity, ability, and Christian kindness with which these pious and good men labored to avert the fatal stroke have forcibly reminded me of my obligations to some of the brightest ornaments of this benevolent profession in my own country. We had also the comfort of having our own countrywomen about the sick and dying bed. The wife and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Boston, and the Misses Brimmers, also of Boston, with whom we had formed an intimacy at Rome, were with us almost every day till compelled to leave Naples. Afterward, Mrs. Payson, lady of the American consul in Messina, did every thing in her power to aid us in our distress. May the God of the stranger reward them! I ought also to say that Governor Throop and Mr. Hammett, chargé d'affaires and consul for the United States, have shown much kindness and sympathy. . . . .

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL IN ITALY AND FRANCE.

May 11*th*, 1839. Since my arrival in Europe, now about two years, I have not been able to keep a journal, except to make a brief entry from time to time in a small pocket-book, and even this does not exhibit its brief memoranda of much more than half the days of my foreign residence, so often has the state of my health interrupted it. Now I have been bereaved of my beloved wife, and am compelled to resort to some employment of my in-door hours to prevent the constant pressure of painful recollections. Should my health permit, I shall try to keep a regular journal of my occupations, with remarks upon the various objects that may engage my attention. I have, however, only the slightest hopes of succeeding to any considerable extent. Be this and all things as my heavenly Father will, in whose name I would begin and prosecute this and every other enterprise.

May 13*th*. A letter from T. Stewart gives the sad tidings of my dear friend, Dr. Fisk's death. How deep are God's ways!

May 20*th*. On May the 11th, I made an excursion, with Mr. and Mrs. Austin, to Lago d'Agnano, the ruins of a villa of Lucullus, the boiling fountain of Piscarelli, and to Astroni, like the lago, an extinct volcano. That night I became ill with a cold, and, with the exception of two short walks in the city, was confined to my room, and quite to my bed from the 14th to the 19th. I have felt my bereavement very acutely, being for the most part quite alone, and, as usual, wholly unable to employ myself with books. My friends have been kind, but how little can friends do toward filling the

chasm made in my domestic circle. I have lost what I need most of all in my *solitary* hours, with which friends can have nothing to do. Yet I receive gracious supports. I acknowledge the mercy of God, especially in the slightness of my illness, having every reason to expect a long and painful attack after so much fatigue, watching, anxiety, and, in the end, of deep mental suffering. I have received distinguished kindness from Dr. Strange and lady, from Mr. Hammett, the American consul; Gov. Throop, and the Rev. Mr. Vallette have also been attentive and sympathizing. I acknowledge these as the instruments by which God has alleviated my griefs. Above all, I acknowledge the directer supports by which He has sustained me.

May 20th. Yesterday, about 2 P.M., I passed from my bed to the steam-boat Leopold II., bound for Marseilles. It is my intention to go from Marseilles along the coast of Spain, Gibraltar, Cadiz, Lisbon, &c., to England—then, after some weeks spent there, to visit the chief towns upon the Baltic. I wish to make a fair trial of sea-voyaging, which has hitherto always improved my health. We passed from Naples to Civita Vecchia between 4 P.M. yesterday and 10 this morning. The weather is fair, with a pretty strong head-wind, and not a smooth sea. Eighty-six passengers, mostly English, as usual with them, not sociable, with two or three agreeable exceptions. The spirit of aristocracy cleaves to this people through all ranks. They seem to fear to be free and communicative, even when they manifest a desire to be so. They are guarding their dignity perpetually. Upon the whole, they are less agreeable fellow-travelers than others, and while they probably possess more sterling qualities than any people in Europe, they are, and, I think, deservedly, the least popular. The Scotch I have generally found to be more conversable.

We are not to leave Civita Vecchia till 4 P.M. Many passengers have gone on shore. I, however, prefer the boat,

which, with its awning, is pleasantly cool, to this most disagreeable and least interesting town I have yet seen in Italy. The importunity of boatmen, porters, servants, and beggars, I found, in my visit in December, to be intolerably annoying. The inn had no comforts, and was dirty, uncivil, and dear; and there is nothing to be seen, with the exception of a notorious brigand confined in the castle for the commission of many robberies and murders. He is the *lion* of the place, and, through the egregious folly of the government, travelers visit him in prison, converse with him about his past history, and listen to his glowing, and no doubt often fabulous accounts of some scores of murders committed with his own hand, besides numerous robberies and other crimes. So interesting is it thought to make the acquaintance of this notorious bandit, that many who do not speak the language hire interpreters to help in this edifying conversation. Gasparin expects a fee from those who are honored with making his acquaintance, and must derive no inconsiderable revenue from this preposterous indulgence of the prison police. One is led to suspect that in this country, where every thing is venal, the officers of the establishment get their share of the profits for thus encouraging crime by permitting this atrocious criminal to become, and to continue, even in his mock punishment, the hero of a city. He is, perhaps, after the pope and Mezzofanti, the most famous man in the Papal dominions.

This town is forty miles from Rome, though it is its only port. Another, equally good, might probably be constructed within twelve miles of the imperial city, for so far is that from the sea. St. Peter's was for a long time visible this morning as we passed along the coast, and from its cupola the Mediterranean is seen in great extent. Civita Vecchia is wholly an artificial harbor. Some twenty small sloops, with three or four brigs, are to be seen here, and are quite enough for the scanty commerce of Rome, which has only a limited coasting trade. The country from this to Rome is

uncultivated, unhealthy, and almost destitute of inhabitants. The same is true of the coast, to a great extent, in both directions. You see occasionally a field of grain, but nearly the whole region is devoted to pasturage; herds of sheep, and horses, and gray cattle with long legs and horns, the only kind I have seen in Italy, occupy nearly the whole region from Leghorn to the Pontine Marshes. It is for the most part a country of hills and vales, with all the usual indications of a healthy region. One is at a loss for the cause of the sickness which renders this vast region nearly a desert. It is also remarkable, that the environs of Rome, Baia, Pozzuoli, Pæstum, and other once populous places, are now uninhabitable.

May 22d. Yesterday we stayed ten hours at Leghorn. I went to Pisa with three English gentlemen and an Italian, having seen all that was worthy of observation in Leghorn on a former visit. This includes little, though it is the most flourishing commercial city in Italy. It is well built, has sixty thousand inhabitants, and some fine streets. It is paved in the usual Italian mode, with substantial flag-stones, from one to two feet square, laid with great solidity, and forming a smooth surface for carriages. It has no antiquities, but it has what the cities most abounding in antiquities have not—an industrious, well-fed, and well-clothed population. Its harbor does not present the bustle of New York or Boston, but it has a decided business aspect, unlike any thing one sees elsewhere on the western coast of Naples. With less than one sixth of the population of Naples, it has more shipping and foreign stores. Its environs offer well-cultivated farms and a happy-looking peasantry.

We arrived at Genoa this morning, a city of surprising beauty and magnificence. Seen from the sea, at the distance of half or three quarters of a mile, it appears to the best advantage. The outline of the harbor is almost a circle. The ground rises from the water's edge, and is, at the distance of

from half a mile to a mile and a half, elevated to a mountain, which becomes more abrupt as you approach its summit. Upon the comparatively level ground that skirts the harbor, and upon the lower declivity of the mountain, the city is built in the form of an amphitheatre. From the point above indicated, nearly the whole city is at once visible. The upper declivities and the summit of the mountain are occupied with palaces and villas. The buildings are for the most part perfectly white. The terraced gardens, which rise one above another, are filled with fruit-trees, figs, and vines, which are at this time all of a bright green. The eye rests at once upon the beautiful harbor, enlivened with shipping, and boats, with their tasteful cushions and canopies, gliding in all directions. Then come the thickly-built parts of the city, the habitations, shops, palaces, and churches. Above these the intermingled gardens, vineyards, and elegant villas; then the summit of the mountain, crowned with castles and palaces. It is hardly possible to imagine a more lovely sight. In extent it certainly can not be compared with Naples and its larger amphitheatre of hills; and if the noble bay, with the islands, the mountains, and bright villages and towns, which encompass it, be taken into the view, Genoa must not be compared with it for impressive grandeur; but if the comparison be confined to the city itself and its background, to what the eye can embrace at one effort, then I know of no city in either hemisphere that can claim an equality with Genoa. The view from the top of the mountain, which is surmounted by the city wall, though less interesting than that from the bay, is yet very magnificent. The Mediterranean spreads out before you to the south its unlimited field of waters. To the east, for many miles, extends a region of deep valleys and high hills, but which, from this height, seems a plain highly cultivated, and studded with beautiful villages and country-seats. To the north the view is filled up for many miles with lofty mountains, much variegated in their form, but tend-

ing to run up precipitously into [illegible]. The [illegible] of these are green with a [illegible] quite bare [illegible] crowned with [illegible] all the buildings of [illegible].

So much for the exterior [illegible]. [illegible] well paved, and very [illegible]. The [illegible] narrow, many of them [illegible] and building materials [illegible] very superior [illegible] them a surer [illegible] is made in the middle of the streets [illegible] with flags. The houses are [illegible] seem to jut over the streets as they [illegible] and exclude the light. This is [illegible] of the town. Some of the newer streets [illegible] and quite commodious. One is [illegible] of palaces, built in the better days [illegible] an imposing appearance. In another [illegible] elers are assembled, and [illegible] beauty of their wares. This [illegible] of business here, though [illegible] silk, velvets, paper [illegible].

Genoa certainly [illegible] an Italian town. [illegible] the emporium of [illegible] it may be expected [illegible] consisting of a few [illegible] vous here. One [illegible] ity in a city [illegible] our sympathy on [illegible] ery, which [illegible] promise of freedom [illegible] violating public faith. [illegible] the peace of Europe [illegible]

eral and enlightened policy should be adopted by the King of Sardinia. This is to be expected, since the general spirit of improvement which animates the governments of all the rest of Europe is beginning to operate in Italy. There is said still to be much wealth in Genoa. Its nobility are reproached for their penurious habits. Men worth a hundred thousand dollars per annum, it is said, often do not keep a carriage. The people seem to be employed. They are comfortably dressed, and strike one the more who, like me, has wintered in Rome and Naples, as well off and happy.

25th. We left Genoa at half past five P.M., on the 22d. The coast is still mountainous; it is rather a continuation of mountains, green with olives, and cultivated wherever it is possible. Near Genoa, the shore is covered quite to the water's edge with human dwellings. Indeed, I should think the suburb or separate village—I know not which it may be—must contain several thousand inhabitants. Further on, the coast and the sides of the mountain, which is nowhere very distant from the water, are dotted with villas, farm-houses, and hamlets, that give to the whole a picturesque and lovely aspect. On the morning of the 23d we were near the island of Hyères, on the French coast; and our progress was so much retarded by a strong head wind, that we were kept several hours in the channel, between these islands and the main land. They are numerous, and mostly small, though I should think one or two of them have an extent of several miles. Though inhabited and cultivated, they seem to be very barren. Such, at least, was the aspect of the shore which we passed. Indeed, nothing could be seen on the island or the main land but rugged, savage rocks. The mountains, as far as they could be seen, were bare of verdure, precipitous, of a gray color, and, upon the whole, had the most bleak and inhospitable appearance. They had nothing of the soft outline and enchanting scenery of the Italian coast, which we had so lately admired. Perhaps these attributes,

if they do not belong to Italy, are nowhere else to be found in the same perfection. This, at least, is the result of my own observation, both in America and Europe. But as yet my sphere of remark has been too limited to justify the opinion which I have been led to adopt—that Italy has no rival, either in its climate, its splendid blue sky, or its natural scenery. How strange that such a country should be inferior to all its neighbors in all the advantages that depend on the industry, the virtues, or the wisdom of man. Yet one is even more struck with this sad contrast than by the decided superiority of Italy in the gifts of nature. One has no sooner made his way along the forbidding coast of France, and through the savage mountains that seemed designed to shut Marseilles out from all communication with the sea, than we behold a scene of activity and prosperous business which all the cities of Italy together could not exhibit. The beautiful, incomparable harbor is so crowded with ships from all nations that there seems hardly room for another. The wharves are piled up with merchandise ready for loading, or in transit to the warehouses. Shops are large, and amply supplied with the wares of every market. One's progress is impeded by the crowd, not of ragged idlers, as at Naples, but of porters, sailors, draymen, merchants, and buyers, in eager prosecution of their several vocations. You may hear the languages and see the costumes of nearly half the nations of the earth on the quays of Marseilles. The town abounds with fine, I might say magnificent, streets and squares or *places*, planted wherever there is room for it, with noble trees, which are just now in the brightest green.

The neighborhood of Marseilles is beautiful. There are said to be more than 4000 country seats occupied by its rich merchants and citizens during the warm season. These, from several points of observation, are nearly all visible at a single glance. Beyond them, at the distance of several miles from the city, are the mountains which bound the view,

give to the environs of Marseilles the appearance of an extensive amphitheatre. It is said that the number of villas in the neighborhood is not to be taken as the exponent of the wealth of Marseilles. It is the fashion to have a villa, and, though there is no want of commercial capital here, yet there are few or no large fortunes. This, indeed, would be quite impossible, since here, as in the other commercial towns in France, every thing almost has been *created* since the peace. Profits, too, are not so rapid as in the United States. It is an instance of the practical wisdom of the French, in which I incline to think they excel other nations, that they are content with smaller fortunes than at least American or English merchants. A man who has accumulated $25,000 or $50,000, is ready to retire from business to enjoy it. This often occupies twenty or thirty years. Yet if profits are slow, failures are very rare, scarcely one in a hundred, as I have often been assured, who engage in mercantile pursuits ever *stopping payment*. The beautiful harbor of Marseilles has one great defect. As it has no river discharging its fresh waters into it, and there are no tides in the Mediterranean, the vast amount of shipping constantly loading and unloading here makes a filthy, stagnant pool, offensive to the smell and to the eye, and, unavoidably, a fruitful source of disease. The water seems to be *literally thick*, as well as black, with filth, as one passes through it in a boat.

Here are 2000 Protestants—among whom, especially the females, true piety is on the rise.

Montpellier, May 29th. I left Marseilles on the 25th for Nismes, where I arrived the next morning. The day was warm, the atmosphere so dry as to be parching, and, to add to the disagreeables, there was just wind enough to keep the dust in motion, which is as fine as possible, and almost as volatile as the air itself. The road is Macadamized with a species of white stone, which pulverizes very easily under the wheels that are constantly passing. The trees, vines, and

grain upon the north side of the road, the wind being south, are thickly covered with this dust, which has the appearance of snow, though not so white. From Nismes to this city the same wind prevailed with the same effect. This is the healthy region of France, or, at least, used to be much frequented by invalids from other countries. I believe it has lost a measure of its reputation, which I can not think it ever justly deserved. I spent several days at Marseilles last December, was at Nismes more than a fortnight, and on my present journey stopped two days at each place. Making some allowance for the difference of season and the influence of showers, the prevailing character of the atmosphere is essentially the same—excessive dryness. I have found it the same from Marseilles to this place, an extent of nearly one hundred miles of sea-coast. While the sun is intensely warm, so as to heat the moving volumes of dust to a temperature almost beyond endurance, the air in the shade, or after sunset, is chilly, and acts with peculiar and pernicious power after a walk, or even exposure to the sun, has produced perspiration. Such a climate I must think unfavorable to pulmonary patients in a degree at least equal to the sharp northeast winds of New England. Such questions can only be settled by experiment, and yet I should doubt if Paris or London would not be a better climate for diseased lungs. Those who are only tending to such complaints might be safer in the milder and dryer climate of Southern France. For myself, though I usually have better health in dry climates, I can not endure this. My lips, and, to a considerable extent, my face, are parched and blistered. Perspiration is prevented, or suddenly arrested; I am feverish and restless at night; in a word, all the ailing parts of the system suffer increasing pain in this region. Italy is certainly greatly preferable to this part of France, though even that climate is liable to a measure of the same objection. An invalid is exposed in the winter, when these Southern [illegible] resort-

ed to for health, to vicissitudes, or, rather, combinations, of heat, cold, and dryness, unknown, I think, in the southern parts of the United States. Setting aside the important influence which the precious remains of antiquity, and the thrilling associations which meet one on every hand, especially in Italy, exert upon the mind, and therefore upon the health of the invalid, I am fully persuaded that the interior of the extreme Southern States—South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama—have a climate decidedly better, for a winter residence, than can be found in Europe. Europe, certainly, is to be preferred on many accounts. Accommodations, hotels, attendance, vehicles, provisions, roads, all are better here; but I speak only of climate; and perhaps those who have not acquired the tastes, the distastes, and the wants which one or two years' residence abroad unavoidably produces, would consult even comfort, as well as health, by wintering at home—I mean in his own country. This, I am aware, is but the opinion of an unprofessional man. It may yet be as valuable, and have as fair a chance of being correct, as much of the advice by which people are induced, often rashly, to leave their own country in quest of a blessing which they could much better secure at home. They are not physicians chiefly whose published opinions induce so many invalids to seek better air abroad. On the contrary, I think physicians, and other experienced and observing travelers, are much disposed to hesitate in this matter. In the warm season, Italy and the south of France are exposed to fevers, fluxes, agues, and the other complaints of our own country in a similar temperature.

The country is variegated from Marseilles to near Nismes, but from this city to the latter place it may properly enough be denominated an immense plain. The road passes within a few miles of the sea. Hills, occasionally mountains, are seen to the west and north, between which and the Mediterranean is the most extensive level region I have seen in

France. It does not seem to possess great natural fertility. It is badly, though diligently cultivated, chiefly in vines, which constitute, with olives, almost the entire agriculture of these departments. Wheat and barley, and, more rarely, rye and oats, are seen, but they seem not to thrive well, being seldom more than twelve or fifteen inches high, though nearly fit for the sickle. Bread-stuffs are brought from the departments further west, where grain flourishes, and where oil and wine are not so much favored by the climate. I should say that this is a very dry season. Grain may do better in ordinary years. The vine is flourishing, and seems little affected by the drought. The olive suffers more, but a succession of dry seasons for the last four or five years has nearly discouraged the farmers from attempting corn and some kinds of vegetables. Montpellier is built upon a hill of considerable elevation, which rises from the great plain which surrounds it on every side like an island in the midst of the sea. This gives to the city its distinguishing beauty, and contributes not a little to the salubrity of its atmosphere. The streets are dry immediately after a rain, and the inequalities of the surface afford every facility for effectual drainage. One is chiefly impressed, however, in visiting Montpellier, with the exceeding beauty of its position. Standing upon the principal promenade, certainly one of the finest in the world, one has within his range of vision the Mediterranean, which approaches within four or five miles, the extensive plain of which I have spoken, extending to Nismes and to the west far toward Toulon, and in the distance hills and mountains, of various heights, all apparently verdant. The landscape, which is of vast extent, is exceedingly rich and variegated. The defects of cultivation are lost sight of in the distance, and the intermixture of farm-houses, villages, and country seats with the bright green vineyards and olive-orchards is enchantingly beautiful. The garden itself, called Place de Peyron, has a fine fountain and château d'eau, sup-

plied by a magnificent aqueduct of two tiers of noble arches, I should think sixty feet high, and reaching into the country till the eye loses it among vineyards and habitations; a noble equestrian statue of Louis le Grand, and, in front of it, an imposing triumphal arch, with a pompous inscription in honor of the same king. Several of the public buildings are fine: the Ecole de Médecine, next to Paris, the best in France; the College, also of high standing; Hôtel de Ville, &c. Indeed, the French always display great taste in their promenades and public edifices, fountains and gardens; and I ascribe the peculiar attachment of the people to their country, in no small degree, to the beauty, taste, and convenience which they can enjoy nowhere else with such perfection and freedom.

Toulouse, June 2d, 1837. I arrived here on the 31st, at half past 6 P.M., having spent the 30th, day and night, in a canal-boat, and the night of the 29th at Cette. I had letters of introduction to the Messrs. Courtois and Chabrand here, which procured me a very cordial Christian reception. The latter gentleman is senior pastor of the National Protestant Church, has been so thirty-three years, and knows the history of God's work in France. There were about two hundred nominal Protestants in Toulouse when he came, but no spiritual life here or elsewhere. The whole Church *was dead*, ministers and people. There are now about seventy converted members, and twice as many serious ones. A great change has taken place in the whole Church in this part of France. Most of the pastors are orthodox, many of them pious, and a considerable number fully engaged in the work of God. Revivals are now progressing in different places, especially in the Pyrenees, at Tarbes, Pau, &c. The ordinary means adopted in England and America to promote the work of God are employed—Sabbath-schools, Bible and tract societies, the circulation of good books, private conference, ministerial conferences, &c. At one of the last, held here a few

days since, of more than forty ministers, all but five or six are thought sound in the faith, and a majority pious.

Catholicism has a very strong hold upon the people, and the clergy are very numerous. Yesterday they had the grand procession of the Fête Dieu, which I witnessed. It seemed to attract the whole population of the city. It consists of bearing the host from the principal church through the leading streets, with the pomp and circumstance which the Catholics know so well how to employ to make their ceremonies impress the senses.

The principal parts of the route, embracing the most fashionable streets, were covered with awnings stretched across by means of ropes, and elevated to the upper stories of the houses. This, I think, extended several miles. The sides of the streets were also hung with tapestry, which, being uniform in kind and age, and all seeming much the worse for time, I presume to be the property of the Church. I observed that in many places the hangings were of the more ordinary kind—blankets, sheets, &c., being substituted for tapestry. In many places there were no hangings at all. The procession was headed by a long line of soldiers under arms. They seemed to have no reverence for the occasion, and little, I thought, for the quiet and decent order which discipline usually secures in French troops. After these, I think, were some civil officers, though, manifestly, the authorities took little part in the exhibition. Then the ecclesiastical habits succeeded, and amounted certainly to more than a thousand, including the pupils of their seminaries and a few monks, all of whom were in ecclesiastical costume—a black robe, having over it a white scarf. They were bareheaded, and read prayers from the book which each held in his hand. To these succeeded a considerable number of nuns, likewise in black, with white hoods and veils. Then followed nine enormous red flags, some of them twelve or fifteen feet square, borne by persons in canonical robes, having the centres white, upon which

were painted various representations of the Savior, the Madonna, and what I took for apostles or saints. Eight huge silver and gold crosses followed these, elevated, like the flags, high above the people. Then appeared the splendid receptacle of the host, blazing with gold. It was a cubical coffer, three or four feet square, surmounted by a splendid canopy, the whole resting on long gilt bars, and borne by, I think, eight men. The archbishop walked behind, with one hand upon the coffer. The higher clergy, in their gorgeous robes, were on either side, and a man in citizen's dress, whom I took to be the mayor, perhaps the prefect, was immediately before. Some ecclesiastics and soldiers, with a vast crowd, brought up the rear. I endeavor to look upon these things without prejudice, and sometimes am able to derive from them conclusions not without their value. It is well known that these processions have been suppressed in many parts of France for fear of disturbances, and that the clergy have made great efforts to restore them. The homage paid by the people is a kind of test of their fidelity to the dogma of transubstantiation, since it is bread become God that is borne about with so much pomp. The ecclesiastics seemed reverent. The genteeler part of the spectators were, to a certain extent, respectful. Most of them uncovered, a few inclined the head forward. I had expected to see the multitude on their knees. Not more than six or eight, and these children and poor women, bowed the knee. The multitude seemed little impressed. Many irreverent jokes were passed at the expense of the scene. Every now and then some one broke through the procession without rebuke. In Italy his life would have been in danger. I was struck, also, by the little manifestation of mind observable in the ecclesiastical persons, especially in the pupils of the seminary. Their physiognomies were, almost without exception, excessively vulgar and unintellectual. This I have observed before, but not in the same degree. In Italy there is more development

of mind decidedly, and so, I think, there is in the north of France and Belgium. I ascribe it to the fact that candidates for the priesthood are from the lowest classes, where the extremest ignorance prevails, and education is from generation to generation unknown. This state of things stamps the face of a whole population with the impress of stupidity. One sees it very palpably manifest in comparing the people of Paris, for instance, with those of a remote rural village. The Catholic clergy in France have fewer lines of thought, less intellectual manifestation than any set of men devoted to meditation and studious lives whom I have seen—perhaps they are less studious here than elsewhere, though I had thought them more learned than the Italian clergy. The latter, though not generally high born or well educated, are commonly of better parentage than the French priesthood. They are, from early life, more accustomed to converse and think like rational beings, and receive, I apprehend, from this earlier exertion of the mental powers, a better and more intellectual physiognomy. I can not otherwise account for the difference, which is very striking in this respect. It must be said, however, that the French clergy have much more the aspect of sober and temperate men than the Italian, among whom, as well as among the monks, is to be seen a large proportion of men who *appear* to be addicted to luxurious sensual indulgences. The testimony of Protestants is generally favorable to the decent lives of the French clergy.

Agen, June 5th, 1839. This is the highest point reached by steam-boats on the Garonne, which is here a broad river, having apparently a large volume of water. I ought to have reached here yesterday, but a roguish agent for the diligence at Montauban led me, by false accounts, to take his line, which came only half way to Moisac. There I sat up from eight till near ten o'clock waiting for a carriage, and then went to bed in the house of a traiteur, just above the stable, as I found in the morning. Then I had to hire a private

conveyance, though, I think, one in the same line, to come thirty-five miles to this place. For this I paid more than double the usual price, induced by two or three fellow-travelers in the garb of gentlemen, who joined the Jehu in affirming that there was no other way of reaching Agen without waiting much longer than suited my arrangements. As we passed out of the town, which has some extent, and ten thousand inhabitants, I saw notices of carriages running daily. I doubt not that my fellow-passengers were in league against me, and that I paid for their passage. I have suffered in the same way once before, by allowing a sociable and gentlemanly Frenchman to advise my arrangements. I fear that common honesty is not fairly in existence among the active classes here. I am always imposed upon if I trust them.

Agen is a crowded old town, important from its position and rather commercial character. Several of its public buildings are good, its promenades fine, shaded with thousands of magnificent elms. There is just now here a grand fair, which gives the chief interest to my stay until to-morrow for the steam-boat to Bordeaux. It has all the usual accompaniments of a French fête—sports of all sorts, feats of strength and agility, theatre, circus, and balls, in their way, and immense lines of temporary stalls, with a most gorgeous display of trinkets, dolls, playthings, cheap jewelry and cutlery, hats, tin ware, ribbons, every thing, in short, within the means of those who are most likely to become purchasers. I saw more valuables here than I ever did at a fête, even in Paris—good watches, gold and silver plate, silks, &c. This is more properly a fair than a fête, though the distinction is pretty much lost in the mingling of all things. I observed vast quantities of pottery, as well as glass and earthen-ware, on sale. There is also a very extensive sale of rare plants and flowers—among them many exotics. These have been brought from remote cities, Toulon, Bordeaux, &c. I am most interested,

however, with the great number of cattle which, as well as horses, are brought in quest of purchasers. The horses are all indifferent. French horses are about the worst I have seen, abundantly inferior to English and American breeds. The best of them lack form and action. There is neither elasticity nor grace in their movements. They perform well in the harness, are true and docile, tolerably fleet, and bear much labor and bad usage. The harness is of the very worst description. The common draught horse is worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty francs. The cattle are better here than in the eastern and middle regions of France, speaking from what I have seen, and I am a careful observer of all that appertains to agricultural life. They are nearly all of a light yellow, rather tall and straight, not graceful, but made for action. The oxen are well trained and well kept, and are nearly the only beasts used for burdens and the plow. I do not remember to have seen a horse or an ass at the plow for the last two hundred miles. The yoke is carried forward quite to the horns, to which it is firmly attached by ropes passing below them in front of the head. There are no bows nor other fastening for the neck, which is wholly disencumbered. They draw large loads with seeming ease. Great care is taken to protect the parts exposed to friction. In some instances a padding of skin or cloth is put under the yoke, as well as under the ligature above the eyes. The top of the head, as well as the whole neck, is covered by a sheepskin or cloth housing, often adorned with tassels. This disposition to protect the laborious ox seems, indeed, carried to excess, as you may see them working at the plow quite covered with blankets, when the heat is so great as to require the use of an umbrella. I have not been able to perceive any fly or insect, the enemy of the ox, to render this necessary. He seems to be the favorite of the peasant. Cattle are dear. Fine cows sell for three hundred francs, oxen at four hundred, five hundred, or six hundred the yoke. The sellers were

communicative and polite, and seemed gratified with the interest I took in their vocation.

June 6*th*. From Agen to Bordeaux by steam-boat. The banks of the Garonne are low, though the hills often come near. A fertile region. I am disappointed, as the steamers for Havre and Nantes are just gone, and there will be no more in ten days. All for the best. I am very unwell. The weather is very warm.

7*th*. Delivered a letter from the Rev. Mr. Monod, with whom I spent much time at Montauban, to an interesting Danish lady, pious and intelligent. Called on the American consul. Finding no ship going northward, I took passage by diligence for Tours.

8*th*. Left Bordeaux at a quarter past seven A.M. Passed through "Les Landes," a poor pine barren, extending to the Spanish frontier, along the coast. Dined at Angoulême, which is situated on a high place, overlooking a vast plain. The whole route has been over a vast plain with gentle undulations—sandy—of middling fertility in rye, wheat, maize—all light. Poictiers is a fine old city. Tours is a fine city between the Loire and Cher, lying in a valley sheltered to the north—a lovely region. Many sail on the river, and a steamboat runs up to Orleans. The road is a levee close to the water.

10*th*. Reached Orleans at one A.M. The region still level. Arrived at Paris at half past one P.M. Stopped at the Hôtel Brighton. Whole route from Marseilles to Paris 850 miles. We changed horses between Bordeaux and Paris forty-one times.

11*th*. Concluded to leave for Havre at four P.M., and did so. Arranged my passports, and left Havre for London.

13*th*. Had a very pleasant passage, and got to London at eleven A.M., where I found Mr. Stewart.*

* He often spoke with gratitude of the kindness of Mr. Stewart, who came to him when he most needed the offices of friendship, and traveled with him for three months.

June 14*th*. Took lodgings at No. 1 Duke Street, Portland Place. This is quite the West End, near Regent's Park, &c.

15*th*. Called in the afternoon on Mr. Stevenson, the minister of the United States. Called on Mrs. Selden, and stayed to tea. The air is cool and bracing, but I suffer from too much talking. I am feverish and uncomfortable all the day long; am not fit for exercise or society, still less for solitude and mental action. I want resignation.

18*th*. Went to the Wesleyan Missionary Rooms. Called to see the venerable Henry Moore, the coadjutor and biographer of Mr. Wesley; also saw Mr. Wesley's bed-room and parlor, book-cases, arm-chair, &c., all simple, but genteel and tasteful.

20*th*. Went to Denham Park, sixteen miles, to see Dr. and Mrs. Farrar. A fine lunatic establishment, not much patronized—price £500 per annum. Returned by the Great Western Rail-road.

22*d*. Called on Mrs. Rogers. Rev. Mr. Grindrod called in the afternoon. Took tea with Mrs. Selden.

25*th*. Went to the funeral of Rev. Mr. Gaultier. Dined with Rev. Mr. Grindrod, in company with Dr. Bunting and Mr. Hoole. Went on board the Shannon at half past eight P.M.

26*th*. Sailed for Dublin at half past eight A.M.

30*th*. Fair, with head wind. No land in sight at seven A.M. Coast of Ireland at nine. A fine day. Had Archdeacon Sheepshanks on board—an intimate friend of Paley and Law, and tutor to George Lyndhurst, Lansdowne, Spencer, &c., at Trinity College, Cambridge. Paley left his sermons unfinished, requesting his successor to revise the text. He left the work to his curate, who altered them.

Got to Kingston at seven P.M., and to Dublin by the railway at eight. Stopped at hotel, No. 1 Dawson Street.

July 1*st*. Took breakfast with many Irish and English preachers. Became acquainted with Robert Newton, Thom-

as Jackson, Stewart, Ferguson, Horne, &c. Went to missionary meeting at twelve. Heard R. Newton, Thomas Jackson, Beecham, and Campbell. At seven P.M., heard B. Croghan, Horne, &c. Dined and drank tea out.

July 2d. Breakfasted with Rev. Mr. Ferguson. Went to see Trinity College Bank, St. Patrick's Church, Custom-house, Post-office, Court-house, Exchange, Park, Castle, and Botanic Garden. Public buildings splendid. Took my passage for Wexford at seven A.M. to-morrow.

[illegible]

[illegible]

July [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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and importunate. The poor are filthy in their dress and persons, and with thousands of them Sunday brings no change. I am not clear that there is not a greater proportion of destitution, and disgusting and filthy poverty in the Irish cities than in Naples itself. Low wages is not the greatest evil. Want of work is a still greater one, which presses upon the poor throughout this country.

Religious bigotry prevails to an extent unknown in other countries. Protestants agree in a deep-rooted antipathy toward the Catholics, and these are generally cordial enemies, in their turn. The disposition to keep the Catholics down seems almost universal. It is universally believed that they only want the power to become violent persecutors of heretics. They are gradually gaining upon the Protestants, notwithstanding the inroads of emigration. Many of them are becoming rich, which was not formerly the case. They prosper in trade, and some among them purchase lands. This is true in all the counties through which I have passed. Common education, also, is making rapid progress among the Catholics, and the priesthood has greatly improved in intelligence, manners, appearance, and influence. They are thought to be well paid. They dress well, and live in good houses; and new places of worship are springing up every where, many of them costly and elegant. These are all improvements of the last twenty-five years, and seem to owe their origin and progress to the protracted, and finally successful struggle for equal rights. It is a most instructive comment upon the effect of intolerance and oppression. The number of actual Protestants is not, perhaps, diminished, but their congregations have. The undecided have gone to the Catholics, and none of these are now to be seen in Protestant churches. Proselytes to Protestantism are seldom heard of.

The controversy with the Catholics is now much confined to the Established Church, who urge it with sufficient zeal and constancy. A considerable improvement has taken place in

its clergy and people; but, unfortunately, a bitter, censorious, exclusive spirit too often hinders their success. The evangelicals here, more even than in England, have lapsed into High Church sentiments, and this union of high churchmanship and high Calvinism is said, by those who have the best opportunity of forming correct opinions, not often to produce a very lovely character. Certain it is that the Church, with all its improvements, was never more arrogant, dogmatic, and exclusive. Neither Catholics nor Dissenters are spared, and the Methodists, whose intense and uniform devotion to the Church, here and in England, is, to me, an enigma, seem to be the objects of its peculiar dislike. The Church politicians, indeed, prefer the Wesleyans, who uniformly vote for them, to the other Dissenters, who are Radicals; but I think the clergy pursue them with a prejudice and rancor not generally visited on other sects. The Church owes too much to Wesley — his followers stand too near it both to reprove and to aid it—they cling too tenaciously to the small differences that separate the two bodies to be tolerable to a hierarchy which can only be satisfied by unconditional submission. Its political connection with the government fosters this arrogance. This alliance of the Wesleyans with the Church, though of so long continuance, must, I think, give way at last before the incessant hostility with which they are repelled. I dare not cherish an opinion upon this subject contrary to the wise and good men who, with far better means of judging correctly of duty and good policy, still cleave to the heartless, ungrateful mother. Still, I can not avoid the conviction that an independent attitude would be both more graceful and more useful to the body. The Church is perpetually drawing away their most promising youth, through the influence of the universities and other means; nor can I perceive any compensating circumstance for so many evils, unless it be in the greater exemption of the societies from the influence of party politics, which operate so perniciously upon

the other sects, and make the name of Dissenter and Radical nearly identical. Even this exemption is but partial, and I must think the Wesleyans in great danger of becoming not less implicated in Toryism and Conservatism than are their sister sects in Reform. I must not, however, judge hastily, with my imperfect means of understanding so broad a question. The Wesleyan leaders are men of great discretion as well as piety, and the best may be hoped from this rare combination of rare qualifications.

The Wesleyans are not a numerous, though they are a very useful people in Ireland. A division took place a little more than twenty years ago, when the sacrament began to be administered in the Wesleyan chapels. Previously, the Wesleyans were wholly dependent on the Church for the ordinances, and a large body of preachers and people were so opposed to the innovation that they separated from the body, taking, as in England, the name of Primitive Methodists. They number 18,000 in Ireland. They are said not to be in a flourishing state, though they adhere to the doctrines and usages of the founder, and have much piety, as well as considerable wealth and respectability. They are found in Dublin, Waterford, Cork, &c., and all the chief places of the kingdom. The Wesleyans number 27,000—600 in Dublin, 120 in Waterford, 500 in Cork, &c. Their preachers are intelligent, laborious men, frank and hospitable, and are, as well as the people, much like American Methodists.

The Baptists have a small congregation in Dublin, one in Waterford, and one in Cork. Independents are about as numerous. Presbyterians, who, including all under their influence, are numbered at 600,000, are Socinian to a great extent. They have a few churches in all parts of Ireland, but they are most numerous in the North. A new sect, called Darbyites or Christian Brethren, has sprung up mostly in the Church. They are ultra-Calvinists and Antinomians—renounce all show, denounce the whole Christian world, which

Christ will soon destroy in his personal reign. Missions, revivals, Sabbath-schools, and all other signs of piety, are but the marks of reprobation and apostasy foretold by Christ, and soon to be destroyed by Him. They withdraw from all churches and chapels, and worship in private houses, or build small chapels. Several clergymen have given up good livings to join this odd set of enthusiasts. It is said they are not increasing, though they have many rich disciples.

Cork is commercial, chiefly in the provision business. There are only three or four fine streets; the rest are narrow and inconvenient. Much wretchedness is apparent—rags, filth, and bare feet. Cork is ten miles from the sea, and the passage is interesting. The banks of the river are high and well improved. Fine country seats abound, embowered in wood. Cove, Passage, &c., are romantic little towns. The bay contains several islands, and is a noble sheet of water, having a narrow but deep opening to the Atlantic. Ships of the line ride in it, though vessels of more than three hundred tons unload at Passage. The region about Cork is well cultivated.

The extensive estates of the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Waterford, and Lord Stuart lay between Waterford and Cork on our route, embracing several towns. Lismore and Youghal belong to the Duke of Devonshire. In Lismore, a beautiful romantic place, is the Castle, formerly Sir Walter Raleigh's. In Youghal, also, is a house of his, and a garden, in which he first planted potatoes. Several streets in these towns are built up of new cottages for the twenty-shilling freeholders, made to carry elections under the Reform Act, before the qualification was raised to a larger sum.

The scenery and improvements on the River Blackwater, near Lismore, are the finest, perhaps, that I have yet seen in Ireland. The valleys and hills, almost mountains, that rise on either side, are beautifully planted with wood to their tops, with villas at such points as command the best views, and

are most conspicuous. The narrow valley is fertile and highly cultivated, or else covered thickly with grass. Dungarvan, on this route, is a sea-port of six thousand houses, and employs two hundred fishing vessels. Lismore has three thousand, and Youghal ten thousand houses. These towns all abound in the twenty-shilling cottages. The whole of this part of Ireland is under cultivation. There is little or no waste land. The farms are small—seldom so large as fifty acres. They are divided into very small fields by mounds of earth, or stone walls with a layer of earth upon the top, in which is planted a hedge of furze, a prickly evergreen, which answers but imperfectly for hedge. Occasionally the thorn is seen, and sometimes a stone wall or mound of earth. Upon the whole, these inclosures have a slovenly appearance. They are in many places low and broken, and insufficient to turn cattle or swine. It is the most slovenly feature of this farming region, where the land seems generally to be carefully, though not very skillfully, cultivated.

The cottages, or, rather, cabins, of this region are wretched indeed. They are built sometimes of stone, but more commonly of earth, with a thatched roof. Turf, too, is often used for this purpose. The doors are commonly so low, that one must stoop very low to enter them. Sometimes they have a pavement of brick or stone, but more frequently have no floor at all—the bare earth covered with litter, made by pigs, children, and fowls, who seem equally at home in these miserable hovels, and often damp and muddy, being the substitute. One or two rough benches, more seldom a few old chairs, a table of common boards, and only occasionally some wretched apology for a bed, constitute the furniture. One often sees the women seated on a dirt floor for lack of a stool. I have not entered one of these hovels, but the doors are commonly open—often there is none—and every thing is perfectly visible in walking or riding by them. In front of the cottage

there is almost always a puddle or a pile of manure so as to render it very difficult to enter. The way is by stepping from stone to stone, or wading through the mire. This sort of entrance seems to be preferred, as the labor of an hour or two, and a little care, might clear the way of these disgusting obstacles; and yet one sees them before every door—so little apprehension have these people of the comforts and decencies of life. Part of the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, through which I passed in reaching the city of Limerick, present these scenes of wretchedness on all sides.

The lands in Kerry especially are hilly, though not naturally destitute of fertility. Large tracts are covered with bog, which might easily be fitted for culture by draining as much of it is upon the tops or sides of hills. Rents, even in these waste regions, are comparatively high: twenty or thirty shillings the acre are commonly paid, though it is apparent enough that the cultivator can save little or nothing for himself. Yet it gives him a place for his mud cottage. The utmost avidity prevails to obtain land in this over-peopled country, where there is no employment but agriculture, and, what is worse, this competition enables the landlord to get nearly as much rent for bad as for good land, the fair difference being subtracted from the food, clothes, &c., of the wretched tenant.

As if in mockery of the miseries of this unhappy portion of Ireland, it exhibits one of the most flagrant and insulting instances of the tyrannical domination of the Established Church. In the village of Abbeyfeale, one of the poorest I have seen in Ireland, there is a Protestant church of modern construction, and kept in good repair, which is never open, for the good reason that there is not one Protestant in the parish, nor a single person who could be induced to hear a Protestant minister. Yet the poor people pay tithes to support a Protestant minister who resides at a distance, and holds this living as a sinecure. Will Ireland ever be quiet under

such a system? Ought Catholics and Dissenters to submit quietly? And yet this is a part of the established system by which the national Church seeks to convert Roman Catholics. There are many other similar instances in the Irish Church. It is not difficult, perhaps, to demonstrate that the landlord, and not the tenant, is really the payer of the tithe. Still, the evil is not removed. The poor Catholic is irritated and insulted, if he is not robbed; and he is, of course, restless and hostile toward the dominant Church and the government that upholds it. The wrongs which his fathers have suffered for their religion, as well as his own, are kept alive in his mind. He has *just* grounds of complaint, and, with all his ignorance, is prepared to become the dupe and tool of every artful politician who, with good or evil intent, shall seek to agitate him. Till England shall remove causes of complaint so well founded, no administration can succeed in governing Ireland, and society, as well as property and life, will be in danger. Let these, as well as all other real grievances, be removed; place the Catholics, if not the Dissenters, upon a footing of perfect equality with the Church, and then, if there be not something strangely perverse and anomalous in the Irish character, a good government may succeed in giving internal peace to the country. When this is effected, capital, and with it employment for the starving population, will be attracted. A rise of wages would be the natural consequence of introducing some means of living besides agriculture, and thus the foundation would be laid for a solid improvement in the condition of the people. Any thing short of such a change, resting on such a basis of equitable legislation, must prove abortive. Human nature will resent and resist injury or insult. The Catholic, having obtained a portion of his natural rights, will have them all. It is well if he does not demand something more as an indemnity for the past.

Killarney is much resorted to for its mountain and lake

scenery. I went from Cork to Killarney, intending to remain at least one day; but the morning was rainy, and I thought it more advisable to proceed upon my way to Limerick, having devoted a few hours only to exploring the most accessible parts of this charming region. The longest lake is nine miles long, contains many islands, and abounds with fish. The mountains rise boldly beyond the lake, and conceal the two small lakes, which make the rest of the group, from the view. One of the islands contains, as we were told, one thousand acres—more probably one hundred—and is beautifully improved by Lord Kenmore, the proprietor of this region. Ross Castle is a fine ruin, overgrown with ivy. The town of Killarney, Kerry county, has six thousand inhabitants, so wretchedly poor, that more than five thousand were lately aided by charity. The street was literally thronged with beggars, and the waiters kept a way open to the door of our hotel by wielding a whip. This wretched population, the worst I had then seen, have little employment. Lord Kenmore allows them to fish in the lake, by which they get something. He employs two hundred of them, also, in agriculture, at one shilling, without diet. This whole region is rough, though, I think, not very barren. The farms are wretchedly cultivated, and very small. This county, though not the worst, is among the poorest in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell's estate lies here in a wild district, where he keeps up a patriarchal hospitality, receiving all strangers with a hearty welcome. Politics are excluded from this retreat, and the Agitator devotes himself to hounds and the chase.

From Killarney to Limerick, nearly seventy miles, the country is beautifully variegated. Like all of Ireland which I have yet seen, the land swells with extensive hills, but of such moderate elevation as not to be exposed to wash by rains, and yet so high as to exhibit perfectly all the cultivation to advantage. The fields and houses are seen for many miles around, with every hedge and wall as perfectly delin-

eated before the eye as the plot of a kitchen garden. No country which I have seen so much abounds with such views. They give an air of cultivation which vanishes upon a nearer approach. Limerick is barbarous enough, and the houses, or, rather, mud-hovels, and the people are wretched objects indeed—worse than can be imagined by a stranger. No small part of the country is covered with bog, and, though it might be readily drained and brought under cultivation, but little is done in that way.

The soil near Limerick is fertile and well cultivated. This county has some of the best land in Ireland. A tract of the rarest fertility, called the golden vein, stretches through this county and Tipperary for forty or fifty miles. It is cultivated year after year without manure, and without diminution in the crop. This land rents at four or six pounds the acre. The cattle and sheep reared here are the best in Ireland, and equal to any in the kingdom.

Limerick is a large city of near seventy thousand inhabitants. A large part of the city is of modern construction, well built, with broad, regular streets. The quay, at the junction of the two branches of the Shannon, is a fine one, though there is little shipping in port. It has considerable trade in provisions. There are several Protestant churches, one Wesleyan Methodist and one Primitive Methodist chapel, also a Presbyterian chapel, a Baptist and Independent chapel. A citadel, in tolerable repair, a Gothic cathedral, a modern Catholic church, together with two modern bridges, are the most striking objects here. In going toward Galway, one sees several old towers, built for defense in times of feudal disorders. They are from forty to seventy or eighty feet high, with very small windows, or none at all, and port-holes for the discharge of musketry, against which alone they could afford security. One also sees in many places the ruins of old religious houses, which are often of great extent, and in some instances have been converted into churches. These are older than the towers.

From Limerick to Ennis the road is [illegible] twelve or fourteen miles. At the end of the above distance we passed a range of high hills, said to be [illegible] above the river, and passing Clare Castle, came to Ennis, the chief town of Clare. The main streets in consequence are crowded with the wretched hovels of the poorer, which form a suburb often of half a mile in length, [illegible] approach. The low, mud wall [illegible] three or four feet high; the pile of manure in the filthy pool of water or mud, directly in front, so as to render access almost impossible; the pig in the house—as in town as well as in the country village, the wretched communion which marks the scale of taste and comfort from high to mid, almost an Irish cottage. In a town of six thousand or seven thousand inhabitants, like Ennis, these hovels constitute four fifths of the architecture, and contain as large a proportion of the people.

The tillage of Clare and the adjoining county of Galway is decidedly bad; the people are in rags, and exhibit every appearance of extreme poverty. Beggars deafen the stranger, whenever the coach stops for a moment to change horses, with their clamorous importunity; and the sight of so many pitiable objects greatly diminishes the pleasures of travel.

Galway is upon a fine bay, making into the Atlantic six or eight miles below the town. It has an ancient dock, and a second and finer one nearly completed. Its position in the extreme west of Ireland is favorable to trade, though I saw only a few ships there. Grain and provisions are exported to England; especially it is a great [illegible] for [illegible] and county court-houses are fine stone buildings [illegible] old tower of great antiquity, and several good [illegible] Catholic churches; also a good [illegible] two thousand inhabitants, about [illegible] estants. There are several large [illegible] distilleries, which thrive [illegible] absence of more hopeful manufactures [illegible]

runs through the town, and, meeting the tide, forms the harbor, has a considerable fall, and affords sites for many mills, which, however, are only partially improved.

Tuam, the next considerable town, seven thousand inhabitants, has much less appearance of thrift, and is, with the region around it, a sad exhibition of squalid and disgusting filth, rags, idleness, and mendicity, meeting the eye in all directions. This is a place of ancient and great importance in ecclesiastical affairs. It has long been the seat of a Catholic archbishop, and also of a Protestant. The latter has been reduced to a bishopric merely; and a son of the celebrated Plunkett has just been appointed to this office, without having any qualification, moral or intellectual, for its high functions. It is spoken of as a Whig job. The celebrated Dr. M'Hale is Catholic archbishop. Here is the Catholic college of St. Jarlath, and a splendid cathedral is building. A multitude of beautiful houses, devoted to Catholic worship, are springing up in all parts of Ireland, partly, at least as is supposed, on foreign funds.

From Tuam to Castlebar, in Mayo county, the soil is thin, and rests on a limestone basis. The surface is in many places covered with loose stones, which render cultivation difficult. It is, however, a good grazing region, and large numbers of sheep are seen in the pastures, to which this region is mostly devoted.

Castlebar, the capital of Mayo, has nearly seven thousand inhabitants. It is a poor, dirty place, with a forlorn, destitute population, whose mud-cabins exhibit the usual evidences of their condition. There is no appearance of trade nor any employment but tillage, of which the land is hardly capable. There are two or three hundred Protestants, a church, and a Wesleyan chapel, which has an inscription in front, importing that Mr. Wesley laid the corner-stone in 1785. He had many rich followers here, whose children now adhere to the Church.

From Castlebar to Ballina, about twenty miles, the whole region is nearly a waste, made up of mountain, bog, and lake; and I felt the relief of seeing a wild region, romantic in its scenery, and curious in some of its characteristics, nearly uninhabited by the wretched beings who deform the pages of more cultivated portions of the country. Lough Conn, along which the road winds for many miles, is nearly fifteen miles long. It abounds with fish, and is one of the largest of the Irish lakes.

Ballina has about six thousand inhabitants; has an appearance of thrift quite unusual, and seems to have a lively trade. It is several miles from the Atlantic; but attempts are about to be made to deepen the little River Moy, so that vessels may reach the town. The people look better than any I have seen in the south, or west of south. There is a church and a Wesleyan chapel.

Soon after leaving this town, we entered a region of bog, which extends in some directions for many miles. The prospect is bounded on the left by the Atlantic, and on the right and in front by lofty mountains. The cottages are some of them built of the bog, and covered with turf. In some instances, the walls are made by leaving portions of the turf in its original position, while it is removed from the interior and from without, leaving only a wall of three or four feet thick. The roof is of turf, and the whole is a house fit for a fox or a beaver. Still, from Ballina to Sligo, the farms and habitations have an improved appearance; much of the distressing and disgusting poverty disappears; and one is able to enjoy the fine scenery which the mountains, lakes, and the ocean combined afford.

Sligo has fifteen thousand inhabitants. Its situation is low, and mountains rise, at no great distance, on all sides but the one toward the sea. Upon the whole, the situation is striking and romantic. It is a place of little commerce, though it is not without natural advantages. It is badly built, with

no remarkable edifice except the ruin of an old abbey, built, according to an inscription still visible, in about 1620. There is a fall in the river, which is, however, only partially improved. There are two churches, several Catholic chapels, houses of worship for Presbyterians, Independents, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists. Vessels of two hundred tons only reach the town, on account of a bar at the mouth of the river.

The country from Sligo to Londonderry is much of it poor and badly tilled. One sees comparatively little of the wretchedness so abundant in the southwest; yet the people are but little elevated above absolute want. From six to ten pence a day, without food, is the laborer's pay. A high rent is paid for wet, barren land. The crops are light, and farms very small. Many get a part of their living by fishing, which may account for the slight improvement observable in the appearance of the people. The proprietors of the land, too—the absentees—are, in some instances, making exertions to better the condition of their tenants. On Lord Palmerston's estate, though the land is poor and the old cottages bad, many new ones of a better order are rising; and, it is said, he does all he can for his tenants, expending nearly the whole rental of the estate in different kinds of improvement. The tenants are chiefly small farmers and fishermen combined. They live a short distance only from the coast.

Ballyshannon is a poor town, about fifteen miles from Sligo, on a bay of the Atlantic. Ten or twelve miles further on is Donegal, upon a large bay of the same name, which is nearly environed by high mountains. Each may have four or five thousand inhabitants. Strabane is the next considerable town, of nearly the same size, but of a better appearance. There is a showing of business and taste that prepare the traveler for the picturesque and cultivated region through which he is about to pass in going to Derry. It is like entering into a new world. And the town itself, as one ap-

proaches it from the opposite side of the river, is really beautiful, and, by the aid of strong contrast with all that we had seen for many hundred miles, quite enchanted us with its beauties. The river is broad and deep, spanned by a long and fine wooden bridge. The site of the town is near two hundred feet above the water, and commands a fine view. It is surrounded by an ancient wall near thirty feet high, which now serves as a public promenade, and is a mile in compass. Some of the cannon, said to be two hundred years old, are still mounted upon this rampart. It is likewise ornamented by a fine fluted column, which is surmounted by the statue of Walker, the clergyman, who headed the people in their gallant defense against James II. The court-house, the jail, in the fashion of a feudal castle, the cathedral, &c., are beautiful and imposing buildings; and then the environs are lovely beyond any thing I have seen in Ireland. Many lovely lawns, well wooded, and embowering elegant villas, cover this beautifully variegated region to a great distance, and the view is bounded by lofty mountains.

The road from Derry to Coleraine runs near to the Lock Foyle. This is a beautiful sheet of water, of great extent and depth, and well sheltered by the surrounding mountains. The bar, however, and the sinuosities of the river near Derry, are serious obstacles to navigation. Still Derry has an active commerce in provisions and with America. Between Limavady is a very long village, twelve or fifteen miles from Derry, containing five thousand inhabitants, and is by far the finest I have seen in Ireland. After this we will pass over a range of bleak and barren hills, [illegible] by a few cattle and sheep, but not fit for tillage, which extend to within three or four miles of Coleraine. The county of Derry, including its principal towns, was [illegible] by the [illegible] of the commotions of the seventeenth century, and sold to the twelve companies of London, which, with some exceptions, are still the landlords of this extensive region.

Coleraine, the most northern of Irish cities, is on the River Bann, which is hardly navigable on account of obstructions at its mouth. It divides the town into two unequal parts. It is, on the whole, a very respectable place in appearance; has considerable trade by Port Rush, three or four miles off. Here are two churches, two church chapels, two Presbyterian, one Seceder, one Independent, one Wesleyan, and one Baptist chapel. Its population is five thousand, orderly and religious people, if good order on Sunday be a test.

Giant's Causeway is eleven miles from Coleraine, through a hilly, but cultivated region. It is situated at the water's edge, at the foot of a high bluff, constituting, as is commonly said, the most northern point of Ireland, although two other promontories, at no great distance east of westward, are allowed to dispute this honor with it. The Causeway is composed of perpendicular rocks, in the form of pentagons, hexagons, octagons, &c., varying in diameter from ten or twelve to eighteen inches, and covering an area of, I should think, two or three acres. These pillars, as they are aptly enough called, are perfectly distinct from each other; yet they stand in such close contact, and the form and juncture are so perfect, that water can not penetrate their joints. Each pillar is again divided into sections of the thickness of something less than half its diameter. These articulations are distinct, but likewise so perfect, that parts can only be removed one by one with considerable difficulty—a difficulty increased by the form of the section, each piece having commonly one surface concave and the other convex, not uniformly and alternately — yet sometimes the upper and sometimes the lower surface is convex, and *vice versâ*—but the convex is always matched exactly with a concave surface. The union is thus rendered so perfect that they can not be displaced by any lateral pressure, and must be lifted out of their places by inserting wedges and crowbars. Of these polygonal pillars, there are said to be, in all, forty or fifty thousand. The sur-

[illegible] face is [illegible] [illegible] the Causeway [illegible] feet above the sea. The [illegible] [illegible] the sky [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rise above the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] only [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible]. The whole has a strong resemblance to the coast of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] greater if the surface of the [illegible] [illegible]—some of the coils rising above the sea in [illegible] [illegible] in some places, and in others gradually forming a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]. The Giant's Causeway is formed of basalt, a species of stone that prevails much in the north of Ireland, and for many miles around this the Causeway takes the regular forms that are there seen, though certainly in much less perfection. The same applies as the [illegible] along the coast toward Belfast. One sees rather a tendency to the regularly-formed polygonal pillars of the Causeway, than any very perfect specimens of these beautiful and wonderful formations. The best samples which I saw on my way to Belfast are at the towering promontory of Fairhead. The columnar formations are seen at the height of many hundred feet, resting on an immense stratum of lime and chalk. This order is observed in several other localities along the coast.

The road from Giant's Causeway, by Ballycastle, Glenarm, Larne, and Carrickfergus, to Belfast, is very interesting. After leaving Ballycastle, the country rises into mountains, bleak, barren, for a great part uninhabited, and covered with bog. A scanty pasturage is afforded for sheep, to which the region for ten or twelve miles is mostly devoted. Here and there a cultivated field is seen in the valleys, scanty, however, in its products. The atmosphere is damp and chill, and little fit for a human residence. Considerable business is done in the manufacture of lime, which here lies very near the surface, being in many instances only covered by the bog, which yields abundance of fuel to burn it.

Afterward, there are two or three populous vales pretty well cultivated, with schools, churches, and other marks of civilization and comfort. The road is mostly very near the sea, often at the water's edge. In two or three instances, where there is no space between the rocks and the water for its passage, it is carried through the cliffs at great expense and labor. After passing the romantic little town of Glenarem, the country is less mountainous, and exhibits marks of cultivation and taste. From Larne, which has, perhaps, three thousand inhabitants, though the region must still be denominated hilly, if not mountainous, the soil and tillage continue to improve; and between Carrickfergus and Belfast it is surprisingly picturesque and beautiful, adorned with high cultivation and lovely villas. Carrickfergus has eight thousand inhabitants, but can boast of no fine buildings or tasteful streets. The castle is a venerable pile of high antiquity and great historical interest.

After making the tour of Ireland, and visiting Scotland and the northern counties of England, Dr. Olin returned to Liverpool to attend the session of the Centenary Conference. Francis Hall, Esq., of New York, was also present on this memorable occasion, and but for his interesting letter, the only record of Dr. Olin's address to the Conference would be the brief entry in his journal—"August 7th. Addressed the Conference at 1 P.M., badly enough, and, after dining at Mr. Frost's, went to Birmingham by the rail-road." On the 5th of August, two days before, he writes: "Heard the Centenary sermon of ex-president Jackson, which lasted nearly three hours. It was from 1 Corinthians, chapter second, from the twenty-sixth verse to the thirty-first. It was argumentative, scriptural, hortatory, chaste, simple, and pious. I think it must do good."

Mr. Hall writes as follows to the editor of the Commercial Advertiser:

"Great Western, Atlantic Ocean, Sept., 1839.

"I am now about one thousand miles from England, on my way to favored America; and while I am bearing, with all the fortitude which I can command, a tremendous gale of wind, the thought occurs that you will be gratified to hear of some events which have transpired in England during the session of the Conference, which has just terminated. It was the Centenary Conference, and it called together a greater number of persons than was ever assembled on a similar occasion. . . . . .

"You have been apprised of the opening of the Conference at Liverpool, and of the appointment of Mr. Lessey as the president. That gentleman presided with much dignity, and I believe gave great satisfaction to the members. It was no easy task to take the chair after it had been filled with such men as Bunting, and Reese, and Newton, and Marsden, and Jackson, &c.

"After the election of Mr. Lessey, and his introduction into the office, he made a very excellent address. The Rev. Robert Newton was again elected secretary of the Conference. The Rev. Dr. Olin was then introduced as a member of one of the conferences in the United States, and took his seat on the platform. . . . . .

"Monday was set apart for the *centenary services*, which commenced on Monday, at 6 o'clock A.M., by a public prayer-meeting in Brunswick Chapel, where the Conference was held. At that hour, that large building, which, I think, will contain two thousand persons, was crowded. At half past 10 o'clock the great service commenced, at which, by the appointment of the previous Conference, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, the ex-president, was to deliver the centenary sermon. The chapel was crowded to its utmost limits, and

hundreds went away who were not able to enter the doors. The morning service of the Church of England was beautifully read by President Lessey, and then the ex-president entered the pulpit, and gave out,

"'See how great a flame aspires,' &c.

He then prayed, and gave out,

"'Jesus the conqueror reigns.'

The sermon then followed, founded on 1 Cor., i., 26–31. It occupied in delivery *two hours and fifty-three minutes*, and no one appeared to be disposed to move while it was delivering. The impression produced was of the highest order. . . . . In the afternoon a public prayer-meeting was again held, and in the evening President Lessey preached to a crowded audience. His text was Psalm xc., 16, 17. I need not tell you that the discourse was an admirable one.

"On Wednesday, the president stated that the Rev. Dr. Olin was about to return to America, and wished, in taking leave, to address a few words to the Conference.

"Dr. Olin said he could not but feel unfeigned embarrassment in attempting to address such an assembly as that before which he then stood, particularly as this was the first time for the last three years that his state of health had permitted him to speak in public. Though he had no official duty to discharge among them, yet it occurred to him that it might be deemed uncourteous if he omitted to express his thanks to them as the fathers of the Wesleyan family, that they had permitted him, a stranger, to occupy a seat among them, and to witness their deliberations. They had stretched out the hand of fellowship to him; they had recognized him as a brother, as a member of the same family with themselves. He had mingled with them, not merely as an official assembly met for the transaction of business, but to remind each other how much they owed to God for the mercies of a hundred years. In the celebration of their jubilee they occupied

common ground. His heart [illegible] with [illegible]
ment to the great principles [illegible] Wesleyan Methodism
veneration for those great and good men [illegible]
fore, and in his settled purpose to cooperate [illegible]
with his brethren on the other side of the [illegible]
ing the blessings of Christianity to the [illegible]
. . . He had been highly gratified [illegible]
of witnessing the order [illegible] their proceedings
in the habit of looking with great [illegible]
the deliberations of a body which [illegible]
part in the machinery [illegible] Methodism
peculiar affection the companions [illegible]
God had raised up for the [illegible]
had contemplated these [illegible]
as the conservators [illegible]
and of Wesleyan Methodism.

"In America [illegible]
father in God [illegible]
any man master [illegible]
chosen interpreter [illegible]
common measure [illegible]
upon him [illegible]
that system [illegible]
their [illegible]
America [illegible]
Methodism [illegible]
his [illegible]
are [illegible]
ings [illegible]
[illegible]
unity [illegible]
able per[illegible]
them *
tion [illegible]

* [illegible]

ican branch of the Wesleyan family to take part in the celebration of the centenary of Methodism, to say how cordially they are disposed to co-operate with them in the advancement of their common object. 'You,' said Dr. Olin, 'have existed one hundred years—we fifty;' and he was sorry that it was left to one so little known—who had rendered so little service to the cause—to make this communication. His heart was animated by the history of the past and the hopes of the future, and, feeble as he was, he would repeat that they were of one heart and one mind with them. Their plans and policy are substantially the same. The small difference which exist between them arose from the organization of the civil government—in the forms of society in America, and in the character of their political institutions. But their democracy is not permitted to impair the distinctive features of their polity as a Christian society. They have not been free from disputations on certain parts of their religious system; but those points of difference have been settled, and they are now united. Controversy has brought out more prominently the distinctive features of Methodism; they approve of them more cordially, and are resolved to stand by them. They can distinguish between democracy and what Christ ordained to belong to the government of his Church.

"He expressed a strong desire that means might be adopted for keeping up an affectionate correspondence between the two great branches of the Wesleyan family. He was not aware of any specific question which renders such a correspondence necessary; but he desired it for the great object of preserving a unity of faith and practice throughout our societies in Europe and America. He desired it also on national grounds. They are a *million*—an intelligent, industrious, and influential people. No two nations under heaven are so bound to love each other as Britain and America. The cause of piety, liberty, civilization, and national

prosperity is involved in the continuance of their friendly relations; and unless madness seize their councils — unless untoward and unmanageable difficulties arise — those amicable relations will not be violated. But, if agitating and perplexing questions arise, the influence of Christianity will be most beneficial in conducting them to a peaceful termination. Christianity makes men good subjects and good citizens; it does not diminish *their* loyalty nor *his* patriotism; it accommodates itself to circumstances and to country, and does not make them less willing to assert the rights of their respective countries.

"He would put the thought far away that the peace subsisting between the two nations will be suspended. No people are placed under higher responsibilities than the Methodists. There are a million members in the two connections. It is important that a good understanding should exist between them; that they should know each other well as Christians, since they might exert an extensive and valuable influence in preventing war, and settling satisfactorily questions of great national interest. On these grounds he thought that intercourse between the two great communities is most desirable. He expressed a hope that to renew and maintain that intercourse a representative would be appointed from the British to the American General Conference. He spoke the sentiments of his brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, when he said that their representative would be heartily received.

"He thanked the president, and through him the body over which he presided, for the kindness he had received from them. He prayed that God would direct and prosper their deliberations. They are one in Christ Jesus, one in the great work to which they are devoted, and one in that system of godly discipline established in their societies; and he trusted that they would ever work together in the advancement of their great objects with undisturbed harmony and success.

"The president rose at the conclusion of Dr. Olin's address, and shaking hands with great cordiality, said, 'You will go back to your own country, holding a place in our warmest affections. In the name, on the behalf of the Conference, I bid you farewell! Bear our love to the great societies from which you have come. We rejoice with yourself in our unity, and look forward with holy joy to the day when, ascending from our respective shores, we shall meet in our Father's house in heaven!'"

Mr. Hall's letter concluded with the gratifying intelligence that the Rev. Robert Newton had been requested by the Conference to become their representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, to be held in Baltimore the ensuing May; also that the centenary fund amounted to *one million* of dollars—of which munificence the noble Centenary Hall in London, and the Richmond Theological Institution, now perpetuate the remembrance.

LIV. TO THE REV. DR. BANGS.

Liverpool, August 6th, 1839.

It would give me great pleasure to be with my brethren at the approaching centenary celebration; but as this is not in my power, I take the liberty of communicating with you, as a highly esteemed and beloved personal friend. I wish to contribute to the objects of that celebration according to my ability; and I would also gladly give, through you, an expression of the sentiments which I deem befitting the occasion. For this, however, I have neither strength nor leisure. You may consider me as pledged for one hundred dollars—fifty for myself, and fifty in memory of my dear, honored wife. Upon the first intimation that the centenary of Methodism would be celebrated in America, she expressed a wish that we should contribute according to our humble means, as a

thank-offering to God for all His mercies to us, and as a testimony of affectionate attachment to the Church in whose bosom we have enjoyed all our Christian privileges and to which we have been indebted for so many tender and cherished friendships.

I am not well informed of the precise objects to which it is proposed to devote the offerings of the Church. I leave it to your discretion whether some special objects be embraced in make the selection.

I hope this occasion will be improved by the Church in reviewing the past and in looking forward to the future for high practical purposes. What advantages have Methodism conferred upon the world within the [illegible] years of its existence? and what are its duties and responsibilities for the future to come? are the frequent questions which should engage the meditations of the Church. I have time but I wish to say on both points [illegible] statement.

1. Wesleyan Methodism has [illegible] efficient instrument in [illegible] the world. It has raised up a people [illegible] people. It has [illegible] from heathenism.

2. It has acted [illegible] Denominations in exciting their zeal, [illegible] modifying their modes of action. It demonstrated the power of unfettered piety—that godliness without learning is a useless instrument for saving souls, that learning without piety and zeal. This I hold to be one of the reasons which we were raised up to inculcate upon other Churches, and that it is the union of piety and learning which never before existed to the same extent as at present, that has given such a mighty impulse to our sister denominations. I think this an occasion when such opinions may be expressed without incurring any suspicion of bigotry or sectarianism. If I know my own heart, it

is a stranger to these. I love, I honor the Churches of America. I only claim for my own a place among them with, I think, some valuable peculiarities. May it equal them in usefulness, in learning, in holiness!

As to the future, I think it the first duty of our Church to be more zealous and diligent in saving souls. This is its proper work; and in proportion as it is lost sight of, the Church will become useless. Let us remember that Christ died, not primarily to establish schools and colleges, and Bible and missionary societies, but to save souls from hell. This is, by eminence, our proper work. We are bound before God, as we love Christ, to spread the Gospel at home and in heathen lands. We must become more and more aggressive and missionary. We can do it. We are numerous and rich, and Christ will hold us responsible for the souls of a perishing world.

We have a high duty to perform in cultivating the field which we now occupy. I fear we have left much undone—have incurred some guilt here. Are our children as well trained in religious knowledge, in literature — are they as well fitted for useful and influential stations in the Church and in the world as those of some other sects? Our schools, our colleges, our press, and our benevolent societies, want and must have more expansion and efficiency. The matter rests upon the conscience of the Church. We shall not be guiltless, if they be suffered to languish—if they be not prosecuted with greatly increased energy and means. I bless God for what has been done, and cherish revived hopes for the future.

I will not allow this opportunity to pass without expressing my most deliberate conviction that the establishment of theological schools is indispensable to our future progress. I would not stir a controverted question on such an occasion; yet I may not conceal my opinion, however worthless. I have had too many admonitions that what I say or do for the hon-

or of Christ, and for His cause, must be done with little delay. I may not see my country again, or again worship with the people of my choice; but I shall continue to love the Church, and pray for its prosperity; and I dare not omit to declare that the conviction I have here expressed gains strength with the progress of years. We have already suffered much for the want of such institutions, and they are now indispensable to the full discharge of our duty to Christ and to souls.

These are my cherished views with regard to the coming centenary. Let such objects be prosecuted in the spirit of faith, and zeal, and brotherly love. Let us carefully avoid all objects not compatible with our organization—local, partisan, irritating. Let us yield to each other every thing not essential for the sake of unity and peace—every thing but our godly discipline, our pure doctrines, our means of usefulness. Let us prosecute our work, mindful of those who have gone before us—of Wesley, of Asbury, of Emory, of Fisk—and God will, as He has done, bless our labors.

I write from the president's platform in the British Conference. Five hundred preachers are present. The increase this year is six thousand. Yesterday I heard Mr. Jackson's centenary sermon—a sound and excellent production, which will be immediately published, and republished, I trust, in America. It takes lofty ground, worthy of the occasion. His positions will be violently assailed, but, I believe, they can not be shaken. I hope this sermon will be read by every intelligent Methodist on both sides of the Atlantic.

I expect to set out in a day or two for London; thence to visit Holland, Sweden, Prussia, and perhaps Germany and Russia. Should the troubles in the East be settled, and should I succeed in finding suitable company, I have some intention of visiting Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Constantinople next winter. Yet this is, perhaps, not very probable. I feel a strong desire to revisit my native country. I have

lost my relish for travel with the beloved companion who gave interest to all the scenes through which I passed. I am impelled to seek, in the society of relatives and Christian friends, such alleviations as they can supply, and as a wounded spirit can receive. My health is better than it has been, at this season, for several years. Pray for me, and believe me, dear brother,

Yours in Christian bonds,

STEPHEN OLIN.

We pass over a portion of Dr. Olin's journal containing notices of Birmingham; "the beautiful city of Cheltenham;" Bristol, where he saw Wesley's first chapel; Bath, "on the Avon, encompassed with hills"—the source of the Thames—"the valley of the Isis, a broad interval"—and the Sunday in Oxford. From London to Rotterdam, thence to the Hague, where he saw the extensive gallery with its central attraction, "Paul Potter's bull;" thence "through the forest and by the Rhine" to Leyden, where he visited the very full and perfect collections in the Museum of Natural History, and the Japanese and Egyptian Museums. From Leyden, by Harlem, to Utrecht, Osnaburg—"an old-fashioned town with high stone houses, with sharp roofs; shops open on Sunday, and women knitting." He visited the "strong Prussian town of Minden, dirty and thriftless"—"the old quaint town of Hanover," where he saw the statue of Leibnitz, the Waterloo Monument, &c.; and Potsdam, where he saw the old and new palace, Sans Souci, the tomb of Frederick the Great, and Peacock's island, its fine hot-houses, with their lofty palms, and arrived on the 30th of August at Berlin.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERLIN.

HAVING now been in this city ten days, and expecting to remain here several weeks longer, I resort again to my note-book, with the hope of lightening, in some small degree, the heavy, and often *painful* burden of my *solitary* hours.

Berlin is a very extensive city, when its area is compared with its population. It can hardly be less than twelve miles in compass, besides several considerable suburbs not included within the walls. With a population of two hundred and sixty thousand, it covers nearly as much ground as Paris with seven hundred thousand, after making due allowance for the ground not yet occupied by human habitations within the walls of both towns. The walls of Berlin, as of most modern towns, are not built for defense against invading armies. They are only slight brick structures, not sufficient to withstand a battery of four-pounders for half an hour. They are only designed to facilitate the administration of police and revenue, and the proper officers of these departments are stationed at the gates which give access, through the principal streets, into the city. The municipal expenses are paid, in a great measure, by a duty levied upon the various products of industry and agriculture that enter the city from the country, whether by carts, wagons, and other vehicles, or by the river and canal.

This vexatious system, which acts oppressively upon the poor, by enhancing the price of all the necessaries of life, has been so long established in all parts of Continental Europe, that its impolicy seems not to be thought of, and no one thinks of substituting for it a more equal and wholesome mode of taxation. Indeed, old taxes and old modes of taxation seem

to be regarded as fundamental, and as things not to be tampered with, though some degree of circumspection is often used in imposing new taxes. Old taxes, however oppressive and impolitic, are borne with tolerable patience by the people, who, like their fathers, have always paid them, and on this account are often continued, though they might obviously be changed in many instances for others not less productive, and much more favorable to human industry and happiness. Such anomalies are fortunately unknown in countries where the people, having a substantive part in making the laws that govern them, are at liberty to consult their own interest.

The River Spree, upon the banks of which Berlin is situated, is a dark and sluggish stream, perhaps thirty yards wide, and of sufficient depth to float the small boats that bring in the products of the upper country, as well as merchandise from below. The channel is divided, and forms several islands, upon one of which are the royal palace and the museum. There is a fall without the town sufficient to turn several mills, which requires to be surmounted by locks.

The site of Berlin is almost a perfect level. In many of the principal streets there is no descent, and throughout nearly the whole city the water stands still in the gutters, forming long black, or, rather, green lines on either side of the streets, offensive to the eye, and loading the atmosphere with a loathsome noxious effluvium. The stench is quite intolerable; and in hot weather a walk in the streets of Berlin is not to be attempted without some pressing necessity. These gutters are, of course, receptacles for all slops from the kitchen, and all the litter of housekeeping, and as the water is perfectly stagnant, they are covered with scum, and constantly filling with a filthy sediment, which the scavengers in different parts of the city are always engaged in removing. On the whole, though one, at first sight, and on a cool day, would be likely to pronounce Berlin a clean, certainly not a dirty town, this unfortunate peculiarity in its situation renders it the worst,

in point of air. of all the cities I have seen. I do not know whether it is unavoidable, or if any proper attempts have been made to find a remedy. I can not but think that it might be drained into the Spree if more skill were employed. The fall of the river is considerable, and indicates that at least the upper part of the city might be drained more effectually. The towns of Holland, though less elevated above the water-level than Berlin, often, indeed, much below it, are free from this terrible nuisance.

The streets of Berlin are many of them very wide—wider, I think, upon an average, than those of any other city I have seen in Europe. The houses are built of brick, and stuccoed almost without exception. The palaces, the Arsenal, the churches, and, I believe, all the public buildings, are constructed of the same material. Stone is brought from a great distance, and is too expensive to be used for ordinary purposes. It is sparingly employed in sidewalks and in the foundations of some of the more important edifices; and a very inferior kind of stone is used in paving the streets. It is the worst pavement any where to be seen. Even the fine Corinthian and Ionic columns which adorn many of the public edifices are of brick, stuccoed and colored so admirably that they readily pass for marble, and no one but a close and careful observer would suspect the baseness of their material.

A large proportion of the houses are low, not exceeding two stories. This, joined to the great width of the streets, make Berlin a very hot place. Paris and the older parts of London are much cooler; and I doubt if the narrow streets of Rome or Naples, shaded as they are on either side by lofty buildings, are so warm as this northern metropolis. I am induced to believe that the modern fashion of wide streets is founded upon an error. Something is gained upon the score of a free circulation of air; but we are to balance against this the increased power of the sun, which speedily converts every drop of foul water into noxious vapor, and, by reflection

from the broad and heated pavement, as well as by its direct action for so many hours in the day, renders the atmosphere unfit for respiration. Such questions can be settled only by a careful comparison of the medical statistics of different cities. It is a subject of vital interest, especially in America, where so many towns are built. Are not those cities in the United States whose streets are widest precisely those which suffer most from sickness? Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans have broader streets, upon an average of, I should think, one third, than some of the more populous Northern cities, and they are known to be much more sickly. After all due allowance is made for difference of climate, still much may be ascribed to the more intense heat, which is greatly increased by the broad streets of these latter towns. The fact that the inhabitants of the narrowest and most crowded streets in these cities are the greatest sufferers does not decide the question, since these are also the worst fed and clothed, and the least cleanly of any part of the population.

Berlin may be said to be well built, though only a small portion of the houses have any pretension to architectural elegance or are expensively built. The large houses are occupied by several families, as is the fashion all over the Continent. One often finds at the entrance several bell-handles with the name of the occupant of the first, second, or third stories under them. Sometimes, more frequently in the older houses, you mount the stairs before ascertaining the particular residence of the person you may be in quest of. There are upon an average fourteen or fifteen persons in each house. In England and in the United States, I believe, the number is only five or six.

Several of the public buildings are magnificent, and highly appreciated as specimens of architecture. The Arsenal, which contains a vast collection of muskets, pistols, and swords, together with suits of old armor and French colors brought from Paris at the close of the late war, is a model of chaste and

elegant style. The principal apartment, containing the small arms and trophies, is one of the largest and most imposing I have seen. The ground floor is occupied wholly by field artillery.

The Museum of Sculpture and Painting, which stands near, on one of the noblest squares in Europe, is a still more elegant and imposing edifice, built under the auspices of the present king since the conclusion of the last war. It is, to my taste, the finest specimen of modern architecture I have yet seen. The statuary, which contains nothing remarkable, though the collection of antiquities is extensive, is arranged upon the ground floor in the rotunda, and in galleries extending along three sides of the immense octagon. These galleries, together with those above occupied by the collection of paintings, surpass all others in solid grandeur and appropriateness to their object. The long gallery of the Louvre is more extensive, but is very inferior, as are the spacious halls of Versailles and the rooms of the Vatican, in impressiveness and grandeur. With the exception of a few noble pictures of the early Flemish school, and two or three very good ones of the Italian masters, this large collection of paintings has no very high claim to excellence. It is, however, well arranged, and highly instructive, as exhibiting the progress of the art, and many specimens of all the considerable schools.

A beautiful vase of bronze, richly gilt in the interior—a present from the Emperor of Russia—and modeled after the celebrated Warwick vase, stands in the vestibule of the second story, where it attracts the admiration of all visitors of taste. An immense basin of Prussian granite, of beautiful proportions and finish, stands in front of the museum. I should think it nearly thirty feet in diameter. It is of very great weight, and rests upon huge blocks of granite. It is a beautiful object, and gives one a high idea of the state of the arts in Prussia.

The royal palace is an old building, impressive chiefly from its great dimensions and venerable aspect. It is really shabby, but curious enough for the old furniture, portraits, carving, costumes, and *bijouterie*, with which its ample apartments are stored. A wax figure of Frederick the Great, dressed in the shabby costume which he wore upon the day of his death, is very curious. The clothes are threadbare, and even ragged, the gloves and boots are coarse, and his pocket handkerchief is quite in tatters. In the same room are exhibited the medals and other badges of the various dignities conferred upon Napoleon by the different sovereigns of Europe in the days of his power. These were taken in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo, and are kept as trophies of a victory which Prussia is proud to commemorate in every possible way.

This palace, though much the largest and most sumptuous, is occupied, not by the king, who lives in a modest mansion, called the private palace, in a style of great plainness and simplicity, but by the crown prince, upon whom many of the burdensome ceremonials of the court devolve. The king, it is understood, has a confirmed antipathy to all pomp and parade, to which he submits only when it is quite unavoidable.

The buildings already enumerated, as well as the house of the commandant of the city, the opera house, library, palace of Prince Charles, the university, the principal church, a beautiful guard-house, and some other public buildings, stand upon the noble square already mentioned, and adjacent to the Linden Street. This street, which extends in a straight line from the square to the Rrandenburg Gate—itself one of the chief architectural ornaments of Berlin—is the grand resort of fashion in Berlin.

This great thoroughfare is planted with majestic trees, from which it derives its name. In a walk from the royal palace through this street, the traveler may see an assem-

blage of nearly all the buildings worthy of his attention in this metropolis.

Some of the palaces occupied by members of the royal family are in other streets, as is the theatre and two or three good churches. These last are not objects of much architectural interest here, any more than in other Protestant countries. Some attempts have been made to erect splendid churches, but with the success which has crowned the efforts of several modern architects in other enterprises.

There are several streets in Berlin that would be called the business streets, yet the trade of the city seems much diffused. No part of the town is without its shops of all kinds, and all parts are dull. The shops are small, the supply of goods scanty—only sufficient, one would think, for the consumption of the city, though doubtless the surrounding region, to a considerable extent, must depend upon Berlin. Every thing indicates the absence of eager competition and enterprise. The stores are shut soon after sunset. In the morning the sun is two or three hours high before the doors are generally open. Bakers, and those who deal in provisions, are, of course, exceptions to this remark. There is nothing of the bustle and commotion of New York or London. The streets are never crowded with drays loaded with barrels, boxes, &c., the unfailing accompaniments of flourishing trade. Laborers quit their work before night, and resort to the gin and beer shops, or to the other public places. There is no crowd, no rush in the streets—scarcely the hum of business. No one seems to be in haste, or to have any very urgent business. This is perhaps the only point of resemblance between Berlin, and Rome, and Naples. The passer-by always has time to stop to converse with an acquaintance, or to look at the pictures or other objects exposed in a window.

The Berlin University occupies a very extensive and elegant building upon the Linden Street. This edifice is wholly

taken up by lecture-rooms, the mineralogical, zoological, and other collections—no provision being made here, or in the other universities of Germany, for lodging the students, who hire rooms in the town to suit their own taste. This necessarily prevents the exercise, on the part of the professors, of paternal supervision. Nothing of the kind is attempted beyond the precincts of the lecture-room. The student is left to the ordinary operation of the laws of the kingdom, like other persons. Such a system relieves the teacher from the most vexatious part of the duties that devolve upon him in America. I fear it has little else to recommend it. Students here and elsewhere, under the same system, are proverbially lawless and immoral. Instances of personal piety are not uncommon; but a sound Christian morality, such as reigns in many of our American colleges, is, so far as I can learn, quite unknown. It seems to be looked upon as visionary to expect such a state of things. The members of the European universities are, upon an average, some years older than the youth in our colleges, and our system of discipline might, on that account, be inapplicable to them. The University of Berlin has two thousand pupils in all its departments, and nearly two hundred professors. It is, doubtless, the first school in Germany, and probably, after that of Paris, the best in Europe.

The Prussian system of education is certainly the most perfect in existence, whether the higher, the intermediate, or common grades of learning be considered. Learned men are held in the highest consideration, not only by the public, but by the government. They are distinguished by orders and titles, hardly less than the officers of the army, always the favored profession in this essentially military country. They are appointed to high offices of state, when they happen to have a fitness for them. Several hundred of the most distinguished literary men receive salaries from the public treasury as professors in the different universities, and retiring pen-

sions when age or infirmity induces them to withdraw from active life. Perhaps, however, the most effectual patronage is indirect. The *employés* of the government, in whatever department, are men of liberal education, and they must test their proficiency in learning by submitting to a rigid examination before they can be promoted to any respectable office. Public sentiment fully coincides with the policy of the government. Indeed, instances exist in which public admiration for distinguished attainments has been so strong as to protect those who had become obnoxious to the government. One of the distinguished professors, who now belongs to the Berlin Faculty, went so far as to censure the administration in his public lectures, and yet was permitted, on the plea of his great talents and learning, to retain his place—an instance of moderation and deference to public opinion hardly to be expected from a despotic government.

In truth, however, the King of Prussia is a despot only in theory. There are no constitutional and acknowledged limitations of his authority; but the universal prevalence of education has created a public sentiment which limits it in fact; and there is, perhaps, no government in Europe where this authority is more regarded. The best informed persons are agreed that the royal prerogative is exercised in the strictest conformity to the laws; that the administration of justice is impartial—quite free from any dangerous influence on the part of the executive power; and that the King of Prussia could not, any more than the sovereigns of England or France, act in contempt of public feeling or of public interest without endangering his throne. This is a most cheering fact, and discloses a tendency, both here and in other European countries, which, if it does not lead to the concession of popular privileges, must prevent abuses of absolute power, and, finally, introduce a moderate and wise administration. Thus may the most important benefits of a free constitution be secured to the people, even though the forms may long be want-

ing. The *form* has certainly a high value, chiefly, perhaps among many reasons, for the two following: First, the possession and habitual exercise of high political privileges elevate a people in intelligence and dignity; secondly, without such guarantees, there is less security for the continuance of good government. A weak or bad king, or a profligate minister, may do much to overturn a good ruler, before the only security, public intelligence, could be rallied and organized for his protection.

What most strikes a stranger upon entering Berlin is the great number of soldiers who meet him in every street and every public place, and evidently form a considerable part of the population. Even the old traveler, who has seen the other states of Europe, where, too, the military exist in great numbers, is struck with their greater number here. This is emphatically a military country, the only civilized nation where every man is a soldier, a trained, regular soldier, and where one in sixty of the whole population is maintained at the charge of the public for public security. This grows partly out of the situation of Prussia in the centre of Europe, with her extensive borders upon Russia, Austria, and France; partly from the former history of the country, which has hitherto existed in an almost incessant career of wars; but chiefly, perhaps, from the unnatural importance of this kingdom in the system of European politics—an importance attained by the military prowess of the last century, which can not be surrendered consistently with national honor and national pride. Hence, with much less than one half of the population and wealth of Austria or France, Prussia keeps up a military establishment nearly equal to either of its powerful neighbors. Every able-bodied male is compelled to enter the army at twenty years of age, and remain a soldier three years. Those who are able, and prefer to equip and support themselves while in the army, remain but one year. Men of all classes and professions are subject to this conscription, or,

more properly, levy *en masse*. No one can hold any office or practice any profession who has not gone [illegible] tour of military service. It is easy to see how [illegible] the quiet pursuits of industry [illegible] such a system must operate. The [illegible] apprenticeship; the student [illegible] the young man of enterprise [illegible] is torn from his proper employment [illegible] valuable years; his habits of [illegible] edge and skill deteriorate [illegible] exposed to an ordeal from which [illegible] unharmed.

Yet such is the system of [illegible] submitted to with [illegible] not learn that complaint [illegible] been told, on high authority [illegible] eral approbation. [illegible] verbially military [illegible] sons of the king are [illegible] and its economical [illegible] industry and [illegible] tem is certainly [illegible] soldiers that volunteer [illegible] ranks of the army [illegible] of the population [illegible] counteract the [illegible] are maintained [illegible] soldier. The [illegible] be run [illegible] five years [illegible] The young [illegible] at a time when [illegible] and his manners are [illegible] able in the Prussian [illegible] [illegible]

a military and gentlemanly bearing is seen to prevail, which I think is much less common in the same class in other countries.

The annual expense of keeping up an army of more than two hundred thousand men is only three million thalers—three fifths of the whole national expenditure. The most rigid economy is necessarily practiced in every department of the public administration to accomplish such grand results at an expense comparatively so trivial. Both civil and military officers have very moderate salaries, and private soldiers a bare subsistence. All the appointments of the army, however, are efficient and respectable. The small-arms and artillery are excellent; and the horses of the army, as well as those in common use for carriages, are the best, with the exception of the English, that I have seen in Europe.

Soldiers in the Prussian army should all be between the ages of twenty and twenty-three years. A considerable number are manifestly older, though all are young men. This is to be accounted for by the fact that some prefer remaining in the service to being discharged, and provision is made to retain such, though there is none for receiving substitutes, as the object of the government is not merely to maintain an army, but to train the whole male population. A much larger number of soldiers are not, apparently, more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, from which I am left to infer, though I have no information upon this point, that boys who are well grown are allowed to anticipate the legal age for learning the military service—an arrangement which must be greatly to the advantage of youth who are looking to a literary or professional career. The extreme youth of many who are seen with side-arms and a military uniform, seems a burlesque on warlike preparations and array. These are, no doubt, *élèves* of the military schools, who, in conformity with custom, rather than from any better reason, are doomed to carry about these indispensable badges of their profession.

The proportion of persons who wear a military dress is so great in this city, as well as in other parts of Prussia, as to arrest the attention of the most careless observer, and to constitute a marked feature in the aspect of the population. There seems to be a passion for a dress that shall distinguish the wearer from the common multitude. Not only have public functionaries their appropriate costume—collectors, post-masters, letter-carriers, post-drivers, &c.—but the drivers of hackney-coaches and droskies have their red collars, their cockade, their huge buttons, with inscriptions suited to their several functions. This eagerness for visible marks of distinction is manifested among the higher, or, rather, among all classes, by the display of the badges of nobility or merit which are here conferred by the government with a lavish profusion, which would, in any other country but Germany, depreciate their value, and reflect ridicule rather than honor upon the wearer. Not so, however, here. The most insignificant token of this sort is paraded ostentatiously on all occasions. The Prussian gentleman is not dressed without having these badges of high birth or honorable service in full display. A ribbon, red, white, purple, or party-colored, is tied in the button-hole of his coat; stars, crosses, &c., suspended by ribbons or golden chains around the neck, glitter upon the breast, and indicate to the initiated the rank of the favored wearer, and the degree of respect that ought to be paid him. These outward symbols of nobility or merit are not confined to the rich and great. At the close of the late war with France, new orders were instituted, to distinguish those who had made heroic efforts or generous sacrifices in that great national struggle; and one often sees soldiers, shopmen, or even laboring-men, with these coveted testimonials of royal approbation. It is affirmed by travelers that this ridiculous fondness for titles and orders is on the decline, and this the rapid progress of education and the great prevalence of intelligence would induce us to expect; but the [illegible] be

slow and imperceptible indeed, which, having been begun a half century since, still imposes so little restraint upon this national foible. It is still accounted the height of ill breeding to address a gentleman by his proper name. His title only is to be named; and even ladies are insulted by the familiarity of calling them by their husband's name, rather than his office. If there is any doubt as to the exact claims of a party, good manners demand that we should be sure to err by giving him too high rather than too low a title. My friend F——, who, as a good republican, is without this factitious distinction, is usually addressed as count by the polished Berlinese, who do not exactly comprehend his position. Germans usually deny this great fondness for titles, which is so characteristic of them, and allege that, however the charge might be applicable to former times, the present generation is quite too philosophical to heed such bawbles. I have been at some pains to satisfy myself upon this point, and, without being able to make comparison of present with past follies, I must believe that not much progress has been made in getting clear of this foible. Certainly, many of the barriers which hereditary distinctions and privileges formerly interposed in the way of untitled merit have been removed, and men of talents and industry have a fair field.

As a social peculiarity, however, strongly impressed upon the character of the people, and deeply implanted in their feelings, I am inclined to think that this love of sounding titles and bawble honors is more prevalent still in Germany than any where else. The prevalence of commercial industry, and of the wealth which follows in its train, will probably do much to weaken this national predilection. As it is, while any value is attached to these things, it affords to the government a cheap way of rewarding merit and stimulating to honorable exertions. When these distinctions are made hereditary, they lose all their character as rewards and stimulants to meritorious actions, and become greatly mis-

chievous by exalting those who have done nothing to deserve distinction, and thus interposing artificial obstacles in the way of real worth. The Legion of Honor, as instituted by Napoleon, is perhaps the least exceptionable of these institutions.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BERLIN TO SMYRNA.

LV. TO THE REV. J. MERRIAM.

Berlin, September 22d, 1839.

I HAVE often wished to write to you, and through you to that branch of our scattered family which is in your neighborhood. I need not assure you that long absence and bereavement have only tended to make those relatives who are still left me dear to my heart. It would afford me unspeakable pleasure to be with them, especially in my present situation, and to derive from their sympathy and society the aid which I so much need at present, and which it is quite unreasonable to expect from strangers. I have been on the eve of preparing for my return to America—so much do I desire to be with my friends, and so weary am I with strangers and strange faces. Yet I am deterred for the present from taking this resolution, by the apprehension that the society of those I love would awaken and aggravate feelings too strong and poignant for my feeble constitution to endure—that I should only feel more painfully the disaster that has befallen my happiness in those dear family circles where, for many years, I have never been present but with her who there, as every where else, was my support, and, after the blessed God, the chief source of my happiness. It occurs to me that I am not yet able to bear the condolence of my friends—that I should wander a little longer, at least, among strangers and strange scenes. Time, which thus far has been quite unable to mitigate my sense of bereavement, may yet have some efficacy in this way. I very likely reason falsely, but in this direc-

tion my thoughts run, and I am perhaps not likely to see America this year.

Since I committed my blessed wife to the dust in Naples, on the 7th of May, I have traveled nearly five thousand miles in Italy, France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, and Germany. I expect to go from this to Marienbad, in Bohemia, to drink mineral waters, which, having tried here, I think may be useful to me. Thence to Vienna, to Trieste, to Greece, to Egypt, to Syria, to Palestine, and Turkey. If my health do not fail, and if neither war nor the plague shall break out in the Levant, this, I think, will be my destination for the winter. I look upon it as in some sense my duty to avail myself of these means of improvement. I can not study, but I may, perhaps, be able to improve more by travel than I could by study; and then, if God has still work for me to do in his Church, I may be the more competent to do good for these wanderings. It is my earnest and incessant prayer that my foreign travel, and still more my protracted and unusual afflictions, may be sanctified to increase my piety and my usefulness. Of the latter, it is perhaps sanguine to cherish a hope; yet that hope has never yet died in my heart. I sometimes am inclined to hope, even from this very perseverance in hoping against hope. God has given me a desire unquenchable to do the work of a minister of Christ. I have felt it through all my vicissitudes, increasing rather than diminishing. It is the one thing for which I could wish —could bear to live. The hope is probably an illusion, but it is connected with holy aspirations.

I must tell you that I am mightily sustained by grace. Nothing assuages my grief—my deep sense of utter bereavement; but the comfort of religion comes not to my deliverance, but to my support, and I do not sink below its influence. I feel every day more and more afflicted. My heart clings to her who is in the grave with unconquerable pertinacity. The wound is irritated, not assuaged, by the progress of time

—by change. Yet I do not charge God foolishly—I am resigned. I say to him, "It is just, it is right, it is all well." Before I sink into despair or complaint, I fly back to first principles, and find them amazingly strong. I cry out from hour to hour, "O Lord, how hast thou bereaved me utterly? but thou art my rock and my hiding-place."

Pardon, my dear brother, this overflowing of a deeply wounded spirit. I have said much that I did not design to say, and almost nothing that I intended.

As to my health, it has been better than during the warm season for several years. This I ascribe, in a great measure, to traveling. The waters to which I referred promise, I think, to be of essential use to me. Dr. Casper, a physician here of great eminence, says they will cure me. I propose to try them. I have bodily strength enough, can bear exercise, &c., but am unfit to read, or write, or feel.

LVI. TO MRS. COLONEL HOWARD.

Berlin, September 25th, 1839.

. . . . Since I wrote from Liverpool, I have traveled through those parts of England which I had not at that time seen. I embarked at London for Holland on the 14th of August, and spent eight or ten days in that very curious and interesting country. It had been my intention to go from Amsterdam to Hamburg, and thence to visit Denmark, Sweden and Russia. I happened to be too unwell to embark when the boat left Amsterdam, and, rather than wait for a week in that unfavorable climate, I changed my route, upon which, indeed, not much depended, and came through Hanover and Brunswick to Berlin. Here, by the advice of the American minister and his secretary, Messrs. Wheaton and Fay, I was induced to consult an eminent Prussian physician, who counseled me to drink mineral waters called the Marienbad. They are manufactured here, and I have used them for three weeks, with so good effect that I am to set out this

evening for the natural fountain at Marienbad in Bohemia. There I expect to remain three weeks. I then propose to visit Vienna, and if no reason should appear to the contrary, either in the state of my health or in the state of affairs in that region, I design to embark at Trieste, and visit successively Greece, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Constantinople. This will occupy the winter and spring.

After that I hope to return to America. I have been much inclined—urged by the lonelinessness of my situation, and my loss, almost total of interest in visiting objects of curiosity—to come home this Fall. I have, however, thought, upon further consideration, that the state of feeling which urges me to repair to my country and to the house of my friends, should deter me from doing so. I can not yet endure to meet them. I should feel my irreparable loss more keenly in those circles where I have so often been happy with her whom God has taken from me, than I do even in wandering alone among strangers. I think continual traveling during the last summer has been the chief means of keeping me from sinking into utter prostration, and I have still need of this good influence, so far as it can employ my thoughts on new and changing scenes. . . . .

September 25th. Left Berlin for Leipsic at 8 P.M. Passed Potsdam at 11. Rode all night.

26th. Breakfasted at Wittenberg, where I saw the statue and monument of Luther, and arrived at Leipsic at half past 1 P.M. The whole route flat, mostly sand, but fertile near Leipsic. Ascended the observatory, and saw the battle-ground of 1813.

27th. Called on Messrs. Tauchnitz and Wiegel, walked through the city, which was in all the bustle of a fair, and saw every variety of costume—Polish Jews, Armenians, &c Left Leipsic at 3 P.M. by the rail-road, and arrived at Dresden at 7.

September 28*th*. I visited the museum of paintings, also the green vaults, the royal church, the garden of the Japanese palace. Dresden has sixty-six thousand inhabitants, but is not extensive, the houses being high and the streets narrow. The post-office, the theatre, the Catholic, and one Protestant church, are good buildings, and the bridge over the Elbe, which has twelve arches, is a fine structure.

29*th*. Walked before breakfast out of the city, and saw the battle-field of Napoleon, 1813—a beautiful, rich, variegated land. Heard again to-day the noble music in the Catholic church—it is the theatrical band. Walked again in the suburbs.

30*th*. Rain. Walked before breakfast to Moreau's monument, three miles distant. It is a single block of red granite, four feet high and three feet square, surmounted with a sword, casque, and garland, in bronze, inscribed, "Moreau the hero fell here by the side of Alexander, August 27th, 1813."

Left Dresden for Marienbad. Passed through the vale of Plauenche, which is grand and romantically beautiful; the village of Tharand, a watering-place, thronged by a fair; Forstgarten, a nursery of forest trees of a thousand kinds, with a school for teaching to rear trees; Freyburg, a town of eleven thousand inhabitants, the capital of the mining country of Saxony. Silver, lead, cobalt, coal, &c., abound in the neighborhood, and here is a famous school for instruction in this art. Dined at Chemnitz, a town of nineteen thousand inhabitants, with fine manufactures of cotton stockings, spinning-machines, &c., and reached Plauen at 7 A.M., October 1st. The whole route is hilly; much wood, principally fir. The road not good, and constant rain.

October 1*st*. From Plauen, 8 A.M., by post (extra) to Marienbad at 8 P.M. Road rough and muddy. The land is good in Bohemia, and well tilled. Many fine red cattle, and fine oxen.

October 2d. A fine room at Klinger's hotel. Only fifteen or twenty patients here, and but one Englishman. I commenced drinking the medicinal water this morning. This is a deep valley of fifty or a hundred acres, inclosed and shaded with high hills covered with tall firs.

3d. Rose before 6, and spent two hours in drinking six large glasses of water, walking in the intervals, which is a part of the prescription. Read in Hawkins's Germany.

4th. To the spring at 6. Read in Hawkins. Subscribed to the reading-room, and read Galignani's Messenger. Got Dr. Heidler's Treatise on Marienbad, and read it an hour.

5th. The weather is as mild as summer—fog in the morning, and then sunshine. . . . Walked with Mr. B—— two hours and a half in the forest, which has promenades running among the mountains, with rustic seats, summer-houses, &c.

6th. At 2 P.M. walked to the park of Prince Metternich, about a mile distant.

8th. Went to the brun and to the baths, as usual. Walked two miles into the country at 3 P.M. Women work in the field, dig potatoes, handle manure, &c. They carry large burdens in a huge basket, slung upon the back like a knapsack. Their dress is a short petticoat and short gown, with a handkerchief tied on the head, hanging behind. They are often barefooted, but seldom ragged.

10th. Another very fine day spent as usual. I will here record the goodness of God, who has sustained my mind and body through so many trials, has kept me in peace and safety every where. In the absence of all the usual means of grace, he keeps the power of religion in my heart. I think I have the spirit of *gratitude*, *submission*, *filial confidence*, *obedience*, and of *entire devotion* of *time*, *talent*, and *effort*.

12th. I had a bad night and a feeble day, from the effects of the water of the Carolinenbrun, used as a lotion

yesterday and Thursday. I have spent four hours in the forest since dinner, though too weak to walk much. The walks are agreeable, but to me, like the world, *painfully lonely*.

October 13*th*. Sunday. Read the Bible and a French tract, by A. Monod. Walked several lonely hours in much pain.

14*th*. Very unwell to-day, and unable to leave my bed. Such a day throws my thoughts upon her who was my faithful and devoted companion through so many nights and days of deep distress, and from her to God, my only support under a loss so irreparable.

15*th*. Rose about noon, and spent several hours in the garden, sitting and walking.

20*th*. Sunday. I have had the happiness to get a letter from my brother of July 31st, and one from my sister Howard of July 13th. I thank God for the life and welfare of my friends. I read in the Bible and Monod's sermons. The Catholic church is well attended here by all classes. I do hope that many worship God in truth. There is certainly much sincerity.

23*d*. It is colder, and the mountain atmosphere is very trying. I have a visit from Dr. Heidler every night.

24*th*. Cold and light rain all day. Walked several hours under the colonnade, and made preparations to go to-morrow.

25*th*. Left Marienbad at 9 A.M. in company with Mr. Peterson. Our carriage broke, and we stopped to mend it and to dine in the filthiest village tavern I ever saw. The road is hilly, mountainous rather; the country populous, and much cultivated in grain and grass. Women are the beasts of burden for wood, hay, and potatoes, &c.; men walk by their side smoking. Arrived at Carlsbad at 5 P.M.

26*th*. Went to see the springs before breakfast. Mounted the hill that overlooks the town. Walked again after din-

ner through the town and up the river. It is a deep gorge, zigzag, and almost overhung with precipitous granite cliffs; there is barely space for one street, the rest rise in terraces above.

October 28*th*. I came in the eilwagen from Carlsbad to Prague. It was chilling cold, with rain, sleet, and snow; and I had an open seat in front, the top lower than my head, and a constant smoker by my side. Spent this day in seeing Prague; the bridge and its monuments; the University Library of eighty thousand volumes; the MS. sermons and comments of Huss; a Bible printed by Faust, &c.; the Theinkirch, Rathhaus, Jewstown, and synagogue; the burial-ground, fifteen feet high, and two or three acres in extent; a crowd of tombstones, the bastions, &c.—a foul, curious town.

29*th*. Left Prague for Vienna at 6 A.M. Weather very cold. Carriage small and crowded. The route has little interest; the country is variegated and fertile, and tolerably cultivated. Wheat is the staple.

Near Iglau, which has thirteen thousand inhabitants, entered Moravia, which is fertile, and well-tilled—wheat and wine. The wine is stored in cellars, which form little villages without inhabitants, near the rural hamlets. The land is good through Austria to Vienna, which we entered at 9 P.M. in a violent snow-storm—a laborious journey, but I feel pretty well.

31*st*. Rose late, but refreshed. Called on Mr. Clay and Mr. Muhlenberg, who were not at home. Received two letters from Paris. Heard by T. Stewart that I have been chosen president of the Wesleyan University. Received papers which cost above $3, and were mostly old. Saw Mr. Sumner, and walked round the bastions.

November 1*st*. Removed to the [illegible]. Visited the Cathedral of St. Stephen: [illegible] Augustine, Canova's fine monument to [illegible] [illegible]e, and

the cemetery of the royal family in the Capuchins. Saw young Napoleon's copper coffin. Saw the king and chief officers of state in their way, through a long gallery, to the church. Went to the temple of Theseus, and saw Canova's fine work, Theseus killing the Centaur.

November 2d. Cold and damp; have done but little and worked hard. Was misdirected in going to the picture-gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, and got fairly lost, and only found it after two hours and a half. A splendid collection of Italian and Flemish, as well as German pictures. Titian, Guido, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Raphael, Correggio, Rubens, Schneyders, Claude, are all there in highly-finished pictures. Mr. Clay left his card in my absence.

3d. Attended service in the royal chapel. The priests' robes were splendid above all I have seen out of Rome. The music was exquisite. The emperor, the empress—an interesting looking woman—the archdukes, ministers, generals, &c., were present in the galleries. The head-dresses of the ladies sparkled with brilliants. The nobles wore their various orders. It was a gorgeous display. I feel solemn, and drawn out in prayer at Catholic service for the people. Mr. Schwartz called.

4th. Visited the royal arsenal—a vast collection of cannon, muskets, swords, pistols, armor, all kinds of weapons for aggression or defense; the collection of drawings and engravings of the Archduke Charles, the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, &c.; the royal library of three thousand volumes, many rare manuscripts, old editions, &c.; at Mr. Clay's at night.

5th. Another gloomy day. Went to the Ambras collection of armor — Turkish standards, the battle-ax of Montezuma, the huge horns of a stag inclosed in a tree, carving in wood and ivory, portraits of princes, and rich old jewelry. The Belvidere picture-gallery has many splendid pictures, Italian and Dutch. In the afternoon, went to the Esterhazy gallery

of splendid Italian, Flemish, and Spanish pictures. Dined with Mr. Schwartz.

November 6th. Visited the royal cabinet of minerals; very complete; also the cabinet of antiquities, which has many rare objects—a cameo, representing the apotheosis of Augustus, superb; also the heads of Alexander the Great and Roxana; an onyx vase, twenty-eight and a half inches in diameter. Spent the evening at Mr. Muhlenberg's. Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Clay, &c., were there.

7th. Went to the cabinet of natural history; very complete, especially in birds. Walked about the town to see the fair. I am to leave at 7 for Trieste. This is the first fair day I have seen in Vienna. I have labored hard with bad circumstances. I am better in health. *I thank God.*

LVII. TO MISS MARY ANN E. HOWARD.

Vienna, November 7th, 1839.

I was highly gratified by the receipt of your letter, written in August, and received by me, about three weeks since, in Marienbad. I thank you for it, and I thank your excellent mother for the few lines of sympathy and affection with which she concluded it. If you knew fully how deeply I am interested in receiving such letters, I am quite sure you would repeat the benefit more frequently. You had not received the letter which I wrote from Liverpool. I wrote again from Berlin in September. I stayed in that city about a month, drinking mineral waters, and then proceeded to Marienbad, in Bohemia, where I stayed nearly four weeks for the same purpose. I think this water has been *decidedly* useful to me, and that I am now clearly better than I have been in three years. Mr. Stewart, who traveled with me three months, left me in Berlin, and, after visiting Dresden, this city, &c., got to Paris the first of October. I found a substitute for his company in the society of the families of the American Legation in Berlin. At Marienbad I was alone, and seemed

just then, for the first time, to feel the desolateness of my condition. Here I have been in society. Some American visitors and our legation have employed my evenings, which press the most heavily upon me. I can find enough employment for the day in seeing sights. I have labored indefatigably in that vocation for the last nine days, and am to set out for Trieste to-night. This is the first day the sun has shone since I have been here. Vienna is a very interesting city, rich in fine paintings, in statuary, and curious collections. Every thing is very accessible, and I never saw a people so attentive to strangers. Any person of whom you happen to inquire the way will accompany you a quarter of a mile to the place you seek—not to get a few pence, as in England is always the case, but out of pure kindness. The city is much thronged, and has a bustling aspect, though there is no very important manufactures of trade beyond the home business. Just now there is a grand fair, which adds much to this activity. They are common in Germany, though unknown in America. For a fortnight or a month traders come in with their wares from all parts, duty free. The public squares, the wide streets, every passage, is occupied with booths, where immense quantities of goods are exhibited on sale. Half the business of the year is often done at one of these fairs, which are attended by Turks, Armenians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Jews, &c. It is quite interesting to see the variety of costumes which meets you in all the streets. You see in Austria very few indications of extreme poverty, nobody is in rags, and they seem a contented, joyous race. Yet the laborer gets only from ten to sixteen cents per day, without food. The articles of living are nearly the same in price as in the United States. They eat chiefly potatoes and vegetable soups. The Austrians are a fine-looking race. You nowhere see nobler-looking men and women. Many are tall, and a few corpulent. The court and the nobility are by far the most splendid in Europe. I have seen them on two oc-

casions of ceremony, when the dazzling display of gold, diamonds, and costly furs quite surpassed any thing of which I had formed a conception. The gorgeous scenes described in Oriental fiction were pretty fully realized here. All the members of the royal family, the ministers of state, the generals of the army, and then the soldiers of the imperial guard, who are all noblemen and commissioned officers in the army, seemed to vie in a lavish exhibition of costly ornaments. All this would not do in France, Russia, or even England; but here, with many other things elsewhere out of fashion, they are retained as befitting means of inspiring the multitude with awe and love. The emperor, like several other potentates of Europe of the most ancient families, is nearly a dwarf—his countenance shows an utter want of intelligence, and he is understood to leave all affairs to his ministers, being wholly incompetent to manage them himself. "There," said an Austrian gentleman, who conducted me through the gallery through which the splendid procession walked, "that little man is the absolute master of thirty-four millions of people." I felt shocked to see one of the most insignificant of the human race in such a position, not having been prepared for such a surprise. I looked earnestly into the face of my friend, to read his meaning, whether he spoke in irony or loyalty, but his countenance was too well schooled to betray treason. I have listened several times to such remarks here, but no accompanying look explains their meaning. Politics are no topic of conversation, except in the most general, unmeaning way. Every one seems to be on his guard. Music, the theatre, a dancer, an actress, such are the topics of conversation which fill the space occupied by politics in the United States.

This town contains three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—fifty thousand, perhaps, within the old wall and glacis, now a fine promenade planted with trees, and laid out in walks, forming a belt of a quarter of a mile in width, which

extends quite around the old part of the town, and entirely separates it from the suburbs, more than thirty in number. These suburbs radiate from the exterior circumference of this magnificent promenade, and contain, as I said, five sixths of the population. Their streets are commonly broad and airy, while those in the old town are excessively narrow and dark. These, however, are the seat of business and fashion, in odd union, which in all other cities take different ends of the town.

I said that I am to leave Vienna to-night. It is three hundred and fifty miles to Trieste. From that place, if no unfavorable tidings come from the East, I am to embark for Athens. Constantinople, too, I hope to see; but I fear there is no prospect of my going to Egypt and Palestine, where insurrections among the Arabs, as well as the plague at Jerusalem, have broken out. The pacha's difficulties with Turkey seem to have shaken his authority, which has been for many years the only security against the Arabs. I may, however, return to America the sooner, which I more desire than to visit the Levant. I have given these details, hoping to amuse you, and to divert my own reflections. The seventh of the month is a gloomy day to me. My love I send to the whole family, and to all inquiring friends. I pray, my dear niece, for your happiness in time and eternity.

November 8th. The country, upon leaving Vienna, soon becomes mountainous. The road is well made, but now muddy. The soil is poor, though mostly cultivated. The passage out of Austria into Styria is over a mountain two thousand two hundred feet high. Arrived at Gratz at 9 P.M. —a fine town of forty-six thousand inhabitants, on both sides of the river, with wide and fine squares and houses.

9th. In the vales of Styria, Indian corn is grown, which seems not to ripen, but is hung up under sheds built for that purpose. Beans, pease, and corn are matured in the same

way among these mountains, where the season is too short for agriculture. Turnips and cabbages do well, and seem to be the chief food of the people. Got to Laybach, capital of Carniola. Passed near the famous quicksilver mines, the best and oldest known. The fare for three hundred and forty-four miles is $14 50. The whole route from Vienna is in the midst of mountains—the Julian Alps, &c. The road leading to Trieste is literally thronged with wagons. Arrived here weary, but not ill. Found Mr. and Mrs. Catlitt, of New York. Took a walk on the beach.

November 11*th*. Rose early, and walked through the town, well built, and paved with flag-stones. I received letters from Rev. Laban Clark and Dr. Strange. Saw Professor Moore, of Columbia College, New York. Found Dr. Lowell and family in the lazaretto—*happy* to see them. Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Catlitt. The town is full of business and of strange costumes—Turks, Greeks, Egyptians, Jews.

12*th*. Rose early, and wrote a letter to the corresponding committee of the Wesleyan University. Went out to breakfast. Spent much time with Mr. Moore and Dr. Lowell in making arrangements for my voyage to the Levant. Dined at 5, and spent the evening at Mr. Moore's, with Dr. Lowell, Professor Moore, an English clergyman, &c.

13*th*. Mr. and Mrs. Catlitt go to Egypt. Ten Americans at dinner, unexampled in Trieste. Bought guide-books, maps, &c.

14*th*. Rose early, and wrote a letter by candle-light to Dr. Strange, of Naples. Dr. Lowell left for Vienna. Had a long conversation with Mr. ——, an infidel. Useless, I fear.

15*th*. Walked upon the beach before sunrise. Busy in packing up to leave to-morrow.

16*th*. Sailed at half past 4 P.M. The view of Trieste from the sea is fine, not unlike Genoa or Marseilles.

LVIII. TO THE REV. DR. LUCKEY.

Athens, December 19th, 1839.

It is now one month since I arrived upon the shores of Greece. We were six days upon the coast making the voyage from Corfu around the Morea to Athens. I have spent ten days in this city, and have made a journey of fourteen days in the interior, visiting Ægina, Epidaurus, Nauplia, Tirins, Argos, Mycenæ, Nemea, Corinth, Salona, Delphos, Arrocova, Lavidia, Mantinæa, Leuctra, Platæa, Thebes, Oropo, and Marathon. I have to regret that two places of capital interest are beyond my reach—Sparta, in the extreme south; and Thermopylæ, in the north. The distance of these places from Athens deters most travelers from extending their excursions so far; and their neighborhoods are just now infested with robbers, so that they can not be visited without a military escort. The time which I am able to devote to Greece has elapsed, and I embark to-day for Alexandria. . . . . In journeying through Greece, I rode with a halter on a pack-saddle, which is a huge frame of wood, not unlike the frame of a cross-legged table, with quilts and whatever you choose to lay upon it; it is, as to ease, a decided improvement on the common saddle. The stirrup was of rope. I was commonly mounted eight or ten hours daily, riding over such places as I could believe it possible to travel with impunity, only because I had passed them unharmed. This, with sleeping on the ground or the floor, with no bed but a single quilt, was a good trial of my health. I returned to Athens better than when I left it. It is a journey which a man, having completed it, would rejoice to have undertaken, but which a sensible and sensitive man would not be induced to make again but in obedience to some imperative call of duty.* . . . .

* In the letter from which this extract is taken he gives an extended account of the present resources and condition of Greece.

LIX. TO THE SAME.

Cairo, Jan. 14th, 1840.

I have been detained in this city about a fortnight by an unexpected difficulty in obtaining a boat to prosecute my journey to Thebes. I have at last succeeded in finding one, in which I hope to leave Cairo, after my patience shall have gone through the usual trial to which, I believe, all are subject who are obliged to place any reliance upon the engagements of an Arab.

This rather vexatious delay has not been unprofitable, nor, upon the whole, unpleasant. There is much of prime interest to be seen in this great Oriental city. The Pyramids of Ghizeh are only twelve miles distant. They are the largest of these stupendous erections, and every way the most worthy of attention. I spent one deeply interesting day in ascending to the top of the highest and in exploring its interior. I will not attempt to describe what has been the admiration of three thousand years. All the other productions of human labor and skill on which I have hitherto looked are insignificant indeed, when compared with these wonderful monuments of a people who flourished and passed away before the records of authentic history even began. I have also visited the site of Heliopolis, the On of the Scriptures, upon the border of the land of Goshen. Immense masses of rubbish mark with precision the site of this ancient capital. Besides these shapeless mounds, nothing remains of all the splendid structures with which it is known to have been adorned. One noble, solitary obelisk, six feet square at its base, and more than sixty feet high, has alone withstood the ravages of time and barbarian violence. But the triumph of this is complete. Its proportions are not impaired. Three thousand years have scarcely marked its polished sides. The hieroglyphics with which it is covered are in perfect preservation; and a pillar of granite, which had been exposed to the fury and vi-

tudes of a dozen American winters, would not possess so much of its original symmetry and freshness. This, as you know, is a single shaft of red granite.

I took up my pen to write on a very different subject. I have been so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the Rev. Messrs. Leider and Kruse, missionaries of the Church Society in England. I had letters to them from my friend the Rev. Dr. Lowell, and Rev. Dr. Robinson. Mr. Leider has been led, in the discharge of his duties, to visit several places very interesting from their connection with sacred history. During the last autumn, he had an opportunity of tracing the route of the Israelites through the valley of wanderings to the point where they crossed the Red Sea; and he has made the very important discovery that that point is not at Suez, as has been generally supposed, but some twenty miles further south. Most travelers have felt great difficulties in reconciling the natural features of the shore at Suez with the historical narrative. Neither the valley, nor the mountains, nor the width nor depth of the sea in that place were satisfactory, and the difficulties continued on the other side of the sea in attempting to reconcile the journey to Marah with the actual distances from Suez. Mr. Leider, instead of pursuing the usual route to Suez, at the distance of, I think, two days' travel from this place, took a right-hand road, which led him to the shores of the sea at the point I have indicated. Here every thing answers perfectly to the demand of the historical record. The plain is twenty miles across, and affords ample room for the encampment of Israel as well as that of their enemies, with the cloud and pillar of fire between them. The mountains on the right hand and on the left rise up like the walls of a citadel. Another lofty ridge bounds the plain in the direction from which the Israelites had fled before Pharaoh. The sea at this point is about twelve miles and a half in width. At the other point it is very narrow, and so shallow that a camel fords it at low water. Since the dis-

covery of Mr. Leider, several learned men have visited the spot with perfect satisfaction that it is the real locality signalized by the miraculous display of Divine power. Among others, the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw and the Rev. Mr. Duff, both well known in America, have just returned from this excursion. They are *perfectly* satisfied that Mr. Leider has made the valuable discovery to which I have referred. Mr. Grimshaw says it is impossible to doubt after an examination. You will agree with me in attaching the highest importance to every improvement in sacred geography. Mr. Leider is preparing a work upon this subject, which will also contain some interesting observations upon the route from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai. This work, with that about to be given to the public by Dr. Robinson, in reference to his travels in Palestine, will, I am confident, add much to our information on these highly interesting subjects.

The weather here is very warm. I use my umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun. The country is verdant with a most luxuriant vegetation. The orange, lemon, and date trees are laden with ripe fruit. No one thinks of a fire in this climate. Nine in ten of the people are barefooted. It is a rich, delightful region, deformed with hideous poverty and rank oppression.

LX. TO THE REV. DR. BANGS.

Cairo, February 22d, 1840.

I landed in Egypt on the 25th day of December, and, after spending a few days in Alexandria, and fifteen in this city, proceeded on an excursion up the Nile, which occupied me thirty-seven days. Yesterday morning I had the pleasure of re-entering my old lodgings here; and, though much fatigued, and temporarily indisposed by too great exposure to the heat, I have, upon the whole, borne my journey unexpectedly well, and have derived, as I think, decided advantage to my health from it. The climate of Egypt is incomparably the finest I

have ever seen. No degree of cold, approaching to a frost, is ever experienced. Rain is common in the delta, but as far south as this city it is almost unknown. Nothing that in Europe or America would be thought to merit the name of a shower has occurred since my arrival here on the 1st day of January. The sky is sometimes a little overcast and troubled, chiefly from the occurrence of a south wind. This is the only drawback upon the climate, and it not only darkens the horizon, but is accompanied by a debilitating influence of which the strongest nerves are very sensible. In me it produces utter prostration. It does not last, however, more than three days at this season. Persons who have not been out of the United States can form no conception of the brilliancy of the Egyptian sky, by night as well as by day. It is, indeed, painfully bright, and is, I presume, one cause of the greater prevalence of diseased eyes and blindness here than in any other country which I have visited. The dryness of the climate, too, has much to do with this malady. The slightest wind—and winds almost always prevail from some quarter—fills the air with fine dust, which finds its way into the eyes and mouth, use what precaution you will. It fills the closest rooms, covering furniture, beds, and clothes.

The only mode of making a journey of considerable extent is by boats. I and my company—we were four in all, an American gentleman having joined us here — chartered a boat forty or forty-five feet in length, with cabins on the deck. The crew consisted of a captain or rais, and nine men, for whom and the boat we paid a little more than sixty dollars per month, out of which their food was paid for. We had a good cook, and ate, slept, and lived on board—such a thing as a hotel being unheard of above Cairo. Groceries, &c., were laid in here; and other articles of provision, though not good, are excessively cheap along the banks of the river. I have not time to speak of the interesting objects which Egypt offers to the traveler. Its soil is the richest, and its

climate the most congenial in the world. I am astonished at the immense piles of wheat, barley, and other agricultural products which are to be seen all over the country. These are all exposed to view in the open air, the quantity of rain falling being rather more than formerly. Now and then there is a shower, but not a sufficient to damage the elements and injure the crops. The growing part of wheat is generally in the head, it has one, and the winter is never cold with venture any assistance. As to the people, they are unquestionably the most degraded human beings I have seen. Filthy, indolent, dishonest, and immoral, it will be difficult to say in what respect they are lowest. Very seldom commit crimes of violence, having to an enormous degree a dread of danger and punishment. I may be bringing a speak unfairly of a people among whom I have scarcely sojourned two months. Unfortunately for the stranger, the mode of life and of traveling forces him perpetually in the way of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the vices of the people in a short time. A bad government and a false religion are powerful agents in corrupting and degrading a people, and those who have been Christian nations may know little how thorough and universal a depravity may prevail. It is impossible without constant effort to keep in view the people as belonging to a common family with the noble, independent, truth-telling, and virtuous Christian people of America. Their poverty is extreme. Their mud-walls huts, eight or ten feet in diameter, have often no roof. Beds, utensils, furniture, are conveniences unknown. Fortunately, the kindness of nature does every thing for a race who will do nothing, and perhaps can do nothing, for themselves. If they have neither houses nor clothes, they have no need of either; and as to fuel, it is only used for the kitchen. Food is surprisingly cheap; and a man lives well, that is to say, he gets plenty of bread, with a relish of curds, onions, or something else, for about two and a half cents per diem. The pay of an ordinary laborer is

five cents. A boatman gets seven or eight, always furnishing himself with food. Whatever else is produced by industry goes to the government, which, I doubt not, is the most stern and pervading despotism that exists upon the face of the earth—taking the most for the tyrant, and leaving the least for the slave. One thing Mohammed Ali has achieved, order and security. Universal terror is the efficient instrument by which he governs. General quiet and universal hatred are the result. The political atmosphere is just now very much disturbed. Warlike rumors are afloat, and it is confidently expected that an attempt will be made to compel the pacha to yield to the terms proposed by the European powers. The Franks are of course uneasy, and travelers are embarrassed. I came down the Nile with the design of proceeding by way of Alexandria and Jaffa into Palestine. I find now that a strict quarantine is enforced at the latter place, and have nearly concluded to cross the desert by Mount Sinai, to avoid it. In that direction, too, there are sources of apprehension. If a war take place, the Bedouins and Syrians, who detest the pacha's government, may become restless and insurrectionary. We know not what to rely on, there are so many reports, and nobody here is able to advise.

Under these circumstances, I shall probably act as if no disturbances existed, trusting in Divine Providence for that gracious protection of which I have had so many proofs. The journey to Jerusalem, through Arabia, occupies about a month. Another month, perhaps a little more, must be spent in the holy city and its neighborhood. From thence it is my intention to begin my homeward journey, from which I do not mean to be diverted by objects of mere curiosity. I hope, with God's blessing, to embark for the United States in July. I have felt a strong desire to be present in Baltimore in May, where I should enjoy such precious privileges, religious and social, with so many fathers and brethren in the ministry. I have, however, a strong desire to see Jerusalem,

and the scenes of those great events with which the Scriptures make us acquainted. It will certainly be pleasant—it may be profitable to me. Thither, if the state of my health, and the state of public affairs permit, I shall attempt to go, and thence, if it please God, I shall commence a journey with more satisfaction than I ever felt at beginning one before—a journey to my native country.

Extract from Journal.

Monday, March 2d, 1840. The morning was spent in completing our arrangements for the desert, and we got off a little before three P.M. Our Bedouins, however, stopped two miles from the city, and encamped—this being their custom. I am now in my tent, three other Frank tents being near. Perhaps three hundred camels, and as many Bedouins, lay on the ground around us. The scene is wild and novel. We are fairly in the desert, though so near Cairo. The weather is mild, though windy.

I am this day forty-three years of age. I wish to consecrate myself anew to God. I gratefully record his mercies toward me in preserving my life—in partially restoring my health—in taking care of me in all of my wanderings—in supporting me under deep afflictions—and, more than all, in keeping alive within my heart a measure of faith and hope. I have been a stranger to the public ordinances of religion and the means of grace for several years. I have been unfaithful and unprofitable in the extreme, but, through Christ, have enjoyed, and do still enjoy, spiritual influence, which revives continually, and supports the purposes, the hopes, and the consolations of the Gospel in my soul. I offer unfeigned and lively thanks to God. I commit soul and body to his mercy and providence. To-day I begin my journey through the desert. This enterprise I especially commit to God, as I do myself unreservedly for time and eternity, through Jesus Christ. S. OLIN.

Dr. Olin's visit to Petra was made under peculiarly favorable circumstances; and his description of that wonderful city is very full in its details. On the first day of his arrival there, while wandering about alone, he made a discovery of some very interesting monuments of the ancient civilization of Petra, which had been overlooked by all previous travelers. These were some temples, and an ancient and noble reservoir, excavated from the solid rock, and deeply shaded by venerable trees growing in its bottom, which was carpeted by the most luxuriant vegetation.*

LXI. TO THE REV. DR. BANGS.

Jerusalem, April 19th, 1840.

In a letter from Cairo I informed you of my intention to travel by the way of the desert and Mount Sinai into Palestine. We commenced our journey on the 2d of March, fifteen in company, which was the largest number of Franks ever known to have followed this route in a single caravan. We reached Suez, upon the Red Sea, on the fourth day, and Mount Sinai on the twelfth from the commencement of our journey. At the latter place we spent four very interesting days in exploring the mountains and other localities, and attempting to form our own opinions upon a variety of points which the ignorant monks, who constitute themselves the guardians of these holy places, have continued to involve in much darkness and confusion. Leaving this remarkable region on the 18th of March, we reached Akaba, the Ezion-Geber of Solomon, on the 24th. Here we were detained two days in making a contract for camels with Hassan, the sheik of the Alouins, and reached Petra on the 30th of March. These days we devoted to an examination of this deeply interesting field of ruins and desolation. We encamped in what

* Travels, vol. ii., p. 27.

I presume to have been the ancient market-place, and were permitted to pursue our inquiries without molestation from the neighboring Bedouins—an unusual privilege, for which, however, we paid rather exorbitantly. We reached Hebron on the 7th of April, thirty-six days from Cairo, a distance of perhaps six hundred and fifty miles—so tedious is traveling by camels. This, however, is the only way of crossing the desert, and, aside from the loss of time, it is not unpleasant. Our caravan consisted of nearly seventy camels, and about the same number of Bedouin guides, and I can not think our average progress exceeded twenty-three or twenty-four miles each day. Hebron is the first town on the frontiers of Palestine, and the first on this side of Suez, unless, indeed, the few wretched huts around the citadel at Akaba be called so. In passing from Hebron to Bethlehem on the 8th instant, I met with a serious accident, from the effects of which I have only partially recovered. I was compelled to set out on a wretched donkey, the horses and mules having all been previously engaged. The animal soon broke down, and I had no alternative but to mount one of the camels loaded with baggage. This is their only use here, and they are not fit for riding, like the more slender and active ones of the desert. The animal ran pretty much at large, as I had nothing in the way of halter or rope by which to guide him. He turned suddenly out of the path, and attempted to ascend a very steep bank, when the fastenings of the pack-saddle gave way, and I fell backward, followed by the whole cumbrous load of baggage with the saddle. The fall was not less than ten or twelve feet, and my back struck upon a projecting sharp stone. After some time, I was able to rise with the help of the servants, and with the utmost difficulty got to Bethlehem that evening, and to Jerusalem the next morning. Here I was confined to my bed six days, unable to turn or move without great anguish. I have now so far recovered that I have fully engaged in visiting the deeply interesting sites

which abound within, and still more around this holy city. I never experienced a more signal interposition of Divine Providence than in this affliction. It seems incredible that I should have escaped with life, and without more serious injury from such a fall. I was just clear of the desert, where such an accident would have been inconceivably troublesome. Finally, I was able to get to this place, where I was received in the most kind and affectionate manner by the excellent missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and where, for the first time since the 15th of January, I met with the now indispensable luxury of a bed. The Rev. Messrs. Lanneau and Sherman were compelled to leave for Beyrout the morning after my arrival, but I have received every attention from the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson and other members of the English mission here. I thank God I am now quite out of danger, though by no means free from pain. The interposition of Providence has been so manifest in my behalf, that I have had far more occasion for congratulating myself than for indulging in regret, and I do not remember to have been so raised above a sense of excruciating pain by a strong and constant feeling of gratitude and confidence.

This confinement, brief as it has been, will delay my departure for Europe nearly a month, as it will compel me to wait for the second steam-boat, which is to leave Beyrout on the 15th of May. I have ample employment for a much longer period, but my anxiety to sail for America had induced me to fix upon an earlier day for leaving Palestine. In the mean time, the plague has made its appearance in Galilee, and threatens to abridge my contemplated excursions. Tomorrow I am to set out on a trip of three days to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, in company with several thousand pilgrims from all parts of the world, who go there every year at this season. Jerusalem is thronged with them, and its bazars, churches, and even the fields around the city, exhibit a lively and curious display of costumes and faces. To an

enlightened Christian the scenes of this sacred season are of a painful character. Disorderly crowds throng the sacred places, performing all sorts of superstitious rites—kissing the pavement where Christ is supposed to have walked, and the various relics, true or suppositious, which are kept for their adoration. You may see crowds about the churches buying toys, handkerchiefs, burial-clothes, crosses, &c., which the priest stationed at the door blesses, for which he receives a small piece of money. There is hardly any appearance of seriousness in doing these mummeries, though I do not question the sincerity of all the parties. And this passes for Christianity all over the East and at Jerusalem, where the blessed Redeemer died for our sins.* How often do I thank

* It was my peculiar happiness to assist, during this holy season, at religious services conducted more in accordance with the simplicity of Protestantism and of the truth of the Gospel. The Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, a clergyman sent by the London Church Missionary Society to labor for the special benefit of the Jews in Palestine, celebrates public worship regularly, in a small room fitted up as a Church, on Mount Zion. He preached, and, aided by the reverend and excellent Mr. Grimshaw, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Good Friday, on which occasion a large number of strangers were present from Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, as well as the resident Protestants and a few converted Israelites, the first-fruits of Mr. Nicolayson's pious labors. Altogether, it was by far the largest assembly of Protestants ever known by Mr. Nicolayson to be assembled for Christian worship in the holy city. The sermon was appropriate, and all the circumstances of time and place tended to make the administration of the holy eucharist memorable and affecting beyond any similar occasion it has been my privilege to witness. We were assembled on Mount Zion, rich in hallowed associations, and the chosen type for portraying the heavenly inheritance of the saints. Gethsemane and Calvary, all the scenes of the Redeemer's agony, and death, and triumphant resurrection, were around us and very near us, however tradition might be at fault in fixing upon their particular sites. Considerations of a more personal character acted strongly upon my feelings to give depth and permanency to the impressions of this memorable hour. I had been for

God for the pure Gospel which is preached in my native land by all the evangelical denominations! How trivial are the differences upon which they so often waste their energies and their temper in unfruitful controversies! The lowest of our churches are all orthodoxy and piety compared with the best in the East, and, as I have long been inclined to believe, on the Continent of Europe, too, with the most inconsiderable exceptions. I trust I have never been straitened in my Christian charity; but if my extensive acquaintance with Christianity in the Old World has fixed me in any one purpose, it is to abjure all sectarianism in future, and to reverence the religion, pure and undefiled, which, thank God! exists and flourishes among our various Churches in America.

LXII. TO MRS. J. R. OLIN.

Smyrna, May 29th, 1840.

My dear Sister,—Your letter of January reached me in Beyrout three weeks since, after following me to Egypt. With it I got a letter from brother Merriam, and from Clarinda, and also two from the Wesleyan University, with a package of Christian Advocates. It was a high, exciting repast, and, with other disposing causes, gave me a fortnight's illness, from which my sea-voyage has only partially relieved me. I sympathize with you in the loss of your sister, yet, if it shall make you more watchful and more diligent to "make your calling and election sure," it will be no great evil that God has taken one so dear to you to heaven. We are blind, very blind in such matters—consulting our

many months a stranger to this and all the public privileges of the Gospel. I had recently experienced a signal instance of the Divine protection, and was now mercifully permitted to come from my sick-room, leaning on my staff, to sit down with my fellow-Christians of many different nations at the table of our common Lord. Long shall I cherish the remembrance of that blessed communion on Mount Zion.—*Travels in the East*, vol. ii., p. 110.

hearts more than our faith. Yet I must not admonish—I who have been under discipline so long, and profited so little. May God teach you, as surely He will all who put their trust in his name!

It pains me more than I can well express to hear that my brother's health is more feeble than usual. It is and has been my frequent and earnest prayer that he may be spared to us—to me, who already am left nearly desolate by the visitations of mortality. My affections tend more strongly than ever to my surviving friends, and very especially to my only brother, whom I love with no common affection. I often think, if he too should be taken, how could I see my native land? Yet God will do right. I may not live to mourn another dear friend. This, too, will be right. I find rest only here. I have been too deeply wounded; my spirit is too prostrate to tolerate slight antidotes, but this is my *strong*-hold. I throw myself upon first principles habitually. God in Christ Jesus, Wisdom, Power, Compassion, Faithfulness. I am safe, and my friends are safe. Yet I pray, incessantly though submissively, that I may see them again in this world. And so I hope to do, through the Divine mercy.

Professor S——, of the Wesleyan University, announced, in a number of the Christian Advocate, which I have seen, that I might be expected to reach home in May. I fear this may have been considered as authorized by me, which it was not. I could at no time have hoped to reach America so early from the Levant. Nothing can be more uncertain than the progress of a traveler who has once committed himself to this enterprise. Haste effects nothing. A day, a week, a month, is nothing with the people, upon whom his movements depend much more than upon himself. I had hoped to be at the commencement of the Wesleyan University, August 2d, and to this object, which I regarded as important, I resolved to conform all of my plans—to give up seeing Constantinople, &c. Unfortunately for its accomplish-

ment, I had to wait a fortnight at Beyrout for a steamer. On my arrival here last Monday, we were sentenced to a quarantine of at least fifteen days. A month is thus gone at once, and my whole design thwarted. I have two more quarantines before me. I can only proceed as the door is opened. I may reach Europe in five, or six, or eight weeks, and the United States in all of September, probably not so soon. You will feel sure that I shall come as soon as I can, as every day increases my anxiety.

I wrote to brother from Cairo the last of February. On the 2d of March I entered the desert, passing much of the way along the route of the Israelites. I visited Mount Sinai and Petra, the capital of ancient Edom, and reached Jerusalem at the end of thirty-six days of immense fatigue, but full of interest. There I stayed above twenty days—a week in bed, in consequence of a fall from a camel. I passed through the whole length of Palestine, and saw its most interesting localities. Every thing is full of high interest. I have never enjoyed a journey so keenly. Should I live, it will be a source of lasting satisfaction to me, useful to my ministry, and to my personal faith, to have seen the great theatres of the events which the Bible is taken up with recording. They are the best of all comments on the Bible—plain, full, and satisfactory. I saw Hebron, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethphage, Sychar, Samaria, Jericho, Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Sea of Tiberias in Galilee, Magdala, Mounts Tabor, Gilboa, Ephraim, Hermon, Lebanon, &c. Tyre and Sidon I visited on my way to Beyrout. Every thing attests the truth of the Bible: the face of the country, its products, the manners of the people, both in Palestine and Arabia, are just such as the Bible exhibits them. I feel thankful for having been allowed to see them, but really no inducement could tempt me to endure another six months of such toil and privation. It is the most interesting of journeys, and at the same time the most repulsive. I pant for a return to the scenes of civilized life,

where I shall no doubt prize my privileges the more highly for my experience of barbarian life.

You express satisfaction at my probable settlement in Middletown. I have many misgivings on the subject, though I am content to try any thing that, like this call, seems to lead in the way of duty. With more health, I should prefer preaching. A circuit fills my idea of a happy and useful future. Yet I am not at liberty to decline. Who is there to fill the post? I asked. "It is important to the Church," and I reluctantly complied with an urgent invitation. I shall rejoice or regret that I did so, accordingly as I may be useful or not. Of one thing I am satisfied; my motives are such as I shall always approve, which is often the most that can be secured. I am pleased with the prospect of sometimes seeing my friends, which will always give me infinite pleasure. I beg of you to assure them all of my undiminished affection. May God preserve all my friends, and you, my dear sister!

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